TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

We've been having what the Englishman calls "beastly weather." No time of the year is so trying to me as the last scene of the fall. It is a tragedy. The brightness and beauty with which the third act of the year opens make more depressing the sombre finale of "wailing winds and weeping woods." The fall is the death scene of nature; winter the burial. I do not like sick beds and funerals, and though I have experienced the heartbreaking pleasure of sitting by a bedside and clinging to a hand which is soon to be folded in the grim posture of death, though like other people who can love and sometimes must lose I have felt like forbidding the sexton to drop clods on the coffin which holds someone who was dear to me, yet I love not such scenes and avoid them when I can. Autumn hues are but the flush of fever on the face of the dying year and then comes the damp and chill, the wailing of winds and the white pall of winter, the frozen silence, the impenetrable mystery of hidden things, of Nature's death with nothing beautiful save the hope of the resurrection of spring time.

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I lived once in a land where winter seldom came and with the return of "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," I long always for the green trees, the music in the plaza, the flowers and fruits and gentle winds of that Southern clime. I can see the fountains at Christmas time, the orange and palm trees, the dark skinned faces of the women half hidden by graceful mantillas, and even hear the rustle of their stiffly starched dresses, the murmur of songs and the tinkling of guitars. I can so easily forget the long hard rides, the lonely life, the ever present danger, the threatenings of death which seemed hidden everywhere, that Arcadia, the Hesperides, the sun-kissed islands belong to that past which with its never failing sunshine comes not again. Instead there is the unromantic "cold," the sleep disturbing cough, rheumatism and wet feet. I long for the saddle, the wild scamper of horses and the sight of mountain and plain, but as one starts up exhilarated by the thought a gouty foot touches the floor and a pain, scarcely covered by a yard of porous plaster, recalls the present and the fact that we have been having absolutely beastly weather. Moreover we realize that nobody has asked us to stay here, and that we wouldn't be here if we didn't know when and where we are well off. Yet it is a pleasure to grumble, and as we cannot change the weather we can get partially even at least by declaring our disapproval of its recent conduct.

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The Ministerial Association is being complimented by the daily press because it has put itself on record as opposed to itinerant revivalists. One paper calls these evangelists "professional soul savers." Funny, isn't it? "It is really more laughably absurd than anything I ever heard." Be kind enough to excuse this merriment. I am aware that it is somewhat unseemly, but the idea is so very amusing. "Professional soul-savers!"—it is indecorous to use such words, and I know that the Ministerial Association would condemn an expression at once so bold and suggestive. Decorum must be the first rule of modern religion, as order is said to be the first law of nature. Understanding this, we must agree with the M. A. that itinerant vendors of the gospel are a class to be suppressed. They do not observe the punctiliousness of the profession, they lower the dignity of the calling, and worst of all, cut rates in a manner which threatens the permanency of the "pastoral" business. In order to illustrate, let me take a less noble calling, and you will at once observe how wrong it would be to allow unlicensed persons to peddle the gospel when regular, authorized persons have been appointed to retail the unadulterated article in an orthodox way. A dealer in fish rents a store, pays rent and taxes, keeps a good stock of salt fish and smoked fish, and yet the people refuse to take the trouble to come and purchase. A more energetic but less aristocratic person goes through the streets crying out "S-s-s-a-a-l-mon an' whitefish—alluive—fresh from the lakes nan alluive." This itinerant person pays no rent and therefore can sell more cheaply than the gentlemanly fishmonger who in a handsome store is awaiting custom which never comes. Is this right? Are high class taxpayers to suffer because itinerant dealers solicit you at your very door? Such conduct threatens the permanency of our best institutions. If everybody were to peddle and have their office in a wagon or a push cart how could our city survive? How plain then it becomes to the most obtuse observer that the protest of Toronto Assembly No. 1886 K. of L. in joint session with the Preachers' Union No. 5150, United Brotherhood of Soul Savers, refuses to permit alien labor to be imported into this country to pursue its avocation after the style of the Dago peanutter and the Cockney fishpeddler. How can expensive churches be maintained if itinerants are to take the gospel to every door and the voice of one crying in the wilderness is to be heard without the connivance of reputable establishments organized for the purpose? 'Tis true that our churches do not pay rent, and are therefore unarmed in an argument against peddlers, but they should remedy this even at considerable cost in order—if for no other reason—to protect themselves against unfair and ruinous competition.

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It would be unfair to leave this topic without pointing out the less sordid reasons assigned by the ministers for their action. It was alleged that traveling evangelists appeal to the emotions rather than the sense of the hearer, and that the ephemeral excitement and repentance thus produced were really little more than a species of religious frenzy or hysteria. I am surprised that when such ground was taken the Methodist brethren did not at once withdraw from the assembly. They thoroughly understand that if the emotional phase of religious experience be obliterated they will be disarmed in the contest with Calvinism and formalism. I do not wish to appear cynical, but it seems to me that while the action of the Ministerial Association is perfectly consistent, when viewed from a worldly point of view, it is not in exact harmony with apostolic practice. The apostles themselves were itinerants, and wrought mightily in multitudes until there was a cry of "What shall we do to be saved?" It may be true that many itenerant evangelists are mercenary in motives, absurd in their actions, pharisaical and unreasonable in their utterances, mountebanks in their methods, and are indeed all the things which the Association urge against them, but—dare I ask the question?—surely this is too importtant a subject to permit of mental reservations!—but, I ask, are the ministers of the Toronto Association entirely free from similar or even more serious charges? Are they alive to the importance of their mission? Are they preaching the gospel to the rich and poor alike? Are they constant in season and out of season in their efforts to save souls? Are they active and capable in exciting interest in the message they have to deliver? Are they more anxious to reach the heart than to touch the pocket? Are they carrying home to the listening souls the great joy of a release from sin, or are they staying at home and enjoying freedom from toil? If, in fact, they are doing the work of awakening sinners, how is it that a class of professional awakeners has arisen?

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The change within a day without the loss of a life of the Empire of Brazil into the Republic of Brazil is one of the most remarkable in the history of the century. In no new land could a new Empire spring up more naturally than in that vast section of South America where Dom Pedro held his mild sway. The reigning house while Brazil was the colony of Portugal became a secondary Empire and finally an independent Empire under the rule of the Braganza Portuguese family. Portuguese and Spanish colonists have always manifested a tendency towards independence. While British colonists have adhered to the mother land for centuries Spain and Portugal have been able to retain their provinces only for decades. The whole of South America is now under Republican rule, in fact there is nothing bearing a Monarchical character in the whole of America, save Canada itself. As far as can be discovered from the meagre reports which come to us of this Brazilian revolt, there was no particular complaint to be made against the Empire or the Emperor. Dom Pedro appears at this distance to have been a wise, mild and merciful ruler, but the people desired to change the form of the government, and they proceeded to change it. That it could have been done by a people as excitable as the Spaniards and Portuguese without bloodshed is most remarkable, though perhaps it proves that the conspirators had "laid their pipe" with more than ordinary foresight and skill. When the ex-Emperor was traveling through America it is related of him that while he was running the rapids on the St. Lawrence River, in a remark to one of his suite he betrayed his knowledge of Shakespeare and expressed his opinion of the rapids by the remark, "Mucha ado about notching." The revolution in his country is the exact reverse of this, little ado about very much.

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Last week I had reason to mention the broad and catholic spirit manifested by the Baptist Congress assembled in this city, and after reading the reports of their proceedings I can still further compliment them as having shown the religious sectarians of this country an example which is worthy of being followed. Their principle seems to be that the church should be engaged in such good works and that the members of it should be of such consistent life, the family and pastoral teaching of such a wide and earnest character that every child and citizen, as well as the government itself, should be a reflex of that which is godly in private life. Inasmuch as they ignore any connection between church and state and do not desire sectarian schools, they show the community an example of good citizenship which is sorely needed in a country which is rent by all sorts of sectarianism, much to the detriment of religion and good government.

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It is odd how peculiar doctrines sometimes separate people and give them a special individuality. All immersionist societies seem to have taken a special, primitive and apostolic view of the relation of the church to the Government. In every country the Baptists have been considered specially heretical for this reason, while the Disciples, Mennonites, Dunkards, etc., are well known in history for the simplicity of their practice and their opposition to party politics. Than the latter two classes there is no more harmless or pure living people on earth, and it is almost impossible even to get them to vote in elections. This, of course, is carrying the matter too far, but it is at least a beautiful example to some of those popular churches which have become little more than political machines.

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The uxoricide is as natural a product of that race of men who beat their wives as the wife-beater is the least refined variety of the man who considers himself a superior species and a much more important animal than the woman who makes his home-life comfortable. It always seems strange to me that while the person arrested for petty larceny or theft of any kind is imprisoned for months or years, the brutal wife beater receives but a nominal fine or short imprisonment. If the cat-o-nine-tails were to leave its impression on the backs of some of these alleged humans, these real brutes, it would be much more lasting than any words of advice the magistrate may deliver and would be sure to leave an effect much more enduring than the imposition of a fine, which the wife is perhaps forced to pay by working at the wash tub. Yet I suppose the class of modern sentimentalists would contend that Kane—a suggestive name—who pounded his wife's head into a shapeless mass should be permitted to urge drunkenness as a palliation of his crime. If Harvey is to be pitied for killing three women after being rendered insane by a fear of public opinion, why should we not look mercifully on the crime of a drunken man, who was probably unaware of the awful thing he was doing when he killed his wife. Men often recover from the habit of drunkenness, but they are never trustworthy after they have once been overtaken by the homicidal mania. Is it not better to hang all such people and relieve the world of the fear of renewed outrages?

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Always towards the close of the year people begin to think about municipal reform, a readjustment of the ward system, fewer aldermen, more eminent men in the council, etc. People thus seem to have annually a death-bed repentance, which is very little good to themselves or anybody else. The system has not been changed, better men have not been induced to become candidates, no improvement has been made. When we get a good Mayor he restrains the none too public spirited tendencies of the Council, assists in making jobbery impossible and carries to a decent conclusion works which have been begun. With the incoming of December we are threatened with another outburst of suggestions from those who know just how the city ought to be run, though they may never have done anything towards running it. Commissions of all sorts; many queer things are suggested, but what we lack is a well-matured scheme, something which will hold water as well as commend itself to the public generally. The Citizens' Association which has done and is doing such good work with regard to the Esplanade could well turn their attention to the consideration of this problem. There is still time. There are men now in Toronto's Council who should be driving a coal cart or working in a drain if their mental aptitude for public business is to be judged by their conduct in the past. There are other men who have a knowledge of business and a proper conception of public wants, leisure enough and public spirit enough to enter the City Council if they are not to be made the companions, worse indeed, the targets of mud-throwing adventurers who would never be in public life if it did not pay them. I do not mean that every man who is a real estate boomer is an improper person to be in the City Council, but it is a lamentable fact that the present council is composed of men, more than half of whom are real estate jobbers, people who have an axe to grind, a street to open, public works to originate on their own behalf. It is a disagreeable thing to impugn the motives of one's fellow men, it is an improper thing to do unless one has serious reasons for doing it, but it would not be difficult to give a list of the members of the present council whose business it is to make money by "developing" new sections. It is time that we had a rest from such men. Though they have done the city good in the past, Toronto can stand the pressure no longer. Our object should not be to convert ploughed fields into avenues and residential sections, while the city proper, the heart, the vitals of the city, are endangered by neglect and improper treatment. It is really time we had a business man's year, a period devoted to the proper administration of affairs, the closing up of old contracts, the careful management of our resources, the rearrangement of our methods. It is a time for the audit of accounts, for conservative inspection by men who have large interests at stake and a conscientious regard for other interests than their own. It is too late in the year to undertake the rearrangement of our system, but it is not too late to set on foot a movement for the nomination and election of good men who, in the year 1890, will undertake to place the city on a clean and well-understood footing, men who will honestly consider the street car franchise, the Esplanade, the Court House, the Don improvements and the vast acres of marsh in Ashbridge's Bay, which by a little exertion, as has been shown, can be converted into a profitable city asset. Year after year large public questions have been let slip and are unattended to, because ward grabbers and petty politicians had their little schemes to work. Now we should endeavor to get a larger minded Council, one which will attend to business supremely necessary for the good of the entire city.

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That this is absolutely necessary is generally recognized by all thoughtful citizens. Business men urge it, and out of its recognition comes the idea of a third term for Mayor Clarke who has done so much to straighten out knotty points and to readjust all such matters as have come within the possibilities of his administration. He may be or he may not be anxious for a third term, but as far as the public is concerned that is immaterial. It is material, how ever that we shall have no knaves at the head of our affairs. It is important that a strong man and an experienced one shall conduct public business. No one will clamor for the re-election of Mayor Clarke on the ground that he needs the office, or that the city desires to do him unusual honor, but there is a general feeling that the city needs him, needs the strength of will, fixity of purpose, the administrative ability and knowledge of our necessities, which he so eminently possesses. But we must forget that one swallow does not make a summer, nor one good man a competent council. There are many things in which the Mayor has but little to say. His able advisers should be by all means retained, they should be given to understand that some day the honor they covet, that of being mayor of the city, shall not be taken away from them if they show the honesty and ability deserving of such a trust. But the little onions should be weeded out, the council should be strengthened, business men in every ward should cast about them for a fit and proper person to represent their interests during the year 1890. The press should make manifest its desire to support such men and give them a fair trial and all the assistance in its power. No such crisis has ever come to us in the history of the city as that which we are about to face. We should not part with the men we know are to be trusted, but should take all pains to manifest our confidence in them, while on the other hand a general demand should be made for the improvement of the outfit which will be necessary to carry through the business of the city for the coming year. During that period the future of our street railway service will have to be decided. It means much to the city, yet it is but a drop in the city bucket which is now running over with unsettled affairs.

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The election in West Lambton will, without doubt, have an important effect on the next campaign. It demonstrated that the Catholic vote is still solid for the government, that the prohibition third party outfit must be considered simply as a successful marplot and not as a political factor and that the Ontario Opposition is thoroughly disorganized, weak-kneed, and lame-backed. The plurality of McKenzie, the Liberal candidate, was so great, that the fact that he lacked a majority over all ceases to be significant. That strong Conservative papers like the Hamilton *Spectator* have suddenly become aware that the Opposition and its leader are incompetent to cope with the task of overturning Messrs. Mowat & Co., is the first sign of an awakening, though to raise any clamor at this moment for the deposition of Mr. Meredith is certainly not in good taste. The Opposition and their organs have long been acquainted with the fact that he regards propriety and the right government of the Province as more important than his own promotion, or the obtaining of power by the party of which he is leader. He is too fair-minded to take advantage of his opponents, too large-hearted to be ungenerous to anyone, too genial to make a prize-fighter, and too conscientious to be either a premier or a political thug. In all my acquaintance, which from itinerancy and contact with a large number of public men is not inconsiderable, I have not known a more lovable or more beautiful character than that of William Ralph Meredith. He is one of those occasional products of a country which by reason of rarity are misunderstood. A man of blameless private character, one of those pure-minded men who take no pleasure in evil associations, a man who never takes a drink of intoxicants and yet is never heard of as a temperance advocate, a man who never swears or uses improper language and yet does not pose as a Christian politician, truthful, honest, loved by his neighbors, respected by his enemies, there are few men like him in Canada. A loyal friend, unassuming, radical in his opinions, thoroughly democratic, an able lawyer, everything that we should imagine the people would esteem; stalwart and handsome in figure and face, noticeable in any company as a distinguished man, one can hardly imagine why he is not the hero of the people whose cause he has always championed, whose friend he has always been. One is at a loss to discover that which is lacking, the something which has made him incompetent as the leader of the Opposition, the something which has made him a failure as a politician. I do not hesitate to say that the chief things which prevent him from being a good politician are those which no man should desire to possess. It is true of him, though in a different sense, as it was of the young man who, on inquiring what thing he should do to inherit eternal life, was told that he lacked in an important respect. The thing which thou, William Ralph Meredith, lackest, is that strong, masterful spirit which enables a leader to make other men do as he desires. If you could but take hold of the constituencies and force them to place in nomination men who, if elected, would be of service to you; if you could seize these men and make them do your bidding, if last of all, you could seize upon yourself and forgetful of all other things, force yourself into the attitude of a general who insists upon victory no matter who falls, then you would be a successful politician. Instead of this, however, you let the constituencies run themselves, you accept the weakest and most inefficient material contributed by your friends, try to do all the work yourself and are happy when others possess themselves of the honor of your labor and accomplishments. These things do you infinite credit as a man, but they keep your party in the bottom of a deep, cold hole.

DON.

LITTLE TYCOON.

At the Home of Emerson.

Sir Edwin Arnold sends to the *Telegraph* an account of a pilgrimage he has just made to the home of Emerson. "Hawthorne's house—scene of 'Mosses from an Old Manse'—stands nigh the bridge," Sir Edwin writes, "and Emerson's is not far away. The rooms in it are kept exactly as the poet philosopher left them. There are his books, well matched, the engraving, 'Aurora of Guido,' given by Carlyle for a marriage present; the blotting-pad with its latest ink impressions, the horsehair sofa on which he lay nigh to death, the wood-pile, the trees—in their branches the 'gay, polite titmouse' he immortalized—the simple 'homely' home, with its low-pitched farmlike apartments and old-world furniture, all sacred and unchanged. I traced in more than one volume of his modest library the footsteps of his serene and radiant mind, especially in the Indian translations. At dinner it was my distinction to conduct to the table and to sit beside his venerable widow, a lady now very aged and infirm, but still retaining marks of the beauty of 'Queenie,' Mrs. Emerson walks and converses with difficulty, but retains her clearness and sweetness of mind. In fact, this dear old lady was wholly delightful, but did not once speak about her great husband.

Social and Personal.

On the evening of Friday, the 15th, Mrs Crowther's commodious and elegant house on Bloor street was ablaze with light. The occasion was that of a ball, and the carriages rolled by in quick succession, bearing daintly-garbed women and men in faultless attire.

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Mrs. Crowther's house has such a surprising way of "unfolding," one might say, that room after room appears when one would have asserted that the limit had been reached. The orchestra held position in the vestibule, the music reaching ball room and drawing room perfectly. A verandah, closed in, carpeted and furnished with luxurious chairs was greatly in demand, as were also the rooms upstairs—the handsome library, the peasant conservatory and the delightfully cosy little snuggeries for which this house is remarkable. One in particular—a wee pink rooms, with delicately-tinted draperies and portieres found constant favor. The refreshment and supper rooms were under the best of management. The flower decorations were superb, artistic in arrangement, and harmonious in coloring.

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Mrs. Crowther's dress was of cream duchesse satin and gold brocade on a pinkish-cream ground. The bodice was of cream brocade and the uniquely fashioned sleevelets of the gold patterned brocade. A trimming of pearl, and soft neck folds of gold *crepe de chine* completed this elegant and most becoming gown. With it Miss Crowther wore diamond necklace, pendant and earrings. Her flowers were yellow and white chrysanthemums. Mrs. Langmuir wore terra cotta silk trimmed with gold passementerie and black lace, diamond ornaments; Miss Langmuir, green silk draped with tulle and trimmed with brocaded velvet, ornaments pearls; Miss Norma Meredith, white faille, white ribbons on corsage and pearl ornaments with white aigrette in hair; Miss Ethel Meredith, white faille, trimmed with moss green ribbons and white tulle, pearl ornaments; Mrs. George Crawford wore white moire and olive green; Miss Ada Arthurs looked very well in a pale shade of pink silk tastefully trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same shade; Miss Campbell of Government House was a dream of white silk and gauze, with a wreath of white flowers in her hair; Miss Monahan wore white cashmere and sage green velvet—a very pretty and becoming combination; Mrs. Willie Crowther, pale pink moire en train; Miss Seymour of Port Hope, white silk and tulle; Miss Violet Seymour, pale blue silk and gauze; Mrs. Fiskin, lemon colored silk, diamond ornaments; Miss Hoskins, pale pink faille; Miss Vickers looked very pretty in a pale yellow frock; Mrs. Fred Moffatt's white brocade velvet was very becoming and elegant; Miss Walker, white Liberty silk; Mrs. Harry Patterson wore a handsome blue and silver brocaded gown, *en train;* Miss Stanton of Cobourg, black silk net, yellow roses; Miss Morgan, violet muslin, trimmed with pansies; Miss Castle, pink Irish poplin, pink roses; Miss Hodgins, corn colored silk, fancy trimming; Mrs. McCallough wore a very pretty dress composed of white satin and tartan silk with orange ribbons; Mrs. Gas Foy, white silk, sage green trimmings; Mrs. W. H. Brouse, handsome black satin and jet, diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, heavy corded silk of a peculiar shade in green, *en train;* Mrs. Sterling Ryerson's gray satin, with steel bead trimming, was much admired; Mrs. Dawson, terra cotta satin, bronze passementerie trimming; Miss Bethune, white tulle; Mrs. Cameron, pale pink brocade silk, with a long train; Mrs. John Cawthra, white satin and black lace and jet; Mrs. Barwick, gold and white brocaded silks; Miss Fraser of Cobourg, white silk grenadine over white silk, white roses.

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The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Dr. and Mrs. Burn, Mrs. C. Baines, Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Langmuir, the Misses Seymour of Port Hope, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, the Misses Meredith, Mr. H. D. Gamble, the Misses Armour of Cobourg, Miss Linton, Mr. Grier, Mr. Hettlecote, Miss Scott of Ottawa, Miss Mockridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Denison, Mr. Corsan, Mr. G. Gales of Hamilton, Miss Miall of Ottawa, Mr. and Miss Vickers, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, the Messrs. Small, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Scadding, Miss Madeline Fraser of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. and Miss Michie, Mr. Morrow, Miss Wadsworth, the Misses Morgan, Dr. Nattress, Mr. Evans, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Mr. T. Gillespie, Mr. H. V. Greene, Mr. Desmsford, Major Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fisken, Miss Castle, Mr. Alma Macpherson, Mr. H. D. Boulton, Mr. P. Manning, Mr. Claude Macdonald, Mr. H. Montizambert, Mr. Clarke, Mr. E. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, Mr. Donald Armour, Mr. Huxley, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Miss Barrett, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Guy Ross, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Hollyer, Miss Rathbun, Miss Proudfoot, the Messrs. Hoskins, Mr. Doble, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Pauw, the Misses Dennistoun, Mr. Porter, Mr. Hopkins, the Misses McKellar, Miss Effie Boultbee, Mrs. John Dainty of Cobourg, Mr. W. D. Gwynne, Miss Constance Stanton of Cobourg, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. W. Spratt, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Bog, Mr. Brock, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the Messrs. Hart, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Stinson, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Hoskins, the Misses Hoskins, Mr. C. C. Ross, Miss Goring, the Misses Bethune, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. H. Ward, of Port Hope, the Messrs. Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. Ruttan, Mr. H. Bolton, the Misses Torrance, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Drake, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Miss Armstrong, Miss Burnham, Mr. Ambrose of Port Hope, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. and Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. J. Scott, Miss Cruso and Miss Blanche Vivian of Cobourg, Mr. G. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Hugh Leach, Mr. Anglin, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. S. Greene, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss Dallas, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Miss Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. H. Duggan.

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The Junior Bachelors of Toronto have reason to be proud of themselves after holding such a successful ball on Tuesday night at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens. From half-past eight till eleven the cabs rolled up to the door, and about four hundred of the fashion and beauty—for which Toronto is noted—assembled inside. Dancing began about nine o'clock to the strains of the enchanting music of Corlett's full band, (twenty in number). The floor was in perfect condition and every body tripped the light fantastic more than is their wont. The galleries were most tastefully decorated with bunting and handsome curtains, while the dais was fitted up with furniture to represent a drawing-room, affording a comfortable resting place for the chaperones, the younger people choosing the dimly lighted conservatory for their tete-a-tetes. About twelve o'clock supper was served by [Caterer Harry Webb, and a delicious repast was partaken of.

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Among those present were Miss Ince, Mrs. Hugh Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Alice Fuller, Miss Wadsworth, Mrs. Bright, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. Ben Cronyn, Capt. Drummond McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Todd, Mr. W. Douglass, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. C. A. Bogart, Mr. D. Armour, Mrs. (Judge) Osler, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Commander Law, Mrs. H. Armstrong, the Misses Denison, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mrs. and the Misses Maule, the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Seymour of Port Hope, Mrs. Rattan of Winnipeg, Miss Staunton of Cobourg, the Misses Lockhart, the Misses Armour of Cobourg, Mrs. Proudfoot, Miss Skae of New York, Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Miss Manning, Mr. Hume Blake, Miss Birchall, Miss Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Nanton, Mr. Geo. and Miss Michie, Miss May Walker, Miss Cawthra, Miss Gregg of London, Ont. Cowan, Mr. H. and Miss Parsons, Mr. George Heward, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Lottridge, Mr. Geo. Gates, Mr. A. Gillespie, Mr. Dyke Baxter and Mr. H. B. McGivern of Hamilton, Mr. Claude and Miss McDonnell, Miss Dixon, Mr. Roly Moffatt, Miss Rathbun of Deseronto, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. T. Chisholm, Mr. Raynald Gamble, Mr. Payne, Capt. and Mrs. Donald Howard, Miss Howard, Miss Mabel Bright, the Misses Murray, Mr. J. B. Clarke, Col. G. T. Denison, Dr. Nattrass, Messrs. Burrett, Mr. Cuthbert Temple, Miss Temple, Mr. David Walker, Mrs. Wright, Miss Osler, Mr. W. Rose-Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Graham, Mr. J. S. Broughall, the Misses Morphy of Deer Park, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. S. Y. Baldwin, Miss William of Port Hope, Mr. G. H. Stimson, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton.

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Mrs. Bankes wore a handsome black satin combined with yellow amber ornaments; Miss Bunting the belle of the ball, had on a becoming toilet composed of pale pink silk, with bronze green and pink tulle over it; Miss Seymour was dressed in white satin and tulle; Miss Bain, yellow liberty silk; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, white satin with tulle overdress dotted with chenille; Mrs. Hoskins, black velvet and jet *en train*; Mrs. McCuaig, orange china silk; Miss Harris, pink corded silk, of a lovely tint; Miss Heward, gray tulle and silk; Miss Walker, white silk; Mrs. Wright, plum color satin merveilleux trimmed with bronze passementerie; Miss Maude Rutherford, mauve satin; Mrs. Cosby, black velvet and jet; Miss Sibyl Seymour, black and orange silk; Miss McFarland, white satin *en train;* Miss Murray, pink and white brocaded silk; Miss Stewart, white satin with folds of orange satin; Miss Stanton, black net; Miss Cockburn, pale blue silk; Mrs. F. C. Law, gray silk and black feather trimmings; Miss Cristie, scarlet satin and net; Mrs. Kerr, black satin, crimson ribbons; Miss Hoskins, pale pink satin and faille; Mrs. Bright, a handsome wine colored velvet; Miss Bright, white silk faille; Miss Osler, black lace; Miss McDonald, pale blue brocaded satin, diamonds; Miss Parsons, grey net and velvet cut steel passementerie; Mrs. H. Armstrong, sage green silk tulle and velvet, pink flowers; Mrs. Charles Murray, black and white satin; Miss Shanly, heliotrope tulle over silk; Miss Mabel Cawthra, black satin and lace; Miss Fanny Smith, red tulle and silk; Miss Emma Murray, white tulle and satin, natural flowers; Miss Armour, cream satin with dotted tulle overdress; Miss Dixon, white nuns veiling, accordeon plaited skirt trimmed with gold braid; Miss Edith McFarlane, white Duchesse satin and tulle with pearl trimmings and white chrysanthemums.

•

The date fixed for the Toronto club ball is December 6. The affair has been already much discussed as the great event of the present season. As the house-warming of their new and magnificent premises, the members will doubtless make their ball equal to the importance of the occasion. I fear, however, that if the present idea concerning the invitations is carried out there may some shortness of men, than which nothing worse can befall a ball. The proposed arrangement that the ladies of society only shall be invited *en masse* by a committee is open to the objections which have always been found in any similar system of issuing invitations.

•

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock of Jarvis street gave a large supper party after the play last week. Several members of the Bootles' Baby Dramatic Company were among the guests.

•

Sir John Lister Kaye came to Toronto last Tuesday from Ottawa. Sir John has many friends here. His visits to Toronto have been many, and numbers of travelers from this place have had the pleasure of seeing his enormous model farm and horse-ranche in the North-West.

•

Sir Edward and Lady Humbold have been staying in Toronto this week. These distinguished strangers are on their way to London, England, from India. Sir Edward Humbold was quartered in Toronto many years ago in those gay times when a large garrison of regulars was held here.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winter of Bloor street gave two large dinner parties last week. Mr. and Mrs. Winter are learned in the lore of dinner-giving, and an invitation to their board is accordingly appreciated.

•

Miss Boulton of Grange Road is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Helmuth of London, Ont.

•

Mr. Hensley, R.N., has been spending a short leave with friends in Toronto. Mr. Hensley sails shortly from Halifax to join a fresh ship in England. He thinks it probable that the Chinese seas will be his destination. From Toronto to China is a very far cry.

•

The gentlemen of Tintagel once more distinguished themselves on Friday last by a theatrical supper-party as successful as many of their former entertainments. As several of the gentlemen of the Bootles' Baby company were to be among the guests, and as the affair was largely in their honor, proceedings were of necessity not commenced until rather a late hour. Supper was followed by a smoking concert which was all the more excellent in that some of the actors were kind enough to lend their aid in the programme. Mr. Garthorne's (Captain Lucy) "London Sketches" were supremely funny as were the Irish recitations of Mr. Thomas Morris, the genial manager of the company. Mr. Morris, by the way, was playing in the London theater where Irving had a small part thirty years ago. Mr. Grant Stewart's various methods in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were as much appreciated as ever, the pale young curate bringing down the house as always. Mr. Pauw's imitation of Irving has lost none of its power, and was very highly praised by the professional actors amongst his audience. Mr. Bromley Davenport's songs and recitations was the best of their kind, his comic burlesque of Irving took particularly well. Besides those above mentioned, some of the forty or fifty guests were Mr. Follin of New York, Mr. Tyler of London, Eng., Mr. C. D. Shanly, Mr. Alfred Brown, Mr. Arthur Brown, Messrs. Mackenzie, Wilson, Boyd, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Beck, Mr. Mickle, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Cronyn, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. Cameron, Messrs. Dickey, Morrison, Ross, Phillips, Mr. Grier of Montreal, Mr. Lee of London, Eng., Mr. Boulton. The hosts, Messrs. MacLellan, Goldingham, Mowat, Drummond and Ross, were all that hosts should be, and well sustained the reputation which the house has long borne.

•

There was a large and fashionable attendance at the cricket grounds last Thursday to witness the game of football between the Toronto "Veterans" and the Hamilton "Fossils.' Amongst the spectators was a considerable number of fair visitors from Hamilton, husband, brother, and if rumor lies not, father, too, were thus urged to their best endeavor, but victory rested, as of course was right, with the home team, and much ambition availed but little.

•

Mr. P. C. Goldingham left town this week for a three weeks' trip to New York and Philadelphia.

•

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop of Hamilton were in town last week, and were amongst the fair visitors at the football match on Thursday.

•

In accordance with their constitution, the Toronto Riding and Driving Club will hold their annual general meeting on Friday, November 29, at 5 o'clock p.m., at the Queen's Hotel. The notices are signed by Mr. C. N. Shanly, who is acting honorary-secretary in the absence of Mr. Fox. At the meeting officers for the current year will be elected, and other business will be transacted. Thus will the club be ready for the days of frost and snow, when their weekly drives will without doubt be as pleasant a feature of the winter as for the last two years.

•

Mr. J. K. Pauw has left town for a short visit to New York.

•

Mr. Grier of Montreal is revisiting his old haunts in Toronto. Mr. Grier occupies the responsible position of private secretary to Mr. VanHorne.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Drummond, of London, Eng., were staying with friends in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond talk of settling in Toronto for a year if they can find a suitable house.

•

Amongst a number of distinguished foreigners who have lately been visiting Toronto are Mr. Zaziarski of St. Petersburg, Russia, and Mr. L. Renaud of Orleans, France.

•

Colonel Tisdale of Simcoe, Ont., has been staying with friends in town this week.

•

Mr. Isidore Helmuth of London, Ont., was in town this week.

•

The students of Trinity Medical College held their thirteenth annual dinner at the Queen's Hotel, on Tuesday evening. The dining hall was beautifully decorated, and the dinner first-class in all its appointments. Music was supplied by a good orchestra and the College Glee Club. The committee, comprising the following gentlemen, is to be congratulated: Chairman, C. B. Coughlin; 1st vice-president, J. T. Fotheringham; 2nd vice-president, A. S. Tilley; 3rd vice-president, W. Doan; toaster, C. B. Oliver; secretary, R. McGee; committee, H. Ghent, A. A. Sutherland, J. Crooks, W. E. Brown, T. W. Jones, B. McGill, and H. Frank. Among the guests I noticed Dr. Geikie, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. John Baverley Robinson, Hon. G. W. Allan, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Rev. John Langtry, Mr. John Cameron, Dr. Aikins, Dr. Wm. Burns, Dr. McFarlane, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Clouse, Dr. Sheard, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Principal Dickson of Upper Canada College, Mr. Patrick Hughes, Chancellor McVicar of McMaster University, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Rev. Mr. Symons and many of the most eminent medical men in Toronto. The speeches were short and sparkling.

•

Miss Stewart of Port Hope is making a short stay at Mrs. Cosby's, "Maplehyrn."

•

Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph is visiting Mrs. Clarkson Jones, St. Joseph street.

•

Mr. Ed. W. Sandys, C. P. R., Montreal, came up for the Junior Bachelors' ball, and returned eastward again after spending a couple of days in the city.

•

The staff of the Traders' Bank of Canada have lost a great favorite in Mr. H. D. Mitchell, who left that bank's service in order to take up the real estate business. On leaving the bank, Mr. Mitchell was presented with a handsome meerschaum pipe as a token of the esteem held for him by his fellow clerks. The pipe was presented by the accountant, Mr. I. A. M. Alley, who made a most appropriate speech on behalf of the bank. Mr. Mitchell responded in a brief but most touching manner, thanking them, one and all, for their kind token and good wishes.

•

On Wednesday afternoon I had the pleasure of being present at a private view of the picture exhibition in Mr. J. E. Thompson's new art gallery in connection with the Academy of Music. Although everything was not in readiness for the grand opening which took place last evening—too late for an extended notice in SATURDAY NIGHT this week—yet I saw sufficient to convince me that the people of Toronto will, in this exhibition, be furnished with an artistic treat. Both native and foreign artists are represented and some of the pictures are worth hours of study by themselves, notably the Embarkation of Emigrants at Havre, by Dewant; Boy Overboard, by Bridgeman—who is an old Toronto boy by the way—and the Pilot at the Wheel.

•

The banquet given in the Jarvis street Baptist Church a week ago to the divines attending the Church Congress was in many respects one of the best managed affairs I ever witnessed. Even if Dr. Thomas did forget the musical programme, excepting only the overture, until the thing was over. At the first sound of the man a long line of very pretty young ladies wearing white aprons marched into the room and took their places behind the chairs of the guests, and not a want of that very large company was permitted to go unsatisfied for a moment. It has been the experience in Toronto when large dinners are given, even when nothing but a cold collation is being served, that the attendance is simply frightful, therefore I can congratulate Mr. Henderson and his committee on the good arrangements they made. The speeches delivered by the clergymen present were unusually good, broad and liberal, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's remarks were timely and given with more than customary warmth. Compared with other *quasi* religious entertainments I think it was one of the best ever given in this city and the magnificent Sunday School hall of Jarvis street Baptist Church as a banqueting room has few equals.

•

Bermuda and Nassau, the favored islands of the great Gulf Stream, with the additional attractions of their garrison life and visits of the British Atlantic squadron, are much regarded places for a prolonged winter stay. Quite a large party of Torontonians sailed on the Ward line steamer of Wednesday, among whom were Mr. Wm. Reford, Mr. Robt. Reford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hickson, Miss Hickson, and Mr. Edward, Miss Hessie, Master Robert and the Misses Norah and Alice Hickson, Mr. James Davis, Mr. William Davis, Mr. Charles, Mr. Samuel, Mr. Philip and Miss Davis.

•

Deer hunters in Muskoka have been very successful this season, nearly all the hunting parties getting their full complement of deer. The Star Hunt Club, comprised of the Messrs. Collins Bros., Cloverport, shot eleven deer in nine days, the deer making an average of 110½ lbs. each.

•

Little Miss MacGillivray of Chicago, who delighted the audiences at the Canadian Chautauqua with her recitations, will again be in Toronto about the first week in December.

•

Miss Sydney Tully has just finished an excellent portrait of Mr. Goldwin Smith. Those who have seen her work pronounce it to be one of the best portraits exhibited in Toronto. Miss Tully's many friends will have a chance of seeing the portrait at the Academy of Music, where it is to be exhibited before it is sent to Cornell University, which is to be its ultimate destination.

•

A report of Mrs. John Strachan's At Home on Wednesday evening, at Trinity College, is held over till next week.

•

On Wednesday, November 13, Mr. F. W. Riesberg of Buffalo, assisted by Miss Hobbard of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Miss Herald of Hamilton, gave a piano recital at Loretto Academy. The entertainment was pleasing in all its features, each performer winning merited applause from the audience.

•

A pleasant surprise party took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hunter, 81 Rose avenue, on the evening of November 12. The details were admirably arranged, and music and dancing held sway until a late hour.

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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Gray will, of course, be much worn from now on. That's emphatic, is it not? And I fancy I hear you say with all your come-by-naturally inquisitiveness: "Why?" Well, my dear, because for one reason, the Empress Frederick wore a gray gown at her daughter's recent marriage. The corsage and court train were of gray moire; the front of the skirt was draped with point de Venise, and the trimming was dainty clusters of costly gray ostrich feathers. It seems to me that the very idea of soft gray and white is pleasing, and if the delicate color were worn to a greater extent methinks one should be glad, for it is so daintily puritan and so indescribably neat.

Why will women wear birds and—such birds on their hats? Deep silence alone will answer me, so I'll talk right on.

The other day as I came down in a street car, a woman with a bird on her hat sat opposite me. The hat was brown; the bird of that reddish brown which suggests the farmyard. It had been raining and the fowl had been out without an umbrella. Of all the draggle-tailed limp-winged distressed looking bunches of feathers I ever saw, that brown bird was the worst. It caused me "extreme mental and physical lassitude" to think of the lengths to which women will go in following fashion. It brought Blackie's words, "And many are afraid of God, and some of Mrs. Grundy" very forcibly and—"birds" bother me ever since.

A pretty little bonnet seen recently in Toronto was of gray felt. The trimming consisted of straps of dark green ribbon velvet, each strap going across the bonnet and held in position by a tiny steel buckle. At the front a cluster of wee gray and green tips bent down almost to the brow of the pretty dark haired wearer.

A toque which resembled the empire very closely, had a face fold of reseda green velvet. A frill of embroidered felt in vieux rose and green fell over the crown and met the velvet, while a long-looped bow of reseda green concealed the upper pleated edges of the felt. The loops reached the back, and raising towards the front formed a most becoming and dressy hat.

A nice bootbag is made of brown holland. The length of the strip should be the width of your clothes-press door, and its width should amply accommodate your shoes, leaving room for an elastic to keep out dust. As many pockets as you wish or have room for can be sewn on. Made also of holland and bound with braid or leather, they will endure much packing and a great amount of hard usage. If rings are stitched to the upper edge, the bags can be detached from their snug and unseen place on the inside of the door, and rolled up for traveling.

A very pretty table scarf which I noticed in a handsome library to day was of vieux rose felt. Its edge was scalloped, and each scallop was adorned with a half-wheel pattern in moss green silk etching cord. Underneath the scallops, a felt fringe was sewn, and the scarf proper bore a quaint design outlined in the moss green cord.

To mend gloves so that the stitching will "stay put," use number forty thread, and split it, working the needle in and out with particular care and an extra quantity of patience.

After a rainy day, when your shoes are hard from the rain-drops, rub vaseline on them. Do not spare the vaseline and do not be stingy with the rubbing (a piece of chamois is the best thing to apply it with) and you will be real glad I told you of vaseline.

A very handsome painted mirror which I lately saw in an uptown house, is framed with a woodland scene on a gray back-ground. At the foot of an immense tree, a serpent, coiled for a spring, has been struck with the talon of a large and fierce-looking hawk. The bird is painted on one corner of the mirror, and blossoms stray over the opposite side. Altogether the piece charmed me with its rugged suggestion of cruelty, and the delicate tints of the blooms.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

'Varsity Chat.

When the hardy runners and their friends had gathered at Oulcott's in Eglinton, on Friday evening, after the annual cross-country run all went merry as a street car bell. The genial host did well, but his guests were not second to him in geniality, and by their actions witnessed to an appreciation of his *menu*, which doubtless satisfied his hospitable heart. Songs, many and sweet, with speeches, completed a pleasant evening's enjoyment. Mr. A. T. Hunter excelled himself in speech, not in song. This annual affair is one of the jolliest in 'Varsity life, and ought to be developed so that the number in attendance might be six hundred instead of sixty, as this year. The race was hard and fast. Mr. W. C. Mitchell, '93, our crack miler, won again, thus scoring his third successive win.

*

The '92 dinner in which the ladies of the class were to have taken part, has fallen through—at least in so far as the ladies are concerned; on which account we all deeply sympathize with the gallant '92. The cause given is the stern frown of authority. There is grief in the happy family as they are called. Mr. Casey Wood will have nobody to make bouquets for now and Mr. Peter White's villainous eyes must sparkle in vain. And so custom's heel crushes the flowers of life.

*

Through the bare branches of the autumn trees the Parliament Buildings are seen slowly rising. The two buildings—our own first and next the parliamentary—in juxtaposition are a suggestive pair. Here is leisurely preparation and dreaming; there will soon be hurried and decisive action. We are building too—a more enduring fabric than any of brick or stone. We build slowly, and even thoughtlessly perhaps, but soon the leaves will fall and our structure of whatever kind, marble, wood or stubble will meet the critical gaze of the world. It will be too late to remodel then and in the house we build we must dwell.

*

Last Friday '90 met to discuss the matter of the class picture and other things of interest. Many words and motions failed to accomplish much business. It was decided after a long and tangled debate to invite the professors to join us in the group—except Professor Hume. Least said soonest forgotten.

*

One of the most enjoyable and successful trips of late was that of the association football men to Galt last Saturday. The game was for the championship of Ontario, and of course old 'Varsity won. A baker's dozen accompanied the team, and as the townsmen put it, "made more noise than an averaged-sized crowd." This is a cheering sign that these days are not so degenerate after all. The crowd would doubtless have been much larger but for the cross-country run which kept the boys up late on Friday—something to which they are little accustomed, you know. Hard practice has brought us to the front again, and a record of four goals by opponents in eight matches is not to be sneezed at. The rainy season appears to have at last set in, and to threaten sports of all kinds; but we really cannot complain, as the clerk of the weather has been very kind.

*

At the regular meeting of the Political Science Club, on Wednesday, Mr. J. A. McLean, '92, read an able paper on the Witenagemot. Mr. Wm. Houston contributed materially to the profit of the meeting by his address on Value.

*

Already I have heard of a determination to revive the 'Varsity next year. Various plans are mentioned on which to conduct the paper, but all of them seem to be suggested rather on account of the apparent failure of the old plan than because of their own inherent virtue. If a public can be found which will contribute to the finances, by means of subscriptions, to an extent sufficient to make the paper a business success, and at the same time willing to allow the board of editors to manage affairs according to their own wisdom, then, doubtless, the paper can succeed. But any democratic method of management is sure to fail. Whether there exists such a public amongst the undergraduates is a question. It is a significant fact that the amount of unpaid undergraduate subscriptions to the defunct paper is two hundred dollars.

*

Mr. Pelham Edgar has returned from British Columbia after a six months' absence. Failing health compelled him to take the trip and his many friends are delighted to see him in the enjoyment of renewed vigor.

NEMO.

Mind reading in a Yonge St. Car.

It was in a street car. She sat opposite me, and I was intently studying her face. It was not an attractive one, but there were some character lines, which kept me busy for a while.

Then I counted the people—twenty-six with the driver, and a sad-eyed postman who hopped on. The latter's gloves were all out at the fingers, and I debated whether he was a lone bachelor man, or whether his wife did fancy work. Just then the solemn-faced woman coughed, and I looked at her. Her expression was sadder and crosser than before. She must have lost some dear friend. Now her mother, who sat next to me, leaned across to answer the query of her *vis-a-vis*. It was this: "Do you think Mrs. —— will recover?"

"We cannot tell, but they give very little hope of her," returned the gentle-voiced mother.

Again I directed my attention to Miss Sour Face, and I began to spin a pathetic little web of fancies about her. She was going probably to visit the bedside of a dying friend. How sad she looked. They had probably played together long—very long ago, when they were children. Poor thing! How unerringly does sadness write itself on the countenances of the troubled ones. These were my cogitations.

They were interrupted, however, for Miss Sour Face leaned across the aisle and said to her mother in a tragic aspirated, penetrating tone: "I saw cashmere—lovely cashmere, yesterday—for fifty-cents-a-yard!"

Faces do tell tales, I maintain; but my conclusions as to the inside of that head—judging from the outside—were wandering wildly away, away west.

In the Outer Lobby.

Torrington—I can't get seats near the aisle and I hate awfully to disturb people between the acts.

Mrs. Torrington (one of those infrequent angels)—Why not go out now and drink ten cocktails at once? I'll wait here for you.—*Judge.*

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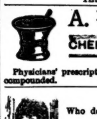

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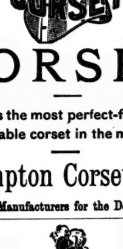

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50 BORDER DRESSES, all-wool, at $4 worth $8.

50 FINE COMBINATION DRESSES at $4.75 and $5, just half price

Mantles in Great Variety

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

THAT MORTGAGE.

It was time for the spring cleaning. Mrs. Brewster had gone into the back room to look about her and see what wanted doing. As she threw open the blinds, she heard a robin in the maple tree. It was a good sign, her grandmother used to say, to have a robin come and build her nest before one's door.

It had been a long winter; one of the most severe that the New England inhabitants had seen for years, and the bright sunshine was well appreciated. If it had not been for that mortgage, how happy Mrs. Brewster would have been that morning. But as she looked out of the window upon the resurrecting earth, she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! there is always something to hinder the full enjoyment of anything in this world; at least some folks are always weighed down with burdens they cannot lift off."

After making a thorough survey of the room, she passed into the large farm kitchen.

"I brought you a letter, Mis' Brewster. I thought as how I was down to the village I might as well bring up yourn and Mr. Hull's folks' mail. It's such hurrying times now that farmers have all they can do at home.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Hawkins!" Mrs. Brewster exclaimed, as she looked up and saw the gray-haired farmer standing in the door, with apple-sunshine falling all about him. "A pleasant day, isn't it? Thank you for bringing the letter."

"Yes, Mis' Brewster, it's as warm as summer. Our wimmen folks wanted I should put in some garden seed to-day, but I told 'em that 'one swallow doesn't make a summer.' Spring's a deceitful critter, a coquettish sort of a gal. When you think you've got her she ain't there."

Mr. Hawkins passed out of the door laughing heartily at his own wit. Mrs. Brewster tore open the envelope.

"It's from Mariette," she said, and sitting down in the first chair she could find, read the letter. "There's plenty of good times in the world, but like Glory McQuick, 'I'm never in them.' Mariette and her folks are going to the seashore for the summer. That's the reason she hasn't written before. She's had a dressmaker in the house for a whole month, making dresses for her and the girls. I declare Mariette does have a good time."

She was talking to her husband who sat by the kitchen stove mending a harness. He was one of those men who never make repairs until just as they are absolutely needed.

"I suppose then, that we shall get at Mariette's!" he said by way of a rejoinder.

"You know Mariette never thinks she enjoys very good health," his wife said in a quick, energetic tone of voice. "It's fortunate for her that she doesn't have to work as I do; if she did she would have been in her grave long ago. Father wasn't over and above pleased with her match, but you never can tell how men will turn out. Some of them are successful, but more of them are failures."

After she had finished speaking she climbed upon a chair in the buttery and began her house cleaning on the descending scale, reaching up to clean off the topmost shelf. The door was partly open, and from her eyrie in the buttery her husband heard her voice above the clatter of dishes and pans.

"I declare, I'm perfectly discouraged. It's a terrible strain on a woman to be the wheelhorse and do more than her share of the hauling and pulling. What are we going to do about the matter if I don't take those city boarders again this summer?

Her husband kept on mending the broken strap, making no reply; but when his wife got down to the middle shelf, she stepped from the chair, and, standing near her husband, said:

"Luman Brewster, what are we going to do about that mortgage? You know it will be foreclosed this fall if we don't pay it up."

"There's time enough, Mary Ann; do not worry so; seven months yet, and by that time something will surely turn up."

"That's what you always say, Luman, but I should think by this time you would find out that things don't turn up, unless we go to work and make them."

The unfinished harness fell in sections on the kitchen floor as Mr. Brewster arose from his chair, after he had finished speaking. But he gathered the pieces together and went out to the barn. Mary Ann was in what he mentally designated "one of her tantrums." He always took refuge in the barn when the subject of that mortgage was agitated.

As Mrs. Brewster went back to her soap and sand and the pantry shelves, she said aloud:

"Well, like Mrs. Poyser, in Adam Bede, I've had my say. After all, perhaps I'd better not have said it. It doesn't do any good, and I fear I am growing into the habit of 'nagging' which I despise in any woman. But when folks' feelings are working curdled up as mine have been so long, sometimes they will burst open in spite of everything done to keep them down. Folks oftentimes are brought into conditions in life that they've got to get out of it or be vanquished, and the only way to pay off that mortgage is to take those city boarders. I ought not to have signed, of course, but Luman did talk so well about the mines, and everything looked so clear! Poor fellow—he did have a hard time of it, and that consumptive mountain fever took such a hold of him! There's a good deal of luck and chance about that sort of business, anyway. I read in the Springfield magazine, last summer, a story about Gunnison county, where Luman was. It told about an 'O Be Joyful Creek,' and a 'Poverty Gulch,' lying side by side, and a man came out of one to a fortune was just as likely to go up one side as the other. How could Luman tell when there was no guideboard to show him which was which?"

Luman Brewster looked at the matter of the mortgage from his standpoint in the barn much more favorably. He did wish Mary Ann wouldn't worry so much about that mortgage. If she would wait a while things would shape themselves and the mortgage be paid, be felt sure.

Not long afterward he heard his wife's voice calling him in the pleasantest of tones. Mary Ann's "tantrums" had worked themselves off, just as they always did.

"See, Luman," she said, as he came near the house, "there's a robin in the maple tree. It's the first one I've seen this spring, and it brings good luck."

"Didn't I tell you it would come out all right, my dear?"

"There's Hepsy Hopkins!" exclaimed Mrs. Brewster, at that moment. "The very person I wanted to see above all others. Go out to the gate and hitch her horse, Luman."

Mrs. Brewster kissed the mild, pleasant face of that young girl, as she came up the garden walk.

"Well, Hepsy, if ever I was glad to see anybody I did to see you! You look well, and gaged anywhere for the summer, have you?" she asked.

"No, I hain't; Mis' Spalding spoke to me a spell ago about going there, but I hain't give her no answer."

"You must promise to come to me again this summer, Hepsy. I've decided to take those city boarders again this season."

"Why, Mis' Brewster, you was clear beat out last fall, and you said you'd never take 'em again for no price."

"I was tired out and wilted down then, Hepsy, but now I'm fresh again. I'm going to send a letter to New York to-morrow."

Mrs. Brewster spoke with as great an enthusiasm about taking the city boarders as if it were as pleasant a circumstance in her life as her twin sister Mariette's going to the seashore was in hers.

Busy weeks followed, and the time came all too soon for the arrival of the boarders.

The night before they came Mrs. Brewster went to the village store to get a certain piece of cretonne to cover an old-fashioned chair. After she had made her purchase and gone out, a man in the store spoke up:

"I s'pose that Mrs. Brewster's going to take those city boarders again? My wife said she was tuckered out with 'em last fall.

"Yes," replied the storekeeper who was weighing out some tea, "you know Brewster has a mortgage on his place; put it on when he went out to Colorado to the mines. Old Tompkins has the mortgage: he's an old skinflint and will foreclose this fall."

"I'll wager Mary Ann Brewster will be too sharp for him. She'll find a way out of that mortgage, unless I'm much mistaken. If she'd only married a man half as smart as herself they'd have shinned the moon." And the last speaker turned toward the old farmer, who had just put his basket of butter and eggs on the counter.

"Luman Brewster don't seem to have no faculty for getting a living. He's a visionary sort of man; good man, too—nobody's foot, either. Luck seems to go agin some folks alius."

As the farmer finished speaking, a little wiry man, the postmaster, added:

"He hain't got any push in him. Old Mrs. Brewster says the reason Luman never made out more, is because Mary Ann takes the reins in her hands."

"Waal, now, the other side of the house looks at the matter in quite a different light," spoke up the tall, thin man, who kept Mary Ann himself to crackers out of the barrel at the farther end of the store. "They were all agin Mary Ann marrying Luman Brewster. He was finishin' to be a professor somewhere in some great college, I've heard."

"Her sister, Mariette, feathered her nest pretty well," the storekeeper added. "She wa'n't half as likely as Mary Ann, either, when they were girls—not to my way of thinkin'."

"Mary Ann used to fall in with Luman's schemes at first," rejoined the wiry man, "but she's had falls enough to come down to facts now. When a man lives in the cloud a woman has got to attach herself to the earth with strong cables, now I tell you. Terry firmy is quite a necessary place to stand on if you are going to make a living."

The men in the country store were adjusting the Brewster family affairs long after the object of the discussion had arrived home.

She and Hepsy were bound to cover the chair that night. That finished, Mrs. Brewster sat down on the cushion to collect her thoughts. All the family were in bed and asleep when she took the well-worn family bible and opened it. No matter how much work came into her life, she never failed to read her chapter every night before she went to bed.

She felt anxious over the dispensing of affairs in the household after the boarders came. She wondered if she could get through with it all, and when the thought of the mortgage came heavily upon her mind "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will direct thy paths," were the words she read. After she finished her chapter, she knelt down by the newly covered chair, and gave all her cares, even to the mortgage, into the care of the Lord, trusting that He would help her lift them.

It was very warm the first week that the boarders came, and with so much cooking and work to be done it seemed as if the load could not be carried. But day by day strength was given; and just as everything was getting into nice running order Judge Upson's only daughter was taken with typhoid fever. There was a panic in the house; wells were impure, or drainage was bad, his boarders said, and half of them left but Judge Upson and his sick daughter. Her mother was dead, and they were all that were left of a family whose members strongly attached to each other. A trained nurse was procured, but there were days when the physician gave no hopes of recovery.

Mrs. Brewster did everything to make the stricken ones comfortable in her home, and at ease. It seemed such a strange ordering of her life, yet she felt sure that God was in ministering to the troubled ones of her household. It was indeed strange that such a turn should have been in the tide of her life.

After weeks of anxious watching and waiting the daughter was enabled to go home, but the summer was nearly ended. The mortgage could not be paid off and the house must be lost. It was but a small sum in the eyes of a moneyed man, but to the Brewsters it was a hundred times more than a very hard matter to get together. But notwithstanding the dark outlook Mary Ann Brewster kept her cheerfulness of every night and committed her way to the Lord, and did her duty every day as it came to her. Two days before Judge Upson went away he called Hepsy to wait on his daughter, and said:

"I want to do something, my good girl, for Mrs. Brewster. She has been so very kind to us. I think perhaps you can suggest the right thing to me, better than I could think for myself. Isn't there something that she is anxious about? I think so from some things I have heard."

"It's the mortgage, Judge Upson. Don't let her know I spoke of it to you, but she's worrying herself sick over it, and all the time."

"I will look into the matter, Hepsy, and I thank you for telling me about it."

After Judge Upson had left the house on his return to the city, a long envelope was found in the room he had occupied, addressed to Mrs. Brewster, and on examination enclosed which gave her the home clear of all encumbrances.

"God works in such strange ways," she said as she burst into tears. "Who would have thought of such a way for us this?"

When she showed it to her husband later in the day, he smiled and said,—

"Didn't I tell you not to worry, Mary Ann? I knew all the time something would turn up to pay off that mortgage!"

A New Duty for Mothers.

The book-shops show this season a luxurious little leaflet about a foot square that is illuminated with fanciful designs in blue and gold, tied with ribbons, and furnished with silver rings and chains by which it may be suspended on the wall of the nursery or by the side of mamma's dressing-table. It is entitled *Our Baby's Book*, and its first pages are given up to pretty baby-talk, blanks for the dates and lines of the old nursery saw about the characteristics of the babies who is born on certain days of the week—Monday's baby is fair of face, Tuesday's full of grace, and so on. Next comes a scrolled page to bear the date of his birth, and following it, one for his weight every three months for the first year. Following is space for his name, a slip through which a curl snipped from his dear head may be tied, and the date of his first pricking out the length of his white tooth. A page is given to his christening, with names of godparents and parents. Record is made of his first tooth, first shoe, and last is space for pictured memorial of his baby face.

To preserve some such record is the plain duty of every woman whose life is blessed with children. Think what the possible value of such a book might be in after-years! Who can tell when she suffers the pains of parenthood whether she is not conferring a great boon upon her race; whether this tiny creature she has gone into the Valley of the Shadow to secure may not be a St. Augustine, a Columbus, a Milton, and that some day this tender recital of his baby life may not be looked upon by historians as a treasure worth its weight in gold, especially if she fill it with the sayings and doings that many a mother besides Mary has "kept and pondered in her heart"? Suppose one night come across in some old attic in Stratford a few pages of yellow parchment full of little William Shakespeare's first bright sayings and the story of his baby life! And yet the wool-comber's wife had no more reason than other mothers to suppose that such records would ever be of priceless value to the world. If Sir Philip Sidney's mother had put down a memorial of his young years perhaps little Lord Fauntleroy would have been a classic story centuries ago.

Who knows but the baby whose story is set down by the mother's hand prove not too bright or good for the daily food of human nature, and no longer ever pore over the pages with interest, some day another woman will turn the pages with interest, gazing with happy eyes, and kiss the pictured face and the silken curl of the baby that is the father of her babies; or a lover will touch it with reverent grateful fingers; to him a Libro d'oro wherein is set the most tremendous and beautiful fact in the world's history—the record of the birth of the woman he loves.—*Harper's Bazar.*

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column, Saturday Night Office.)

Amy R., Toronto.—Your writing indicates love of display, fondness of admiration, determination and a free and kindly nature.

C. E., Toronto.—Firmness, affectionate and fickle disposition, some pride and considerable self-esteem are here shown.

Pauline.—Caution, suspicion, reserve and firmness in affection are indicated by this specimen.

Bertie, Sherbrooke, Que.—Selfishness, originality, wit, ambition, hauteur of manner and firm will.

Marthy.—This exhibits the same characteristics as above, with originality and firmness, less plainly shown.

Would-be-saint.—It seems to me that a "gentleman" would not stare at a girl in such a marked and protracted manner. You should change your mind, if possible; but on all means do not allow him to see that you are conscious of the direction of his eyes. A haughty look would probably repel him, but unless you feel very haughty do not affect the crushing glance. It is apt to be ridiculously overdone. Writing denotes eccentricity, ambition and a very well developed resolution to attend to she needs of number one.

Always Busy.—Self-reliant, to a certain extent self-esteeming, energetic and affectionate.

Dot.—Always on a tray. Precision, reserve, sensitiveness and seriousness are indicated by this specimen.

Rouge No. 1, Chatham.—Originality, determination, egotism, kindly nature and carelessness.

Rouge No. 2, Chatham.—Neatness, prudence, suspicion and artistic taste.

Curious.—Gracious! That's what I said when I read your letter. I have not the least idea as to your age. No, I would not think you were a general favorite for your writing denotes a jealous and cruel disposition, a moody temperament, and a inclination to fault-finding.

Saffho.—Frankness, extreme sensitiveness, humility and free, affectionate nature.

May Mack.—Love of display, inclination to trifle in friendship, a headstrong though kindly disposition and a very firm will are here indicated.

Madelaine, Orillia.—Energetic, lively disposition, impulsive and generous.

Frank, Washington, D. C.—A very handsome tea gown is fashioned of dark green Henrietta, serge or amazon cloth. The back is just a little full, with pretty round train. The front and high standing collar is of velvet, gathered in half a dozen small pleats at the waist. An underslceve of velvet shows to the elbow. From there the sleeve is a flowing one of the goods. A ruching of silk, or swansdown trimming can be added to the flowing sleeves, the Medici collar and each side of the front. 2. Miss Alcott's, Parsey's or Marion Harland's. 3. Writing displays firmness, inclination to selfishness, sensitiveness, prudence and reserve.

Canterbury Bell.—Order, curiosity, fondness of display, suspicion and warmth of affection are here shown.

Stella B. Geary, Fort Dover.—Your writing shows perseverance, decision, some carelessness and a merry disposition. No reason why you should not take the course at college.

No. 2.—Impatient, fretful disposition, selfish, and very practically inclined.

Q. L.—Considerable sentiment, a merry, impulsive disposition, and firmness.

Gertrude.—Now, Gretchen, this is too bad. Do you really suppose I can tell you all these things? Your writing denotes certain characteristics, but it does not measure their exact proportions, and how could I say whether your lover is true to you or not? If he isn't, I suppose he'll cash it, poor fellow, for you are a determined, wilful, jealous, affectionate and hot-tempered young woman.

Anxiety.—Precision, courage, prudence and love of praise. 1. Good. 2. Yes.

Rosalie.—Firmness, self-reliance, an I an independent and self-willed way of pleasing first person sin, ular. Cleverness and intuition are also denoted.

Jerusalem.—Love of order, sensitiveness, intellectual culture, fine sense of honor, fair perseverance and ambition.

One of Sothern's Jokes.

In a recently published biography of the late Edward Sothern, the actor, and father of "Lord Chumley," many stories are recounted showing his irrepressible penchant for practical jokes, which he often carried beyond the limits of common sense or kindliness. The following is one of the most laughable:

On one occasion a somewhat imbecile young man, who had a slight acquaintance with him, and who loved to boast to his club friends of his close intimacy with the popular actor of the day, said to him how much he would like to take a part in one of these jokes. A scheme was soon planned. On that very night, which, by the way, promised to be a stormy one, Sothern was expected at a supper party, and it was agreed that the now thoroughly flattered and delighted young man should find his way on to the roof of the house, and station himself close to the chimney communicating with the room in which the guests would be assembled. The idea was this: Sothern was to lead the conversation up to ventriloquism, and a confederate in the room was at once to say what a wonderful master of that peculiar power he was known to be. When pressed to do so, Sothern was to modestly say that he would see what he could do to amuse the company, and, talking up the chimney from the room, he was to be answered by the somewhat imbecile young man on the roof. Being perfectly arranged, everything went well. Although he professed to be somewhat out of practice, Sothern had by these means at the very commencement of the evening performed such wonderful feats of ventriloquism that when the party sat down to supper it was generally agreed that in future their redoubtable "Valentine Fox" must be thought of little account. Mr. Sothern was asked, on account of a tired and unpracticed voice, to be excused from giving further demonstrations of his skill—the fact being that as supper was served in another room he could no longer carry on a conversation with his ambitious young friend on the roof.

At this point it had been agreed that he should revisit terra firma, but it is hardly necessary to say that Sothern had made arrangements by virtue of which the ladder which had aided in the ascent was at this time removed. He had, however, reckoned without his host, and the last two acts of this entertainment were unrehearsed ones. By hook, or by crook, the young man, in despair at finding his ladder gone, found his way to the chimney in the supper room, and lustily called down it: "Sothern! For Heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down and it's raining like mad." For a moment Sothern was taken aback, and felt that the whole trick was about to be exposed, when to his delight and amazement, the company rose as one man, and declared that anything half so marvelous in the way of ventriloquism had never before been attempted or achieved. It was not in Sothern's nature to deny the flattering impeachment, but, in the midst of the congratulations that were now showered upon him, his voice came down the chimney in so much greater force, and began to be identified with so much strong language, that he suggested that he should once more give amusement by carrying on a short conversation. This he did, and in it artfully contrived to persuade his victim that if he would remain quiet for a very short time he would come and help him down—which now, for obvious reasons, was the best thing that he could do; but, as luck would have it, before the specified short time had elapsed, some one in the room, imitating Sothern's voice, called up the chimney, "Are you still there?" and, this proving the last straw upon the rain-drenched back of the much-enduring young man, he replied—and, unfortunately, he accompanied his inclusive words with a piece of slate or mortar, or some other roof-top missile that he had managed to find—"Oh, go to h—l!"

Michigan Rabbits.

A Detroit dog-fancier who was acquainted with a farmer in Taylor Township coaxed him to take home a young dog and encourage him to hunt. In about a week the farmer came in with the dead body of the dog in his wagon and calmly observed:

"Here is your dog."

"But he is dead!" exclaimed the owner.

"Yes."

"Who or what killed him?"

"He was out in the field and a rabbit took after him and run him to death. I was afraid of it when you sent him out. If you want me to take another, you'd better select an old dog—one with lots of teeth and used to dodging."

"But, great Scott, man! what sort of rabbits do you have out there?"

"Not as large as they ought to be, as the locomotive keeps 'em pretty badly scared. Run about the size of yearling hogs, I guess, and us farmers have to carry our revolvers into the field with us. Expect, any day, when my children will be carried off and eaten alive."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Steamship Stoker's Life.

The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a stretch, in a temperature ranging from 140 to 160 degrees. The quarters are close, and they must take care that while feeding one furnace their arms are stoking one of the other four furnaces. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of their quarters. Each stoker has to feed four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each, then dashes to the air-pipe to take his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to his furnaces. When the watch is over the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the forecastle, where they turn in for eight hours.

One man, 28 years old, who was interviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnace since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but "it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly. But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves we are all right. Here's a mate of mine, nearly 70 years old, and he has stuck to it all his life and can do as good work as I can." Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold.—*New York Journal.*

What Didn't Suit.

Albert—Say, George, don't you think Miss Rosebud is beautiful? Don't you think she has fine regular features?"

George (who has just proposed and been rejected)—Well, to tell the truth, Albert, I don't like her *noes.*

An Overdose.

Gillicuddy (knowingly)—Got a cold, eh? What has you been taking for it?

Jimson (wearily)—Oh, advice from two or three hundred cranks. And Gillicuddy changed the subject.

WOMEN OF BRAINS

Need Any Ambitious Woman Despair of Her Own Success?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

(Copied from New York Press.)

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio.

Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability, and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman. The poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The man's remarkable failure, or, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born with the power to inspire the direest disaster merely accidentally, when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer's is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and if when it is recounted, they the story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the New York Herald said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding as a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially and warmly received in the literati and beau monde of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as Engl and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

How Mrs. Ayer accidentally obtained the formula for the Famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Mrs. Ayer was astonished to find to her surprise that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Madame Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be washed off in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

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Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

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Mrs. H. H. Ayer.

Dear Madam,—Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will injure the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

Thomas B. Stillman, Mem., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let his order for you, or order yourself from the **Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal.** For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c., unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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In Maine.

Visitor—That's a fine globe you have there.
Host—Yes, geography has always been my favorite study. Clinton, you may run out and play a while.

Host—Say when, old boy!—*Puck.*

John P. Smith.

"Do you object to having the window up, sir?"

"No, sir. I like fresh air. Can't live without breathing myself. Shall I help you? This is the way the catch goes. Now we're comfortable."

The two unusually complaisant travelers who thus addressed each other were companions on a train bound for Albany. One was a small, thin man, with a long, crooked nose and a wide mouth; the other a fat man, with a generally prosperous and well-to-do air, and a diamond the size of his thumb-nail in the top button of his long linen traveling coat. On this the eyes of the thin man rested admiringly, and, after a pause, he remarked:

"That's a splendid diamond you've got there. I know one when I see it. I'm a jeweler up in Albany, and it's not often I have the pleasure of admiring such a stone as that."

"How do you like that?" said the other traveler, extending his little finger, and showing another diamond set in a thick gold ring.

"Beautiful!" said the jeweler. "Beautiful!"

"My wife has a whole set as handsome," said the fat gentleman. "I am, perhaps, at forty-seven, the richest man in ——, and I give you my word that on my thirtieth birthday I was starving. At least, I did not know where to get dinner, and had had a soda cracker for breakfast. It is not wise for a young clerk to give a piece of his mind to his employer. I'd done that, and had been dismissed, and I could not find another situation. I was very inexperienced, and looked very green, I expect, for I'd only been in the city three months. I wished myself back in Frog Hollow that morning. I tell you, eating griddle cakes and molasses, or bacon and potatoes; drinking water as cool as ice and as bright as this diamond out of the cocoanut dipper that always hung under the peaked shed of our old well. I didn't despise old Uncle Jedediah's remark that 'you might make money in the city, but so long as you kept a farm well, a farm would keep you and your folks,' as I did when he uttered it. If I'd had the fare in my pocket, I'd have been farming it at Frog Hollow now, and just as happy as a clam, no doubt; but I hadn't a dollar, and I was ready to break down. Thirsty as I was, hungry, and remembering that at a free reading room hard by they always had ice-water on tap, I slunk in there, drank a couple of glasses, and took up a morning paper. I was deep in the column 'Help Wanted,' when a hand touched me on the shoulder, and a voice said:

"'Pray, are you Mr. John Smith?'

"'Yes,' I answered, turning to look at the speaker.

"A slim boy in a linen jacket stood before me. He held a letter in his hand.

"'Mr. John P. Smith?' he asked, referring to it.

"'Yes,' said I, again.

"'I had been christened John Poppington after my great-uncle.

"'All right, sir,' he said. 'This is for you, then. They told me I'd find you here, sir—very probably, sir. Here's the letter, sir. Good-morning, sir.'

"Then he placed the envelope at my elbow, ducked his head, and vanished, while I, wondering who had been at so much trouble that I should get a letter, opened the envelope, and saw, upon a sheet of paper adorned with the representation of a large hotel with crowds of the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen entering and departing from its portals, the following words:

"'Mr. John P. Smith—Sir: Hearing that you are at present disengaged, we desire to procure your valuable services on your own terms. It is a special case, which will require instant attention. Will you call on —— & —— as above, at your very earliest convenience.

"'—— & ——.'

"This, indeed, was a polite message. Even I, with the usual good opinion young men have of themselves, was startled.

"Now, I had been almost on my knees to employers who gave a curt 'No,' for all answer, and now, this.

"Could it be a trick of some of the other clerks? Yes, it must be. If it is," said I, "I'll show them how we polish off rascals at Frog Hollow;" and slamming my hat on the back of my head, and turning up my cuffs in anticipation of a conflict, I hurried up the street, and marching into the hotel, and up to the clerk at the desk, laid my envelope before him, and bellowed:

"'Was this sent from here? I'm John P. Smith.'

"To my utter astonishment, sir, the clerk bowed politely, smiled, and said:

"'Yes, sir. Here, waiter—Mr. A.'s private room; he is waiting for this gentleman.

"I followed the waiter. After a long hall, a large door and a square passage-way, we came to a door at which he knocked.

"'Come in!' cried a voice.

"The waiter opened the door, stepped back, allowed me to pass him, and shut me in.

"I stood in a splendid little room, with a Persian rug on the floor, several wonderful chairs, a library table, an imposing desk and a book case, and two middle-aged gentlemen, of very important aspect, arose to greet me.

"'We are greatly obliged to you for your prompitude, Mr. Smith,' said the first, shaking hands warmly.

"'It relieves us more than you can imagine,' added the other, offering his hand.

"I bowed and smiled.

"'So considerate of you, too, to come in disguise,' said the first. 'You are so well known to criminals that it might have given alarm had you come in your proper person; but that make up, now, isn't it perfect, A.? Isn't it perfect? I've had the pleasure of meeting you but once before; but I shouldn't know you. A real countryman—fresh from the daisies. That linen coat, those clean whiskers, and that wig—'

"'Wig!' cried I. 'See here, if you're making fun of me, I'll—'

"'Good—good,' said Mr. A., laughing; then becoming grave again: 'But now to the business for which we need you. We were horrified this morning, Mr. Smith, to hear that Lord Lumpkins, an English nobleman, staying here before proceeding to hunt the buffalo on the plains, had been robbed of a tremendous sum—ten thousand pounds, in fact—fifty thousand dollars, at least.

"'The credit of our house is involved. We are in a terrible dilemma. Servants and employes have been searched; all innocent, I am sure. Our night clerk is the only one who had any opportunity—but we have confidence in him. No guest has left. It was not a burglar. No, sir. We will take you to Lord Lumpkin's room and he will give you all particulars.'

"'Of course, Mr. Smith, you'll stay here while you work up the case. I've put room No. 5 at your disposal. Meals *a la carte* here, you know. Pray complain to us if you are not comfortable. After our interview will you lunch with us while we talk it over?'

"Would I lunch? Little they knew the emptiness of my stomach. I would have lunched, I am afraid, with any imp of darkness who had invited me.

"I understood nothing of what was required of me, but as I had done a great deal of copying, and had a reputation for writing rapidly and well, I had been clerk in a real estate office, and had a dim idea of law business and legal papers, I supposed it was something of that sort for which they needed me. At all events, whatever happened, I would live well while it lasted. I followed them to his lordship's room, and took careful notes of all he told me he had lost. The form of the money, the names on the checks and a description of certain jewelry, also vanished—a rare watch and some rings that were heirlooms.

"'Miniature of a young lady, set in diamonds. In point of fact, a likeness of Lady Catherine,' said the young lord, with a blush, so that I understood what he thought of Lady Catherina.

"'The miniature will probably be the clew,' said Mr. A.

"I remarked: 'Naturally.' And noticed that my taking down a description of the miniature was approved of. 'It's to be given to the police, of course,' I said to myself.

"'I will find paper, pens and ink in my room, I suppose,' I said.

"They answered that I would; and Mr. B. suggested that I 'could not be supposed—that is, of course—I could not give them any idea of the time I—'

"'I shall have finished by to-morrow morning,' said I. 'I shall hand it to you then.'

"'Great heavens! with what absolute certainty you speak!' cried Mr. A. 'A case like this! Well, you are a marvel!'

"We had a glorious lunch after that, and I was not used to champagne then; cider had been quite good enough for me. I went to my room in a very queer condition, and saw four pens and as many inkstands.

"This was not a condition in which to do any copying. I bethought me that a showerbath might sober me, and being guided to a bathroom by a waiter, came out refreshed from the soaking, re-entered my room, as I supposed, and laid down on a lounge in a dark alcove to take a short nap. I came to myself at some very late hour. The gas was lit in the room, and two ladies sat at a table at some distance from the nook in which I lay—showy women, who did not look, I thought, too respectable. One was old, the other young. They had spread upon the table covers, money, and other things, and were arranging the former. The young woman spoke first.

"'No wonder they are at a loss,' she said. 'I went across the balcony and slipped in at the window while the boy was asleep. I took the things from under his very nose. Everything was well fastened when he left the room. They are off the scent; they think it happened at night. I suppose you telegraphed to me? What did you telegraph?'

"'Child dying,' tittered the old woman. 'Come at once.'

"'Very well. That makes the best excuse,' said the younger one. 'We'll order a carriage to go to the Park, keep it waiting until the telegram comes, then off. Here, give me your petticoat.'

"Peeping from behind the curtain that draped the alcove, I saw the old woman hand a black silk quilted skirt to the young one, who began to patch it on the wrong side, laying in the black silk squares notes and papers.

"After a while she said:

"'That girl's miniature set in diamonds must go in, too; give me that and the emeralds. They say they have sent for Smith to work up the case. He's not here, for I know him, and he knows me. Well, I'm generally lucky.'

"These words were the open sesame that revealed the truth. I understood it now.

"There was another John P. Smith, and he was a detective. I had been mistaken for him. Thence the conduct of the proprietors of this hotel. Under the influence of champagne, I had entered the wrong room—by chance that of a woman, who had robbed the young nobleman.

"A turn of the shaded light would reveal my presence to the thieves who were concealing their booty. My life would be in danger if that desperate young woman were armed.

"I had only one chance of extricating myself—to roll off behind the lounge, which had no back.

"Being slim as an eel at the time, I contrived to do this silently, and waited the result. At that moment, sir, I understood what was in me. I developed the cuteness which is now my principal characteristic.

"'Take advantage of your opportunity,' says I to myself. 'Don't give yourself away. Play detective, take your pay, your reward. It's honestly earned, and manage to acquit yourself with credit.'

"My heart beat, my head spun; but I watched and listened like a mouse.

"I saw how everything was packed. I saw the old woman take the skirt and put it on, and come and lie down on the lounge above me, with a cloak over her. I saw the light lowered, and heard the other woman lie down on the bedstead.

"The thief above me groaned first, and snored afterward. Then the young woman was as quiet as if she were dead.

"I crept out, crawled on my knees and elbows to the door, found the key in the lock, opened the door, and was safe, though I had heard the young woman start and cry:

"'Jane, are you up? Who is there?'

"I found the night-watchman walking the house in list slippers, and signaling him to silence, said:

"'Call the proprietors. Tell them Mr. John P. Smith wants them instantly, and bring them here.'

"Meanwhile I watched the door I had just left.

"Mr. A. came first, in a dressing-gown. Mr. B. in an ulster.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, with an air they had not yet seen, 'my mission is accomplished. The thieves occupy that room. They are a lady and a woman who passes for her elderly servant. They are professional thieves. The young woman crossed the balcony and committed the robbery while Lord Lumpkins slept. The booty is stitched in a quilted petticoat on the old woman's person. To-morrow they will receive a telegram, which will separate them away. You need not fear insulting reputable guests. These people will be easily dealt with. Set a watch on the door, and arrest them quietly to-morrow.'

"I see we are coming to the station, so I'll make haste and finish.

"The women were arrested. Lord Lumpkins got his property back—Lady Catherine, and all—and was very generous. The hotel men paid me splendidly; and, after another dinner, I went away with a little fortune in my pocket. I read of the bright work of John P. Smith in all the papers, and the other fellow was welcome to the reputation. I took my pile to Montana, bought a ranch, and made my millions. All through about as complete a stroke of pure luck as ever happened to a man. Well, good-bye, sir. Haven't a minute."

The little jeweler stuck his head out of the window to look after him, but he was gone, with a flash from his collar button and a flash from his finger.

"He looked lucky, and perhaps his story was true," thought the jeweler.

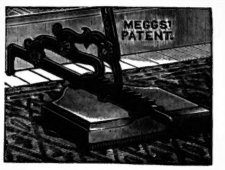
Who can tell?

At the Ballet.

Little Girl (fearfully)—Mamma, when are the Indians coming on?

Mother—Hush, dear; there are no Indians.

Little Girl—Then who scalped all the men in the front seats?



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Ned—Mamma told me not to take any preserves out of the closet and I'm not going to do it; but if you want to go out in the back yard and call Kitty, Jack, I don't think any harm will be done.—*Judge.*

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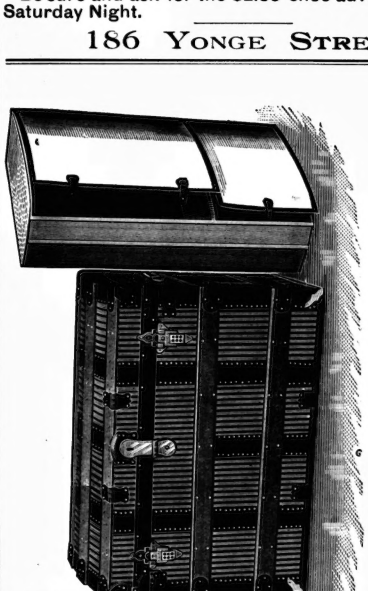

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VOL. III] TORONTO, NOV. 23, 1889. [No. 52

Mr. Smith's Opinion of Mr. George.

In Association Hall recently Henry George, the Goliath of the Philistines, who would place taxes on land values, defied the army of orthodox Israel there assembled, including myself and other prominent real estate holders, who are anxious to retain our grip. When I say defied, I do not mean to say that Mr. George was not well received. His address of an hour on the triumph of the principles he advocated was interesting, and was accorded generous applause throughout, but his attitude during the next hour was chiefly that of a champion whom no one could overthrow. He devoted this period to answering questions bearing on land reform, and they poured in by the score. He answered them satisfactorily to all concerned I think, except one old gentleman who insisted on making a speech, and who was prepared to assert, in opposition to a thousand throats that shouted "Sit down!" that taxation always fell on "improvements" and not on land values, as contended by the lecturer. I really felt sorry to see orthodox error and my fellow-townsmen mentally slaughtered by this foreigner from New York.

But to begin at the beginning. I must confess that I was a little disappointed in Henry George. A deep and logical reasoner, a writer on political economy of so radical a type as "Progress and Poverty," one would expect to find him a serious-minded, slow, methodical sort of man, with no smiles and little of passion in his speech. But it was not so with the prophet from San Francisco. On coming forward he struck an attitude at once and for a while I thought we were to be treated to a speech in heavy tragedy style. But as Mr. George warmed up to his subject he forgot his elocution in a measure and his speech developed the truer characteristic of a reformer—intense earnestness, relieved at times by touches which showed that his perception and sense of humor was not lacking. Mr. George is not a very big man—in fact his legs are short and his hands are small. Like all thinkers he is, of course, bald, has light eyes, a reddish, trimmed beard, and though he says he is a Pennsylvanian by birth he looks and acts like an Englishman, except that his accent and the omission of his r's have a peculiarity possessed I think only by Southerners. I hope that if Mr. George sees these lines he will pardon what I am about to say. I want to be candid in recording my impressions of a great man. I think Henry George has got the "big head," but I don't blame him for it. If I could talk glibly by the hour on a subject that few people can readily grasp in all its bearings, if by what may be only well-concealed sophistries I could seize and tickle the popular desire for "rights,"—especially newly-discovered rights which appeal to the pocket—if I could have admiring and applauding audiences cheering me to the echo and hanging on my every word (not to speak of being backed by the able and beautiful representatives of the Toronto Anti-Poverty Society) I think I should possess a little of that same overweening confidence which seemed to permeate Mr. George's being. But mind, I don't say he is not clever. The world is apparently smiling on his scheme. His one idea has grown out of the shadow of the wall of orthodox custom which impended its birth and now it basks in the sunshine of popular favor. But we must pardon Mr. George's very apparent desire to talk and give smart rejoinders to those who meet him at his own game. He looked like a thorough gentlemen and talked with considerable refinement in well-chosen and forcible English, yet sometimes (pardon the expression) he would "boil over," would drop his $100 a-night-and-expenses-tone, would forget to posture with his head far back and gazing at the rafters, and with all the blood in his system mounting to his head like the mercury in a thermometer exposed to sudden heat, he would gesticulate and fairly gnash his teeth, as in the frenzy of the enthusiast he would declare, "Our cause is God's truth; it *must*, it SHALL win in the not distant future," or words to that effect. Mr. George is honest. In his opening remarks he disclaimed much which the flattering chairman attributed to him. He said: "I did not invent the single-tax; it originated long years before me." He then explained that it was a theory held from time immemorial by the old clans of Scotland and Ireland that the land was not the property of the chief, but that he simply held it in fee for the people. If Mr. George does not take upon himself the credit of being an inventor, he at least deems that the success of the propaganda depends upon his efforts, for he said, when speaking of his lecturing tour in England and Scotland: "It was not necessary for me to go into the Highlands; the people of the Highlands were all right." (Applause.)

I am not going to report what he said. Every one knows that his idea is to raise all taxes upon the value given to land by the community and abolish taxes on other property which is exclusively the production of industry. He is also an ardent free-trader. But as I was saying I don't mean to criticize Mr. George. I am struggling for progress through poverty too deep myself to offend a man who might be a powerful friend. Mr. George referred humorously to the speech of the Hon. David Mills in which he attacked the single-tax idea. He gathered from it that Mr. Mills was one of "his people" without his exactly knowing it. I think it must be true, as Mr. George said, that there are thousands in both political parties who are sympathizers with the new gospel of taxation and who only require a leader to follow him to victory. What could the uproarious applause and smiles of that evening mean but that Henry George's ideas have more thoroughly permeated the public mind than is generally known or acknowledged?

MR. SMITH.

The Music.

At last a little lull has come in the rush of events that has lately characterized the musical atmosphere of the city, and I have only one concert to chronicle this week. Despite the horrible weather a large audience greeted the concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society on the evening of the 14th, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. The band of the Queen's Own under Mr. John Bayley set the most laudable example of beginning the concert on time, an action that enabled a long programme with frequent encores to be finished at a reasonable hour. The band played extremely well and contributed an Irish overture and the Irish Patrol, as well as A Voyage on a Troopship, and the accompaniment to Mr. H. L. Clarke's excellent cornet solo. The pleasing feature of two quartettes, very well rendered, suggests the query, why we do not hear more concerted music in our concerts?

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Mrs. Agnes Thomson, by her charming singing, showed herself as much at home in Irish music as she was in that of the sister island the week before. She gave a most touching rendering of The Dear Little Shamrock, of Eileen Aroon, and of The Irish Orphan, affording a contrast by her spirited singing of Rory O'Moore. In the aria from Linda, she displayed the agility of her voice, and the correctness of her style, in both of which attributes she shows great improvement over her previous excellent work. Mrs. Thomson's encore pieces—for of course she was encored—are included in the above summary. Mrs. Mackelcan is always welcome in Toronto, and was as warmly received as ever, on this occasion. She showed the versatility of her talent in the dramatic Lucy Gray, in Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded, and The Young May Moon, songs of widely divergent character, which she rendered most effectively. Her encore songs were The Minstrel Boy and Katey's Letter. Mr. Charles V. Slocum of Buffalo was the tenor of the evening, and sang a pretty Irish ballad, Eva Tual, and a song by Dudley Buck, In Thy Dreams. He has a good voice of pleasing quality, and sings with a carefulness that elicited the usual recall. Mr. Schuch sang a very lugubrious song, I Wish I Were on Yon Dim Lake, but Brightened up in Norman's Tower, which earned him a recall, in response to which he sang Every Bullet has its Billet. The warmth with which the details of the programme were received, was evidence that this year's effort of the I. P. B. S. met the popular taste to a happy degree.

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The Vocal Society is full of energy and hard work pushing forward its choruses for the approaching concert, and arranging for its soloists. Special pains are evidently being taken to produce a programme which will be of unusual excellence in all its details of both performers and performance.

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Torrington's orchestra has its full working harness on, and is practising hard on a very fine programme. The members are turning out in goodly numbers, and the orchestra promises greater efficiency than ever.

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The Philharmonic Society is rehearsing Arminius with all its wonted enthusiasm. It's a fine work, full of beauties for both soloists and orchestra.

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Among the welcome additions to the choral forces of the city is the Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Nora H. Hillary, the well-known vocal teacher. A wide field of endeavor is thus opened, which should be well supported by the young ladies of the city, who have not affiliated themselves with the other societies, and who wish, while being music-lovers, to remain free from association with those awful men. Seriously, there is a great deal of beautiful music written for ladies' voices alone, and the effect of a well-trained chorus of this description is of the finest character, and I have no doubt that Miss Hillary will give the best account of herself and her friends in this matter.

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Miss Nora Clench's triumphs continue. She is filling her dates rapidly and will, in all probability, soon be heard in Toronto again. She plays in Buffalo on the 26th, under the auspices of Mr. Joseph Mischka, conductor of the Buffalo Liedertafel and of the Buffalo Vocal Society.

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On Monday evening there will be an entertainment on behalf of the funds of the Protestant Orphans' Home. Among the musical attractions will be the band of the Royal Grenadiers under Mr. J. Waldron, and the University Glee Club under Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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Tuesday evening will see the concert at the Academy of Music of Mr. Henri De Besse, the solo violinist, who will make his first public appearance in Toronto, assisted by Miss Alice Waite, Miss Annie Langstaff, Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and Signor E. Rubini.

METRONOME.

Giving Full Particulars.

In teaching his boys the composition of sentences, a schoolmaster said to them, "If I ask you, 'What have I got in my hand?' you must not answer 'chalk,' but compose a full sentence, and say 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now we shall go on. What have I on my feet?"

"Boots," was the immediate answer.

"Wrong. You haven't listened to my directions."

"Stockings," returned another heedless one.

"Wrong again; worse than ever," wrathfully cried the master. "Well!" he continued, interrogatively, to a lad near.

"Please, sir——" Then he paused. Perhaps he thought his answer might seem funny, but, convinced that it was right, he gasped out, recklessly, "Corns!"

The Drama.

I wonder if it was not a little lack of information with regard to Sweet Lavender that did not pack the Grand Opera House to the doors on Monday night, despite the wet weather. The audience, though small, was, however, very appreciative and felt the beauties of the bright and sweet drama as they deserved to be felt. Last week I wrote that after viewing the gorgeous spectacles of comic opera and burlesque one felt as though awakened from a dream. You do not feel that way after seeing Sweet Lavender. You feel as one might feel after walking in a garden on a summer morning and inhaling the pure air of heaven, redolent with the odor of beautiful flowers—you feel purer, happier, better. Have you ever read Little Lord Fauntleroy? Sweet Lavender is such a play as Lord Fauntleroy is a story. Its moral, or rather the tenor of its sentiments, is that love, springing pure from the depths of an innocent heart is more powerful than pride—pride of which it has been said: "There is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature and wrought into our very constitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of disguises and breaks out in ten thousand symptoms. Every one feels it in himself and yet wonders to see it in his neighbors." The story in brief is this: Clement Hale, the adopted son of a wealthy banker, Mr. Wedderburn, has been destined by the banker and his sister to be the husband of the sister's daughter. While they three are traveling on the continent the young man lives in London, sharing the apartments of Dick Phenyl, a barrister, in the Temple. Here he sees and contracts an intimacy with Lavender, the pretty little daughter of the woman who takes care of Mr. Phenyl's chambers. When Hale's prospective bride and her mother return from the continent and find how matters stand, the latter causes trouble, though her daughter generously declares her intention of acting in the secondary capacity of bridesmaid at Hale's wedding, if necessary. The reason for this is subsequently made obvious, when a handsome and, presumably, rich, young American heaves in sight, as a suitor for her hand. But Hale's adoptive father is less generous on his return and offers him an alternative of love or disinheritance, and tells of a similar case in his own youth in which he had stifled the natural instincts of his heart. Meanwhile Dick Phenyl had received intelligence of the suspension of the banking firm of which Mr. Wedderburn was the head, and informs him of it as he is threatening his son with disinheritance. Another surprise to him is to discover in Lavender's mother the old love of his youth, whom he had discarded. These shocks bring on illness. On his recovery he learns that Lavender is his own child and is pleased to make her doubly so by consenting to her marriage with his adopted son. He, himself, marries his old love, his niece marries the young American and in the happy ending there are suspicions indications that Dick Phenyl's ardent affection for the bottle, which I forgot to mention before, may be transferred to the banker's widowed sister.

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The play is well rounded dramatically. The chief characters are contrasted strongly and drawn with a firm, strong touch which makes each stand out distinctly. But Dick Phenyl towers above them all. In Dick we see that combination of generosity and weakness that is not uncommon. Though he swears, "on honor," again and again to abstain from drink we see him again and again on the slightest trouble yield to the terrible fascination. That is the pathetic side of Dick. The pleasant side is the great, generous heart of the man which breaks through his weakness like the sunshine bursting through a rift in the clouds. He pities "little Lavvie;" he gives Clement good advice; he is loved by every one and he gets drunk. These antithetical traits make his character unique and quaint, and the most interesting in the play. In comparison with this and other characters, that of Lavender may seem to some insipid. But it is the insipidity of the artless child compared with an adult, it is the insipidity of the pansy beside the "lovely, blushing rose," it is the insipidity of confiding inexperience when contrasted with ripened knowledge. The qualities which make her attractive are rather negative than positive. We love her not for what she does, but what she is, not because she is strong and clever and imposing, but because she is young and timid and innocent and pretty. The company, with Miss Evelyn Friend in the title role and Mr. A. P. Burbank as Dick Phenyl, is well balanced and does even work.

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On Thursday evening Fanny Davenport and her company opened a three-night engagement at the Grand in La Tosca. This star is always welcomed by good houses in Toronto.

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Next week Miss Julia Marlowe will play at the Grand Opera House in Shakespearean comedy. Those who saw Miss Marlowe here last year will be glad to welcome her back again. She comes to us almost directly from Chicago, and of her performance there Chicago *Chaff* says this: The day is not far distant when she, our ideal Rosalind, will be the petted favorite of all America. She has all but scored a triumph in her engagement at the Chicago Opera House during the last two weeks, but if her triumph is delayed a year, it will be all the more complete when it comes. As it is, she has played to magnificent houses against the best attractions that have appeared here this season, and every soul has left her presence an enthusiastic admirer of the girl who in three years has almost won Adelaide Neilson's crown. She has been surrounded with a good company, although they are not all that could be desired. They have a difficult task, however. Marlowe does not act a part so much as live it, and such a star is always hard to support.

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The Suspect, an adapted play from the French, by Louis Nathal, held the boards of the new Academy of Music the first four nights of the week. The time of this play is during the great revolution of 1789, and the character of the play partakes of the stormy times in which it occurred. The action is stirring and almost melo-dramatic in the frequency and sensational quality of its climaxes. The clangor of battle and the hazard of war go through it all. The plot, which is rather long and intricate to be given here, turns on the difficulties of two sisters, whose brother is an ardent adherent of the old regime and whose lovers are supporters of the revolution.

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To the casual listener, unacquainted with the history of that period of carnage or careless of probing below the surface, the sketchiness of the first of the play, with the many French names introduced, is apt to be slightly wearying. This play reveals what the reader of history, and often the writer of history, is apt to overlook—that is a picture of domestic life in a nation convulsed with the horrors of intestine warfare. The divisions in family circles, the pains of the individual, the sundering of domestic ties, the fear, the grief, and the despair of love are things which the broad painter of history must sink, and devote his attention to the vicissitudes of the people as masses. For the dramatist and novelist the detail of national life is left, and from them we often get the clearest ideas of the life of a period. This is one of the didactic influences of the drama, and it is one of the most interesting features of The Suspect. Mr. Henry Lee in the leading role was powerful, though his utterance is a little indistinct on account of the rapidity of his speech. Miss Minnie Seligman, as the heroine, does very clever work. The rest of the cast gave good support.

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At the Toronto Opera House the well known play True Irish Hearts has been attracting the lovers of Irish drama all this week. This play has been seen here too often to need an extended notice, but old as it is, its peculiar Irish charm still draws. Mr. J. P. Sullivan as Lanty Lanagan is the life of the company, but is not very well supported. Two or three very pretty scenes are shown. Next week The Wages of Sin.

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Mr. S. H. Clark will give an evening of readings at Association Hall on Friday, December 6. Mr. Clark's well-known ability needs no trumpeting.

Churches.

People sometimes talk in a way which would lead one to believe that the man or woman who does not attend the same church at least fifty-two times each year, is going away from all that is good. Disbelieving, I protest. As a change of food conduces to our physical well-being, so a change of ministers and their often-times warmed-up sermons cannot fail to be beneficial. On Sunday morning last, I found myself in Berkeley street Methodist Church. The edifice is not imposing, but its interior is very comfortable, and held, on this particularly bright Sabbath morning, a goodly number of attentive listeners. Rev. T. W. Jeffrey's name is well known. Personally he is striking. His long iron gray hair, his sharp twinkling eyes, his peculiar movements would single him out in a crowd, and chain attention to him when he appears in the pulpit. There was an odd mixture of sentiment in his sermon. No one smiled at the grotesque action or the half-savage, self-answered query. Again one unconsciously saddened as the preacher's voice, hushed and solemn, illustrated a truth by an incident. Perfection, he stated, was what everyone aimed at; but he did not make it clear to me that the runner trotting along Time's road, ever reached the dreamt-of valley—Perfection.

Among his other abilities Rev. J. W. Jeffrey can count that often-found-missing one, the power to keep folks awake. There were no delegates to Slumberville from this meeting. Even the wee children followed with half-amused eyes the varied movements of the pastor.

Growing enthusiastic, he asserted that the Methodist Church was the best suited to a person's every day life, and next to it came the Roman Catholic. The latter was obscured and rendered less effective by forms; but he believed it would be purified and that it would be the church of the future.

At the eulogy of the Methodist Church, some one cried, "Hear, hear," but it did not appear to at all disturb or surprise any one. I presume that the reverend gentleman's terse and forcible statements are accustomed to lead his listeners beyond a regard to the law of silence which attains in most churches.

The choir was fairly good. The anthem was effective and not too long. If one thing does worry one more than another in church it is the interminable progression which in some instances characterizes each part of the services. If there is a long prayer, the second longest chapter in the Bible, a fifteen-verse refrain and a ditto anthem the sermon will lose its effect.

In Berkeley street Methodist Church the service was not faulty in this direction. It was short, interesting and instructive. The peculiar man, whose habit of fixing and removing his spectacles keeps his hands on an almost continual journey, can hold a congregation's interest while he talks right out of his heart and pins his statement to the listeners' memory with an oddly emphatic and amusing gesture.

How He Paid the Bill.

Some years ago when Judge H. G. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in later years, he owed a bill of twenty five dollars to a well-known firm, and one of the members came to see him about it. The judge, then a plain colonel, lately returned from the war, frankly confessed that he was busted, and asked for an extension of time. "Can't do it," said the gentleman; "if you don't pay it we'll have to sue you."

"How can I pay you when I haven't got the money?" asked the colonel; "all I want is a little time."

"Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman, as he started off.

"Ho'd on," said the colonel, as a bright idea struck him; "if you must sue me, why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer."

"That's so," said the gentleman. "All right, bring along the suit."

Colonel Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for fifty dollars attorney's fee, collected it, then settled the judment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Not Her Fault.

"What an enigma you are, Nell!"

"Why?"

"I never know how to take you."

"You've never tried."—*Life.*

Deacon and Parson.

For Saturday Night.

So you've quarrelled with your parson, Deacon Jones, I hear
them say,
And you've done your level best, it's said, to have him sent
away.
Now, you know, I've always been your friend, and, maybe
it's not true;
But it's said you always quarrel with the parsons sent to
you.
Well you may not care to hear it, but I hold it just the same,
That the men who quarrel most are not themselves most
free from blame.
You "don't think so?" Read the Scripture taught by Him
who once said: "Why
Behold a mote in others' with a beam in your own eye?"
You don't suspect the beam. Oh, no! but others see it
there;
And it mars your Christian character and robs of power
your prayer.
"What is it?" Nay, what are they, for there may be more
than one,
As I'll show you, now I've started, that my task is done.
First beam, *a revengeful spirit*, "I'll strike when he strikes
me"
Such advice would not the Master give, in such a case, to
thee.
Then your spirit's *unforgiving*; and I tremble when you
pray,
Lest, as you do unto others, God will do to you some day.
For I cannot think a Christian can be such and bear a grudge
'Gainst a brother or a neighbor of whom God says: "I am
judge."
Third, *you weigh in a false balance.* Now, let me be under-
stood;
It's character I mean, you weigh, not groceries or food.
A hundred good points in a man, who is both tried and true,
You'll weigh down with one little fault, or at the most with
two.
But, if there were ten, or twenty, or a greater number even,
You could hardly count as many as the "seventy times
seven."
What's this but disobedience to the plainly written word?
Yet you still rank as a "pillar" in the temple of the Lord.
But I see the heightened color rising in your handsome face
Tells me you're again in danger of swift falling-down from
grace.
You will leave the church, it may be. Well, now; come
friend, don't be rash;
Though don't imagine, if you do, the church will go to
smash.
If you've only gone to worship man, I'll point the better
road;
Begin afresh. Go there henceforth only to worship God.
For men may go with faults enough, and others like them
come,
But when you've any fault to find, do this—begin at home.
Then the man who is most faulty, if you for him frequent
pray,
Your own soul will be watered, and his faults all melt away.

SHVAN BRIDGE, Nov. 18. J. SHILEY, M.A.

The Eleventh Hour.

For Saturday Night.

All day the gate was open wide—
Among the crowds on every side,
The heralds of the Master went
Inviting all men to repent.

Some mocked and jeered them all the day,
Some laughed and went upon their way,
Some would not hear nor some believe
The message that they came to give.

The farmer would not leave his mould,
The merchant would not leave his gold,
The drunkard would not leave his drink,
The thoughtless never stopped to think.

Who sought for pleasure never stayed
For words so hard to be obeyed,
The men of learning and of power
Could spare no time in such an hour.

"O come to-day"—the message rang
Where youth and beauty danced and sang;
The gay danced on to gayer tune,
The careless thought to-morrow soon.

And still the heralds bore along
The word of life to all the throng,
And still the world was everything,
E'en from the beggar to the king.

All day the gate was open wide,
But few from all that busy tide
Came from the pleasure and the sin,
And found the Way and entered in.

The cloaks of life began to chill
For all that crowd the last of time;
None there so deaf but heard the stroke,
And every sleeping man awoke.

The farmer thought about himself,
The merchant too forgot his pelf,
The drunkard paused before his drink,
The thoughtless now began to think.

Deep in the halls of mirth and song
The chime resounded clear and strong,
The giddy paused in dance and shout,
The music ceased, the lights went out.

The cry that went up everywhere
Had turned from laughter to despair,
And all the throng in dire dismay
Were seeking for the Narrow Way.

They surged confused toward the gate,
They feared lest they might be too late,
Their caste was a forgotten thing,
The beggar strove beside the king.

The gloom of death descended fast,
The time was short for work so vast,
They struggled to the portals, but,
Alas! for them, the gate was shut.

SAM GARNWOOD.

The Ideal and the Real.

The ideal one, my love, of whom I dreamed,
And who to be perfection always seemed,
Had hair of wavy brown—a goodly tress—
A clear pink cheek, and, sweetheart, I confess,
A figure that was slender and petite,
A bright blue eye, a face so pure and sweet
'Twould even make an angel better yet
To gaze upon it. But, my darling Bette,
I married thee, whose half-closed eyes, when seen
In certain lights, seem almost apple green,
Who stand in good proportion six feet two,
Who wear a ruinously costly shoe.
Yet art thou still the sweetest thing in life,
My own beloved carmine-headed wife.

The Arrested Kiss.

Damon caught Chloe to his breast:
A kiss concludes an oath, she wrath;
Faith had been sworn, and all the rest—
The seal was wanting. He with brow

D'd he repent himself of his vow?
The flight was wayward and provoking
Shy to caress, and young—how now
Alas! his Chloe had been smoking

Noted People.

Mr. Gladstone is a very prolific writer. During his distinguished career he has published no fewer than 299 books and pamphlets, exclusive of numberless newspaper and magazine articles. Perhaps the ex-premier's pen has scribbled on more postcards than that of any other man either living or dead. The postoffice has a profitable customer in him, for he uses, on an average, about 4,000 per annum.

Sir Robert Peel has a son who was christened Robert after his grandfather and father, so that there is no danger at present of the historic combination of names becoming extinct. Robert Peel the younger, is heir to the family "place," Drayton Manor, and £25,000 a year. He spends a portion of his time at Oxford, under the benign eye of Professor Jowett, but he is by no means insensible to the delights of a London season. When at the 'Varsity he is to be found in the "Corn," and his rooms there are perfect models of taste and luxury. He is immensely popular wherever he goes, and he dearly loves a yachting trip.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has sent a couple of charming pictures to the Glasgow Water-color and Pastel Exhibition. One is the head of a Maltese girl, full of character, and an admirable bit of color. The other is a crayon sketch of a lady's head, delicately drawn, with much artistic feeling. The Princess is a born artist, and works rapidly and with a sure touch. The Queen has numberless sketches and drawings from the pencil of Her Royal Highness, and the clever heads in the Albert Memorial Chapel, at Windsor, remain a lasting proof of the Princess' quite exceptional talent.

By the death of King Luis of Portugal, fashions, which at first sight would appear to have little or no connection with such an event, will suffer a serious change at the Portuguese Court. Queen Pia, the charming consort of the late king, has always been regarded as one of the best-dressed women on the Continent. Dress to her was a perfect passion, and she not only spent large sums annually on all the latest Parisian fashions, but likewise delighted to see smart toilettes at all the Court functions. On the other hand, the new Queen has rather narrow views about dress, born of a somewhat parsimonious disposition, and the Lisbon ladies will doubtless receive no encouragement from the leader of fashions to lavish much upon their fripperies and Parisian *modistes*.

Speaking of the oddities of Whistler, the artist, a writer says: "Who that ever heard Mr. Whistler will forget him? He has narrative, he has repartee, he has originality, and he has unbounded courage and just confidence in his own powers. Nobody is so explosive, or fills the room so entirely full of his own talk, or disposes more decisively of an intruding opponent, or turns on him more suddenly. A clever phrase once drew from a bystander the response: 'I wish I had said that.' Mr. Whistler's retort came like lightning: 'You will say it, Oscar, you will.' Not less remarkable was his answer to a flatterer who remarked to him: 'After all, Whistler, there are only two painters—you and Velasquez.' 'Why bring in Velasquez?'"

I met a man not long ago in the North (writes a contributor to the *Rialto*) who had been at Edinburgh University with Robert Louis Stevenson. "Stevenson was always supposing," I was told. "Supposing?' I queried. "Yes, if you were walking along the street with him, and the most trivial thing struck his eye, he would start supposing—supposing that was something else, suppose this, that, or the other thing had never happened, suppose you were he under such circumstances—in fact, there was no end to his supposing; and," continued my informant with conscious irony, "I suppose that's how he has topped the tree of fiction so easily!" Stevenson indulged, too, in his undergraduate days in a very delightful and innocent style of practical joking. He would collar one or other of his friends and would pour into their ears some most absurd story so truthlike that it was impossible to say where fiction began and fact ended. Not a smile lighted his face; all was calm, sober, almost dull; but the story would be just finished when a hearty burst of laughter from him told how successfully he had "taken in" his friends.

Regarding the sale of Wilkie Collins' furniture, amazement has been pretty generally expressed as to the comparatively low prices at which it went. One who was present says: "Things went slowly at first, but by-and-by a few relic hunters came in, and the prices of what I must admit were, for the most part, an exceedingly plain and tasteless lot of things, suddenly advanced to respectable dimensions. Before this, the bedstead upon which the novelist died had been sold for a few shillings, the chairs and other things from the same room for next to nothing, and the bedside table used in his last illness for a few shillings more. But now the 'wealthy American,' of whom whispers had been abroad, put in an appearance in the familiar form of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, who secured the plain mahogany table, covered with black leather, upon which most of Wilkie Collins' novels were written, for the not exorbitant sum of ten pounds, and the well-worn writing-slope, bearing many a trace of the 'vanished hand,' for £6 10s. As this was perhaps the most interesting thing in the sale to the relic hunter, it naturally elicited from one of the 'broking' fraternity the cynical inquiry: 'What's he a-buyin' of?'"

At the Opera.

Into the world of light and song,
Gleaming in radiant pictures there,
That carries all the soul along;—
I dream within an opera chair.

In foreign lands of song remote
My spirit seems to dwell in part,
And sweetest tones rise note by note
Glowing within the weary heart.

A realm of music where the days
Are filled with love and harmony,
Where 'neath the blue of summer haze
They talk in songs of melody.

The play is done; the curtains fall;
Back to the rugged world of sense
I needs must go, yet fain recall
Those dream-land hours of recompense.

A Day Red Deer Hunting.

So weird was the whistling of the cook, and so noisy was his charge as it frizzled o'er the fire, that I was awakened from the soothing influence of nature's sweet restorer, and with the return of my senses, aided by the mundane connections around, I realized that I was yet a devotee of Nimrod. To arise from a couch with a feather foundation is work, but to tear yourself away from one inlaid with the softest balsam boughs that embrace the tired body and make thick the air with a delicious perfume, is the severest of pain. Our ablutions o'er, we were soon seated at the table as comfortably as the circumstances would permit, on an upturned nail keg that had been cruelly telescoped, and which in the fondness of its embrace bid fair to perform a similar operation on us, even though the scene of action was shifted frequently.

The lantern, throwing its sombre rays around, aided by the glaring stove, reveals our party to consist of four. The principal and most distinctive character is "Joe," a free-and-easy young French Canadian, tall, broad shouldered, and possessed of keenness of eye to quickly sight a rifle, and deftness of hand to guide a swift gliding canoe. Joe is the best of mortals, bubbling o'er with good spirits, and truly nature's nobleman. His fault is, that he is ever attendant on an itinerant, aimless life, gliding from morn to night without a thought as to what the morrow may be pregnant with, or what the far future may reveal. The happiest of Joe's traits is, however, his ability to tell a story, and while doing this he never fails to excite the interest of the most indifferent liscener and the laughter of the driest of mortals. He brings to his aid that peculiarity of all Frenchmen, the use of gestures, and with few words and many antics, he would tell the simplest and driest yarn in a manner not to be resisted. On my right, nobly supported by a biscuit box, is the proprietor of the camp, who, though a business man, deeply enjoys life in the woods, even if it savors of nothing more than a ride over a new corduroy in an old buckboard. The other is a staid member of the agricultural profession, equally an intense lover of a good day's sport with rod or gun. Our meal over—but stay, did you notice Joe's dish? It is strictly indigenous to such localities. A piece of pork floating in a sea of gravy has around it a barrier reef of potatoes, to which is added, to give body to the gravy and unction to Joe's palate, a goodly supply of common blackstrap, which, however, does not seem to fraternize with the other elements.

During the course of the meal we have decided that the proprietor and I take a canoe and go down to the mouth of the little river flowing past our camp. The other personage is to paddle up the river above the camp and Joe is to put out the dogs. Preparations begin. The relaing of the dogs fastened at the door and roofed by the upturned bark canoe, makes the encircling woods resound. The clatter of the chains, the deep roar of the hounds alert for the race, and Joe's voice mingling with the din, is music to a hunter's ear. Leaving Joe at the camp we are soon launched on the river. Of all delicious pleasures that mortal material may experience, to our mind none equals a fall scene in early morn on one of our wood fringed rivers. A few of the morning stars stand guard and nothing is to be heard but the gentle trickling of the water from the bow of our canoe as it cuts and glides o'er the river's smooth surface. The mists soon begin to lift and the sun comes out resplendent in glory, piercing the waters with his lurid shafts and shedding a halo on the deep green tinted pines and crimson colored harder woods that seem to press themselves in nature's mirror flowing at their feet. Artist's pencil or writer's pen could not do justice to the beauteous coloring of that picture. Rounding corners and shooting across bends we soon land at our destination. We back our canoe up a small creek that trickles into the river and whispers its low murmurings to the surrounding stillness.

But to return to Joe. Knowing the woods well, he strikes for the hardwood ridges just back of the camp a few miles where he hopes to find a fresh track. He keeps on the alert all the time, ready to draw a bead with his faithful but energetic Snider on perhaps a wandering or tired out deer or perchance a bear. Although possessed of more than average courage, yet Joe is not over anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the latter kind of game unless mounted high on a scaffold. He tells with much relish and gusto an experience of his that has been a canker in his heart since its occurrence. After a long tiresome search after a honey tree, it was at last found. Viewing the bees with rapture as they passed in and out like a black rope, Joe decided to go back to his camp and bring pails and an axe and chop it down at once. It did not take him long to do this, and soon he had felled the tree, smoked the bees, and was resting for a moment on its fallen trunk, filled with joy over his glorious luck, when he was awakened from his reverie by the snapping of twigs behind him. Turning around he beheld a bear that had scented the honey from afar, and was desirous of joining in the feast. The trusty Snider had been, throughout that day, too heavy to bring, and so nothing but an axe and knife were at hand as weapons. But rather than leave such a rich treasure Joe made up his mind to fight; and unfortunately that was also the decision of bruin. Filled with determination and stout stomached, Joe braced himself against a tree and awaited bruin's advances on the honey. The bear came slowly forward, and when he got close "so that I could see my picture in his eye," says Joe, the latter, no longer able to control the spasmodic contractions of his legs, gave a bound and a whoop and never stopped until he reached the camp, when, seizing his rifle, he hurried back, but only to find the honey eaten and destroyed, the pails damaged beyond repair, and himself as mad as March hare. With divergence we come back to the present time. He soon finds a track that appears quite fresh (also vouched for by a lair close by), and, letting a couple of the hounds loose, the latter as soon as they strike it, with sprightly bound and bellowing bark, soon disappear pell-mell through the bushes.

It is dinner-time with us, and drawing up our canoe we follow up the creek to a little alcove and then build a small fire, which is soon snapping and cracking as it warms our coffee and toasts a few slices of bread that comprise part of our luncheon. Truly, this frugal meal, unstimulated save by Nature's condiments—pure air and vigorous exercise—rivals that served on costly linen, though ours is but set on the dead leaves that the surrounding trees have partly shed before appearing in their annual funereal garb. We soon return and are but nicely seated when a sound that would cause every fashioned ear, cause a thrill of excitement to bestir us. The deep bay of the hounds pouring forth with each bound, sounds nearer and nearer. Bearing down upon us, we are certain the deer is, and our hearts beat quicker and our pulses throb tenser with the strain. He who has read Scott's description of the hunt may be familiar with the passage:

"Now is the thrilling moment near of sylvan hope and sylvan fear."

But only he who tasted of this excitement may feel the spirit of the poet's words. A swish in the water above us cause us to quickly look up, and there, striking out for the opposite shore, is a lusty, two year-old buck. Keeping well in, we let him swim out to nearly the center and then shooting out we bend our energies to get within good range before he may reach the other shore. We get as near as seventy-five yards, when our friend in the stern, who is an old veteran, asserts that he called upon me several times to shoot as he was anxious to let me have a thrill of shot. However it may be, never having been so close to a deer before perhaps, I never made an attempt to raise the double-barrel lying on my knees, but enamored with the beauty of the head, horns and ears before me I was insensible to all around. Cannot many a novice tell a like experience? My reverie was rudely broken as my companion's Winchester belched forth as the deer was rising out of the water a hundred yards or more away. Down it fell, but up again, but before it could get in the shelter of the bushes the repeater again spoke and our prize tumbled among the bushes.

Jubilant over our success we were again in the canoe, and between the bantering of my companion and gossip about how it was done the time passed quickly. Looking down the river three-quarters of a mile or so, we noticed the water rippling close to the opposite bank. At first we thought it was a muskrat, but on sailing nearer we became convinced that it was a deer that had in all probability come out near us, but hearing the shooting and anxious to get away from the dogs it was placidly swiming down the river a mile or so. As it would soon reach the tyrsting place of a number of hunters, that usually sit around the river and never put out any dogs, we shot out across to the opposite bank and started on the run down the side of the river. When within about one hundred and fifty yards of it my companion felt sure the others would soon see it, so dropping on one knee he fired. Puffing like a heavily freighted engine, as he was, it is needless to say that the ball from his rifle went over the head of the deer. This awakened those of the other party and soon rifle reports resounded on all sides. Again taking calmer and steadier aim our friend shot, but just a second too late. A Snider nearer the deer had spoken just before, and as the deer's head dropped in the water the bullet of our companion's rifle splashed the water where the head was a second previous. As our dogs, which had now come up, had brought the deer in our claim of half was acknowledged, and with this and our other strapping buck we returned to camp, there to find Joe in ecstacies over a seeming discomfiture of our agricultural friend.

Getting away with the evening meal, the adventures of the others were given us. Joe had done nothing to speak about, but he looked humorously at the other member of our quartette. This staid personage recounted his experience as follows: "Well, when I left you I paddled slowly up to the maples and was just turning the jog in the river above, when looking ahead I saw a magnificent buck running along the side of the river. He was going along slowly, but I saw that I had a good chance for a shot if I could only get near enough as he started to go up the bank. As he was swimming from me I kept in close to the side he was on, and I was getting along splendidly, when, on account of something or other, the confounded brute turned at right angles and started for the shore. I shot my canoe in as rapidly as possible, knowing that there was a clearing just above where the deer would land, and took to my heels, making as little noise as I could. He was about fifty yards up the clearing when I got sight of him. I fired quickly, afraid that he would notice me. I thought I would at least wound him before he got into the woods, when what was my surprise to see him fall like a thunderbolt just as quick as you could wink. "What a capital shot," I says to myself. As he seemed stone dead, going up to him and pulling out my knife, I started with the intention of cutting his throat. Looking at the body first to see where the bullet had entered, I caught him by the tail and gave him a partial twist to look at the under side. What was my horror to see him rise, give a couple of fearful bounds, and though I rushed for the Winchester, before I could reach it he showed me as pretty a brush as ever I saw as he flew over the rough bush fence along the border of the field. I was thunderstruck. Coming back I found lying on the ground a large piece of one of his grand antlers, and the mystery was explained. I had shot off one of his horns, which had completely stunned him, but only long enough for me to get hold of his tail and not his throat. No dogs were after him. "That was the only deer I saw all day," he concluded his story disconsolately.

It was now bedtime and seeking my couch I was lulled to sleep by the rapping of hard knuckles on a deal table, accompanied by appropriate exclamations and these voices in conjunction with such expressions as "I pass" bounded the horizon of an excellent day's sport in one of Ontario's forest countries.

TORONTO CAIUS CASSIUS.

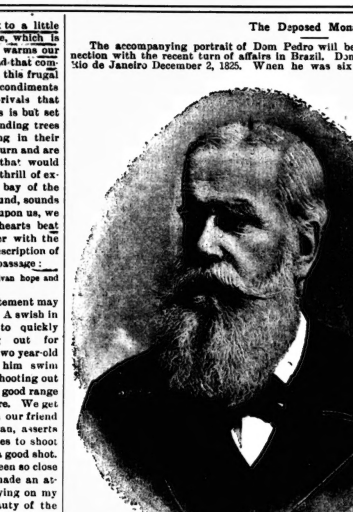
A Deduction.

Nickleby—I see that a man was arrested out West the other day with something tattooed on his back. What do you suppose it can be?

Squeers—The "Essay on Man," of course.

The Deposed Monarch.

The accompanying portrait of Dom Pedro will be viewed with peculiar interest in connection with the recent turn of affairs in Brazil. Dom Pedro, styled Pedro II., was born at Rio de Janeiro December 2, 1825. When he was six years old his father abdicated in his favor, and the empire was governed by a regent. At fourteen he was declared by the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies to be of age, and was crowned Emperor July 18, 1841. During his minority his empire was in a disturbed state, and, indeed, this condition of affairs did not disappear until 1870.



Pedro II. has always been interesting to Europeans and Americans for his culture, and especially for his efforts for the abolition of slavery. His standing among scientists is attested by his membership of the French Academy of Science, to which he was elected in 1875. The realization of his efforts for emancipation came in 1871, in which year, through his instrumentality, a law was passed for the gradual abolition of slavery within its empire. Under the rule of this cultured and liberal minded ruler Brazil has steadily increased in civilization. Dom Pedro has been abroad a great deal since 1871. At that time he left his empire under the regency of his eldest daughter, Isabelle, and made an extended tour through the United States, the continent of Europe and England. He is related to nearly every reigning family in Europe, but is extremely republican in his habits. Instead of crossing the water in an imperial steamer, he has been accustomed to use the same conveyance as ordinary mortals. Four children of Dom Pedro are alive.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. W. B. Carroll, '77, of Gananoque, visited his old quarters at college last week, and at the Literary Society's meeting which was held on the evening of his arrival, he made a very pleasant speech, telling many good stories about his college career, and vowing that the brightest days of his life had been spent within the walls of the old university.

At a special convocation held on Friday, November 22, the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred on the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Rev. E. N. Potter, president of Hobart College, Geneva, the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Toronto, and Dr. Gelkie, dean of Trinity Medical College, Toronto. The corner stone of the new wing was laid by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, in the presence of a large number of Trinity's friends and undergraduates.

Mr. J. H. Clarke, lecturer in elocution at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been engaged to deliver two lectures a week at Trinity during the remainder of Michaelmas and Lent terms.

The annual At Home given by the freshmen last evening was, as usual, quite a success. It partakes chiefly of the nature of a smoking-concert, and the first year supply the edibles. The enjoyment of the evening was greatly added to by the presence of a number of graduates, among whom were Messrs. Powell, Houston, Martin, and Smith, whose jovial and familiar faces reminded one of the many pleasant evenings spent in the same old reading-room. Light refreshments having been indulged in the musical part of the programme followed, to which the fresh men contributed not a little, Mr. Wallbridge singing his well-known song, Those Boarding House Pies. However, the freshmen were not the only ones to sing, but every man in Trinity who can sing did his best to make the evening a jolly one and it was not till a late hour that the supper broke up and Auld Lang Syne was sung in the entrance hall.

Trinity's Rugby football season closed on Saturday last with a match at Hamilton, in which the wearers of the red and black sustained a defeat at the hands of the city club by twenty-two points to six. The season has not been a very successful one, five matches having been played, in three of which Trinity was defeated, being victorious in two. Trinity College School and Upper Canada College were the two victims, while Varsity, Hamilton and the Ontario Agricultural College of Guelph won, the two first by large majorities and the last by the small margin of two points. It is only fair to say that in their match with the O. A. C., Trinity had six of her regular team men, while the Agricultural fifteen was assisted by three prominent Guelph footballers. For the rest of the season "Association" will be indulged in by the undergrads., and probably a match will be played with Wycliffe.

The November number of the Trinity University *Review* appeared on Saturday last, and an unusually good number it is. The first thing one notices is the increased size of the paper, which has been enlarged from sixteen to twenty pages. The Arts department of the *Review* is of course the largest, and contains a most interesting sketch of a summer's tour through England and the Continent, by our well-known lecturer, Mr. T. H. Smyth; a neatly-written account of the Convocation dinner, which, together with the editorials, college news, poetry, etc., completes this portion of the review. The Convocation department contains chiefly convocation notes, and the meds. have evidently taken care that they should not be outdone, as their portion of the paper contains some clever editorials and much interesting college news.

Life in Large Towns.

Life in large towns, says the *Hospital*, requires much more care and skill than life in the country. The dangers are far more numerous; the power of resistance in men and women is far less. Because a particular individual is born healthy, and remains strong until manhood, having by good fortune escaped rheumatism, lung affections, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and the one thousand and one enemies that lie in wait in almost every town-house and street, therefore he looks upon all these evils as mere names, and not as realities to be watched for and guarded against as deadly foes. But when a man has experienced in his own person the attack of any one of these scourges, he knows what it is to lie helpless and passive, and to wait for recovery or death. If, moreover, fever, consumption or fatal disease have once and again carried off before his eyes one or more of his own household, he knows by the painful sense of grief and loss what potential dangers lie around him on all hands. Many a man cannot respect what he does not fear, and many need the spur of fear before they will learn some of the most important lessons that life has to offer. The farmer "dodges" the weather in order that he may save his yearly crops. The town man must learn, for his life's sake, to avoid all kinds of danger, not only from weather, but also from bad smells, impure water, ill-chosen diet, unhealthy habits, overwork, late hours, and a thousand other things. In time man must be regarded as a game of skill rather than a game of chance.

How it Occurred.

Black (an expert stenographer)—Say, Green, the boy from the *Journal* office is here after the transcript of that temperance lecture. Is it most finished?

Green (a novice)—All but a short sentence in about the middle of it, and I'll be hanged if I can make out from my notes what it is.

Black—Just insert "great applause," and let it go.

Green acts upon suggestion, and lecture is sent to the *Journal* office for publication with the doctored part reading:

"Friends, I will detain you a few moments longer." Great applause.)—*Life.*

A Great Man

The late Dr. Norman M'Leod tells of a Highland sheep farmer who performed a feat which might have puzzled even the Iron Duke.

The old man could neither read nor write, but he had managed to amass a considerable fortune, and was decidedly open to flattery.

A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself with him, ventured one evening, over their whisky toddy, to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile and taking a large pinch of snuff, "That is too much—too much by far—by far!"

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating a flock of sheep upon a Southern market, suggested blandly, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a sip of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, nae doot, a cleffer man—vera, vera cleffer, I believe.

"They tell me he was a good sojer; but then, d'ye see, he had reisonable men to deal wuh—captains an' majors and generals that could understand him—effery one of them, both officers an' men. But I'm not so sure, efter all, if he could manage, say, 20 000 sheep, bes des black cattle, that could not understand any word he said—Gaslic or English—an' bring effery hoof of them to Falkirk Tryst! I doot it, I doot it! But I have often done that myself—ay!"

The inference was evident.

How to Entertain Well.

A hostess should think twice before she invites people to her house. She should be so generous as to let her friends alone unless she wishes to treat them well. Then, having made up her mind to invite them, she must remember that from that moment she is their slave. She is to be all attention and all suavity. If she has nothing to offer them but a cup of tea she must make it a "beaker full of the warm south" by her manner. In the smallest house, the humblest surroundings, the hostess is queen, and she must be gracious. If she is not, she is a snob, a vulgarian and a poor creature, no matter if her husband is a millionaire, a president or a great scholar. A lady should be very particular to specify whom she wishes to see, and no lady should go to a strange house uninvited, on the spoken belief of some other person that she will be welcome. Still less should a gentleman presume too much. A young gentleman may be taken by a married lady, who is all powerful, to a ball, as she is supposed to indorse his respectability, but it is always better for him to leave his card, and for him to receive an invitation. If, however, through any misapprehension, a person gets into a house uninvited, a hostess should never show, by word or manner, that she observes it. The very fact that a person has crossed her threshold gives, for the moment, that person a claim on the politeness of the hostess.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

An Unanswerable Argument.

Benevolent Gentleman—You look to me as if you were in the habit of drinking too much liquor.

Mendicant—Well, I've just come from Chicago, and you've gotter drink there. There's five thousand, four hundred and eighty saloons in town, and they've all gotter live. What show has one man got against such a number?—*Puck.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER VIII.

"'Cynthia Westwood'—is that your name?" said Mrs. Rumbold. "Dear me, I always thought that it was just 'Jane' or 'Jenny'! Wouldn't it be better to change it, and call her something more appropriate to her station?"

"Perhaps," said the injudicious rector, "she may not like to be called by a name that does not belong to her."

He was looking at Jenny—or Cynthia, as she had just informed them that she was called—a transformed and greatly altered Cynthia under Mrs. Rumbold's management—Cynthia with hair cut short, hands and face scrupulously clean, a neat but ugly print frock, and a coarse holland pinafore—a perfectly subdued and uninteresting Cynthia—uninteresting save for the melancholy beauty of her great dark wistful eyes.

"What she likes has nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Rumbold, rather sharply. "Besides, she has another name—she told me so herself—'Cynthia Janet'—that's what she was christened, she tells me. She can be called 'Jane Wood' at Winstead."

The rector looked up in mild surprise.

"Why not, 'Jane Westwood,' my dear? 'Westwood' is her name."

"She had much better not be known as Westwood's daughter," said Mrs. Rumbold, with decision, quite heedless of Cynthia's presence. "It will be against her all her life. I have told Sister Louisa about her, and she asked me to let her be called 'Wood.' 'Jane Wood' is a nice sensible name."

"Well, as you please. You will not mind being called 'Jane,' will you, my dear?" said the rector, mindful of the pallor of flesh that was creeping into the little pale cheeks.

He was a kindly old gentleman, in spite of his slow, absent-minded ways; and there was a very benevolent light in his eyes as he sat in his elbow chair, newspaper on knee, spectacles on nose, and surveyed the child who had been brought to his study for inspection.

Mrs. Rumbold fairly lost her patience at the question.

"How can you ask her such a thing, Alfred? As if it was her business to mind one way or another! She ought to be thankful that she is so well taken care of without troubling about her name. 'Jane Wood' is a very good name indeed, much better than that silly sounding 'Cynthia'!"—and Mrs. Rumbold swept the child before her out of the room in a blaze of high indignation at the stupidity of all men.

So Cynthia Westwood—or Jenny Westwood, as the Beechfield people called her—was transformed into Jane Wood. She did not seem to object to the change. She was in a dazed, stunned state of mind, in which she understood only half of what was said to her, and when the scenes and faces around her made a very slight impression upon her memory. One or two things stood out clear from the rest. One was Enid Vane's sweet childish face as she thrust her shilling with the hole in it into the little outcast's hand. Cynthia had carefully hidden the coin away; she was resolved never to spend it. She took it out and looked at it sometimes, feeling, though she could not have put her feelings into words, that it was an actual visible sign of some one's kindness of heart, of some one's love and pity for her. And the other thing was the sad, melancholy face of the man who had brought her to the rectory and told her to be good for her father's sake.

She liked to think of his face best of all. It was one that she was sure she would never forget. She brooded over it with silent adoration, with a simple faith and confidence in the goodness of its owner which would have cut him to the heart if he had dreamed of it. He had been kind to her; that was all she knew. She rewarded him by the devotion of her whole being. It was surely a great reward for such a little act! She did not know that it was he who was to pay for her going to the school, that it was he who had rescued her from the degradation of her outcast life.

Mrs. Rumbold kept her word to Hubert. She talked vaguely in Cynthia's presence of "kind friends" who were doing "so much" for her; but Cynthia associated the idea of "kind friends" with that of Mrs. Rumbold herself, and was not grateful. The child was not old enough, but had been too much stunned by the various experiences of her first little life, to be very curious. She did not know Mr. Lepel by name, or why he should be at Beechfield at all. He did not often visit the Vanes, although he was a good deal of his aunt Leonora in London. He was quite a stranger to half the people in the village.

Also, Cynthia's father, now in prison for the murder of Sydney Vane, had not lived long in Beechfield, and did not know the history and relationships of the Squire's family, as natives of Beechfield were supposed to do. He had been two years in the village, and had rented a tumble-down ruinous cottage by the side of a marshy pond, which no one else would occupy. Here he had lived a lonely life, gathering rushes from the pond and weaving baskets out of them, doing a day's work in the fields now and then, setting snares for rabbits, trapping foxes and killing game—a man suspected by the authorities, shunned by all the village respectabilities, avoided by even those wilder spirits who met at the "Blue Lion" to talk of bull locks and to drink small beer. For he was not of a genial disposition. He was bitter and fierce in speech, given neither to drink nor to conversation—just the sort of man, his neighbors said, to commit a murder, and then to shoot himself upon a magistrate who had once sent him to gaol for poaching and had threatened to turn him out of his wretched cottage by the pond.

And his little girl too—the villagers were indignant at the way in which Cynthia was brought up. She was seldom seen at the village school, never at church or in Mrs. Rumbold's Sunday-classes. She was rough, wild, ignorant. Careful village mothers would not let their children play with her, and district-visitors went out of their way to avoid her—for she had been known to fling stones at boys who had come too near, and had retreated in the face of people who tried to lecture her. Jenny Westwood was thus very little in the way of hearing Beechfield gossip, or she would have known all about Mr. Lepel and his sister, who acted as Miss Enid's governess, and concerning whose moonlit walks with Miss Enid "papa" Vane had already been a good deal of conversation. She knew nothing of all this. There was a big house a mile from the village, and in this big house lived a wicked cruel man who had sent her father to prison—so much she knew. And her father was now in prison for killing this man. Why should one not kill the person who injures one? It did not seem so very terrible to Cynthia. Before her father had brought her to Beechfield, she remembered, they had traveled a good deal from place to place, and while they were "on the tramp," as her father expressed it, she had seen much of the roughest side of life. She had seen men drunk, she had turned—fighting, violence, bloodshed. She had a vague idea that, if her father had killed Mr. Vane, it was perhaps not the first time that he had taken the life of a fellow-man.

Mrs. Rumbold certainly showed much kindliness and charity in taking this forlorn little creature into her spotless well regulated household, even for a week, until matters were settled with the authorities of the workhouse which she had quitted and the orphanage to which she was going. The rectory servants were indignant at having the society of "a murderer's child" forced upon them. If she had stayed much longer, they would have given notice in a body. But fortunately Mrs. Rumbold was able to arrange matters with the Winstead Sisters very speedily, and the day following the funeral of Mrs. Sydney Vane—laid to rest beside her husband only three months after his untimely death—saw Cynthia's little box packed, and herself, arrayed in neat but very unbecoming garments, conveyed by Mrs. Rumbold in the rectory carriage to Sister Elizabeth's Orphanage at Winstead, where she was introduced to the black-robed, white-capped Sisters and a crowd of blue-cloaked children like herself as Jane Wood, orphan, from the village of Beechfield, in Hants.

However, Mrs. Rumbold told the whole of Cynthia's story to the Sister in charge of the Orphanage, a sweet-faced motherly woman who looked as if children were dear to her. The one reservation made by the rector's wife referred to the person or persons who were to pay the child's expenses. Their names, she said emphatically, were never to be mentioned. The good Sister smiled, and thought to herself that the very reservation told its own story. Of course it was the Vanes who were thus providing for Cynthia Westwood's continued absence from their village. It was natural perhaps.

She noticed that the child showed no sign of sorrow at parting from Mrs. Rumbold. She looked white, tired, almost stupefied. Sister Louisa took hold of the little hands and found them cold and trembling.

When the rector's wife was gone, the good woman—"the mother of the children," as she was sometimes called—drew the little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly. It needed very little real affection to call forth a response in Cynthia's yearning heart. She burst into tears and buried her face in the mother's ample bosom, won from that moment to all the claims of love and duty, and a religion of which she as yet had scarcely heard the name.

As time went on, Mrs. Rumbold received letters from Sister Louisa relative to Jane Wood's progress. Jane Wood was, on the whole, a very satisfactory pupil. She was a girl of strong will and strong passions, often in dis grace, and yet a universal favorite. She possessed more than usual ability, and soon caught up with the girls of her own age who had at first been far in advance of her in class; then she surpassed them, and began to attract attention; and at the end of two years Mrs. Rumbold received a letter which perplexed her so sorely that she sent it at once to Mr. Hubert Lepel, who was still living a bachelor life in London.

The letter, from Sister Louisa, was to the effect that Jane Wood, the girl from Beechfield, had developed a great talent for music, and seemed very superior to the station of domestic service for which she had been designed. The Sister received twenty or thirty boarders—daughters of gentlemen for the most part, for whom ordinary terms were paid—in addition to the orphans; these girls of a superior class were educated by the Sisters, and often remained at St. Elizabeth's until they were eighteen or nineteen. If the annual paid for Jane Wood could be increased to forty pounds a year, the Sisters proposed to educate her as a governess; with her talent for music and other accomplishments, they were quite sure that the girl would turn out a credit to her kind patrons and patronesses, as well as to St. Elizabeth's.

Mr. Lepel sent back an answer by return of post. Jane Wood—he knew her by no other Christian name—was to have every advantage the good sisters could give her. If she had talents, they were to be cultivated. When she was old enough to be placed out in the world to earn her own living, his allowance would of course cease; till then, and while she wanted help, her friends would provide for her.

"So Westwood's child is to be made a lady of!" said Mrs. Rumbold, laying down the letter with a sense of virtuous indignation. "Well, I hope that Mr. Lepel won't repent it. I wonder what Miss Vane thinks of it?"

But Miss Vane had never even heard the name of Jane Wood.

Hubert Lepel was gradually achieving literary success. But the road to success is often stony and beset with thorns and briars. His name was becoming known as that of a writer of popular fiction; but he had in his hand of which people prognosticated great things. For all these reasons he was much too busy to give any special attention to the affairs of the child at St. Elizabeth's School. He agreed to Sister Louisa's proposition, and sent money for the girl's education—that was all that he could do. And so another year went by, and then another, and he heard nothing more about Jane Wood.

But at the close of a London season, when town was emptying fast and the air was becoming exhausted, and everybody who had a chance of going into the country was sighing to be off, it occurred to Hubert Lepel to wonder how the child that he had befriended was progressing. It took little time for him to make up his mind that he would go down to Winstead and see the school, which was quite a show place and had been a great deal talked about. A card and a line from a clerical friend would introduce him, and his literary work would give him an excuse for wishing to inspect the institution. It would be supposed that he meant to write an article upon it. He did not intend to say why he had come.

The building occupied by the Sisters of St. Elizabeth was simply hideous, not picturesque. Hubert remembered with a half-smile the enthusiastic praise that Mrs. Rumbold had bestowed upon it. The chapel, an exquisite little gem of Gothic architecture, built in the center flanked by two long gray wings appropriated to the school girls and their teachers, the Orphanage and the Sisterhood. St. Elizabeth's was becoming quite a noted school for girls, especially among persons of high Anglican proclivities; and in surveying the lovely buildings, the exquisitely-kept grounds, the smooth lawns and shrubberies which met his eye, Hubert could not but acknowledge that the outer appearance of the place was all that could be desired. The school buildings were swathed in purple clematis and roses; there was a pleasant hum of voices, even of laughter, from some of the deep mullioned windows; and he saw a host of children sporting on the lawn in the distance. The scene was bright, peaceful, and pleasant. Hubert Lepel experienced a thrill of relief; he had done well for Westwood's child—he need not reproach himself on that score.

A portress with a rosy smiling face admitted him into a visitors' room, a small but cosy place, with vases of flowers on the table, sacred pictures and a black and-white crucifix on the yellow-washed walls. Here a Sister clad in conventual garb came to inquire his business. The abbess of the house, who was the superior of the women's dresses, reminded Hubert of some French and Flemish Romanist convent he had visited in his wanderings, and impressed with the likeness. It was something, he said to himself, to find such serenity, such sweet placidity of life, possible in the very midst of the world's turmoil and bustle and distraction. He did not discuss with himself the question as to whether that had been the happiness of Sister Louisa was wholesome and agreeable; it was simply on the æsthetic side that its aspect pleased him. He could fancy himself for a moment in the depths of a foreign land or far back in remote mediæval times.

Could he see the buildings, the church, the orphanage? Oh, certainly! Sister Agnes, who had come to him, would be pleased to show him everything.

She was very pleasant in manner, and he had no difficulty in obtaining from her any amount of information about the institution. It seemed that he had by chance come on a festival day, and every one was making holiday. The children were all out in the fields or the garden; he could see their schoolrooms and dormitories and refectory. They were all rather bare, exquisitely clean and airy, full of the most recent improvements as regarded educational appliances.

"This is the Orphanage building," Sister Agnes explained. "We do not generally show the class-rooms belonging to the other school; but, as all the ladies are out, you may see them if you like."

So Hubert peeped into the rooms occupied by the girl-boarders, who were on a very different footing from the orphans, and whose surroundings, though simple, were almost elegant in their simplicity. The furniture was of good artistic design, the windows were adorned in jewel-like colors, the proportions of the rooms were stately as those of an Oxford college hall. Hubert smiled a little at the grace of Cynthia Westwood's ragged daughter amidst all this magnificence.

Last of all he was shown the chapel, the most beautiful building of the place, and on this day in particular largely decorated with the choicest flowers.

As they were coming out, a bell began to ring, and presently they met a procession of schoolgirls, all dressed alike in white frocks and broad hats, on their way to some afternoon service of prayer and praise. Hubert scanned their faces heedfully as they passed by, but he could not find one among them that reminded him of the thin little countenance, the gipsy eyes of the outcast West wood's child.

He could not resist the temptation to ask a question.

"Have you not here, he said, "a girl called Jane Wood?"

Sister Agnes gazed at him in astonishment, and the tears suddenly sprang into her eyes.

"Do you know anything of Jane Wood?" she cried excitedly. "Oh, you ask for her at a very critical time! She has been with us four years, and we loved her as our own child; but she ran away from us two days ago, and we have not seen her since!"

CHAPTER IX.

"What do you mean?" said Hubert, starting in his turn. "The girl gone?"

Sister Agnes was in tears already.

"Let me fetch Sister Louisa or the Reverend Mother to you!" she cried. "They know all about it—as far as anybody does know anything. "You—you are one of her friends perhaps? Oh, the dear child—and we loved her so dearly!"

Hubert was looking pale and stern. He had stopped short on the gravelled pathway, half way between the chapel and the entrance to the Orphanage. Instinct or fate led him to the place was lost upon him at once. He cared only to hear what had become of the child whom he had fondly imagined himself to be benefiting. If she had been unhappy, if she had run away into the wide world on account of ill-treatment by her teachers and fellow-pupils, was he not to blame? He ought to have come to the place before and made inquiries, not left her fate to the light words of Mrs. Rumbold and some unknown Sister Louisa. He had made himself responsible for her education; was he not in some sort responsible for her happiness as well?

These questionings made his face look very dark and grave as he stood once more in the visitors' room, awaiting the arrival of the lady whom Sister Agnes had called Sister Louisa, and whose letters to Mrs. Rumbold he remembered that he had read.

He felt himself prejudiced against her before she arrived; but, when he saw her, he was compelled to own that she had a very attractive countenance. The face itself, framed in its setting of white and black, was long and pale, but beautiful by reason of its sweetness of expression; the gray eyes were full of tenderness, yet full of grief. There were marks of tears upon her face—the only one that the visitor had seen that was at all dolorous; and yet, nothing but serene trust was on her lips. Hubert, man of the world as he was, and more ready to cavil and despise than to admire, said to himself that, if any woman could make a young girl love her, surely this woman would not fail!

"You wish," she said, "to ask some questions about our pupil Jane Wood?"

"I do indeed. I am very much surprised to hear that she has left you."

"May I ask whether you have any authority from our friend Mrs. Rumbold to inquire?"

"Mrs. Rumbold takes her authority from me," said Hubert quietly.

The lady looked at him with a little uncertainty in her mild gray eyes, he felt in his pocket and drew out a pocket-book.

"I think I have a letter from Mrs. Rumbold which will establish my claim to make inquiries. It is a mere chance that I have not destroyed it; but it is here, and will serve as my credentials perhaps."

Sister Louisa took the letter from his hand and looked at it. It was the one which Mrs. Rumbold had written to Mr. Lepel when she had heard of Jane Wood's talent for music and other accomplishments from "the mother of the children" herself.

The good Sister smiled sadly as she gave it back.

"I see now who you are, Mr. Lepel. You are really the poor child's great friend and helper."

"I am acting for my family, of course," said Hubert, a little stiffly. "The girl has naturally no right to expect anybody from us; but we were sorry for her desolate portion."

"Yes, poor child—she has a hard lot to bear."

Hubert was stung by this asseveration, he did not show it.

"I always heard that she was very happy here," he said.

"She was—or she seemed to be," said Sister Louisa, with energy. "She was a great favorite, always at the top of the classes, always full of life and spirit, and very bright and clever. Poor Jane! To think that she should have left us in this way!"

"Why did she leave you, and how?"

"Mr. Lepel," said Sister Louisa, "I tell you that our Janie had a fault, you won't think hardly of her or of us? A girl of fifteen is not often perfect, and we are sometimes obliged to reprove, even to punish, those under our charge; and yet I assure you there was not a person in the house, woman or child, who did not love poor Jane."

"I am to understand, then, that she was under punishment?"

Sister Louisa shook her head slightly and sighed. She felt that it was difficult to make this young man of the world understand that girls of fifteen were sometimes exceedingly trying to their elders and superiors; but she would do her best.

"Janie was very affectionate," she said, "but passionate in temper, and obstinate when thwarted. She had a curious amount of pride—much more than one usually finds in so young a girl; and some of her extreme faults became too were a snare to her. She was reproved three days ago for laughing aloud in chapel; and, as she showed an unsubmissive spirit, she was put into a room alone for the day to meditate. Into this room one of our lay Sisters went by accident, not knowing that Jane Wood was there for seclusion, and began to talk to her. This young woman, Martha by name, came from the neighborhood of Beechfield, and happened to mention Mrs. Rumbold."

"Ah, I see!" Hubert exclaimed involuntarily.

"Janie questioned her about the place—questions, her participant tells me, I believe, a gentleman that she remembered. I think, Mr. Lepel, that she must have been thinking of yourself, according to the description that Martha tells us she gave of him; but Martha could not tell her your name, which it seems the child did not know. It was natural perhaps that Martha should pass on to the subject of the tragedy at Beechfield—the murder of Mr. Sydney Vane and the fate of the murderer."

(To be Continued.)

Ed Sothern Wanted to Know.

They are telling a story about E. H. Sothern. He was riding in a street car a few mornings ago, and upon entering found the car full, though one man took more than his share by stretching his feet out along the seat. Sothern held on to the strap and bore this for a while, but when two ladies entered and were obliged to stand his patience gave out. Then leaning over the diffused man he said in a clear, loud voice, but with elaborate courtesy, and with his most honest and innocent Dundreary stammer: "E-excuse m-me, sir, for a-addressing you, b-but I'm very anxious to l-learn what nerve tonic you take?" A grin spread over the faces of the passengers, the man got red, opened and shut his mouth two or three times and then bounced up and left the car, upon which the actor and the two ladies sat down, and Sothern gazed pensively out of the window.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Ruled Off at the Start

Mrs. Heavywhat—Just to think! Ethel Redingotte—so intelligent you know!—poor Ethel! Heavywaite (a brute)—What has she done! Married an Italian nobleman?

No; she failed in the civil service examination for clerks. I can't account for it.

I can. She probably was required to sharpen a lead pencil at the very second off.—*Time.*

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Returning after a few moments' absence, the venerable wielder of the pestle remarked, "the number of sarsaparillas and others, so-called, 'blood medicines' is legion; but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outsells them all and it is the only blood-purifier out of the many which I am obliged to keep upon my shelves, that is **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in all cases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it is refunded."

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CHAPTER XX.

Very slowly, very wearily the girl climbed the ochen staircase up which her feet had trod so lightly a few hours before. When she reached the top, her confusion was so great that she paused, as if uncertain which way to turn; then mechanically she staggered to her own rooms, and, entering, closed and locked the door behind her.

The bed-room was empty—on leaving the drawing room she had sent word to Benson that she would not require her that night, and the maid had availed herself of the permission to retire; but the candles were lighted on the dressing-table and on the mantelpiece, and the pretty white dressing gown and little slippers were ready for her beside the low, white bed. Stanley looked about the room vacantly, as if she had never seen it before; then, with a low moan like that of an animal wounded unto death, she sank into the nearest chair, quivering like one just recovering from an agony of bodily pain which had left the sufferer weak to faintness. But the mercy of unconsciousness was denied her, although her brain seemed stupefied, as if she was suddenly bereft of reason; and she could not think clearly or consecutively; she could only suffer dumbly, passively, hopelessly.

After a time she recovered sufficient strength to make her way to the window and to throw it open. A gust of cold night wind, accompanied by rain, swept into the room. The weather had changed; the wind had risen, and the moon, which was at the full, and which a little earlier had been shining down from a clear, dark blue sky, was now obscured by masses of clouds. The rain was falling heavily as Stanley stood leaning out of the window, slowly coming back to life and knowledge; it beat upon her, and in a few minutes her white gown was wet through.

"Hugh—oh, Hugh, my darling!" she cried, leaning over the iron-work which railed in the window and letting the wind-driven rain fall upon her face and hair and her bare arms on which the diamonds glittered; and, as the beloved name escaped her lips, its sound lose and the iron bands which seemed to have clasped her brow and her throat, and she burst into tears which in that hour of agony perhaps saved her reason and her life. She sank upon the window-seat and sobbed bitterly and drearily, as she had never sobbed in all her twenty years of life.

Until now she had known no wish she could not gratify—she had known no desire she could not fulfil. Of late her happiness had been increased a thousand-fold by the love which had come into her life; and now she was suddenly stricken down by the deadliest blow which Fate could have dealt her.

She crouched there, crying drearily for a long time until the sobs ceased from sheer exhaustion and she sat moaning feebly now and again.

Her hair was drenched with rain and her gown was wet. She had not been conscious of this until now, when a sense of physical discomfort made itself felt. The raindrops were running off her bare arms as she rose; but she felt so faint and dizzy that she was glad to fall back again into her seat, while her head sank heavily backward and her eyes closed. She had never fainted before, and she thought that she was dying. There was the sound of rushing waters in her ears, her temples were throbbing furiously, everything grew dark, the walls of the room began to close in upon her, an icy chill seized her, a thousand strange noises filled the air; then she knew no more.

When her senses returned, she found herself still sitting upon the window seat, her head resting against the iron rail, her loosened hair, heavy with moisture, falling around her. The rain had ceased; the wind had somewhat abated; the moon shone out brilliantly. For a few seconds Stanley remembered nothing. She had opened her eyes for a moment, and was closing them again in very weakness, when she caught sight of the diamonds upon her wrist shining in the moonlight and struggled against her feebleness. She gazed languidly round the room; she saw the candles burning low in the candelabra on her dressing-table, the open casket, the moonbeams upon the floor in silvery patches, and she began to understand.

"I suppose I fainted," she said aloud, and laughed a weak bitter laugh at the thought. "Like Lady Beacham!" she muttered, after a pause, then laughed again, a hoarse laugh which fell so strangely upon the silence that, as she heard it, she started and looked round apprehensively as if she feared she was not alone.

"Did she suffer like that before she fainted?" Stanley wondered vaguely, as she leaned against the window and turned her pale drawn face to the night-wind. "I did not know how to pity her then; but I know now. Oh, yes—I know now!"

She could not think very clearly; yet, in her weakness, she half feared, half hoped that this strange chill and faintness might be death.

The house was perfectly still. Without, the wind, becoming less violent, moaned among the trees; but within no sound broke the stillness; and, when, after a time, Stanley's strength returned to her in some degree and she left the window-seat, the soft rustle of her gown, the sound of her slow footfall, seemed to awaken a hundred echoes through the room. A little Dresden clock in her dressing-room struck three, the silvery chime sounding clearly through the arched doorway.

Stanley was weak and faint still; but the mists seemed to have cleared from her brain. She moved slowly away from the window, supporting herself by the furniture until she reached the dressing table. As she stood there for a moment, breathless and panting, she caught sight of the reflection of her face in the mirror, and started back with a cry of affright.

"Who—who is that?" she gasped, looking with terrified eyes at the face reflected there; for a moment she did not recognize the haggard sunken features and the cavernous eyes framed in the masses of dank hair.

"Ah," she said to herself slowly, forcing her eyes to meet those which looked at her wildly, "Lady Beacham did not look like that! Fainting is not so becoming to me as to her!"

She poured some water from her *carafe* and drained the glass thirstily, for her throat felt parched and dry; then slowly and with many pauses she took off her wet gown, brushed out her hair, coiled it round her pretty head, and, putting on her dressing gown, sat down in a great chintz-covered arm-chair which stood near the dressing-table.

She felt strangely old and worn and weary as she leaned back on the soft cushions; it seemed as if her life were over, as if during that death-like swoon she had become another being. The first fierceness of her struggle was over; the stunning effects of the heavy blow had passed away; she could think and reason now; she could look, with aching eyes and anguished heart, at the future before her in which Hugh Cameron had no part.

There was no alternative; she must give him up. Her father had the first right to her obedience, to her loyalty, even if she had not given him her promise that she would obey him in this. Through all the twenty years of her life he had been goodness itself to her—she had never heard a harsh word from his lips—he had seemed to live only for her—and her first duty was to him. And, even if it were not so, her own pride revolted at the thought of bringing a stain upon their honored house. She had received the name she bore pure and spotless; she must not be the first to drag it through the dust.

Yet would she tarnish her name by a marriage with Hugh Cameron? Would the race of which she was so proud be degraded by an alliance with him? In the eyes of Heaven the stain upon his birth was no fault of his. It was a misfortune truly; but the innocent should not suffer for the guilty; and, whatever his birth, the land held no truer, nobler gentleman than he. Had he not been so, her father would not have assented so willingly to their engagement because at the time he had deemed his family inferior to theirs—as indeed it was. Wherever he went, in whatever society he moved, he was admired for his distinction of manner and his intelligence; his high sense of honor fitted him to move as equal among the noblest in the land. Not only did she love him, but she had looked up to him with esteem and reverence; and now Sir Humphrey had told her that he was not worthy to be her husband—he, Hugh Cameron, who had seemed to her a king among men!

He had no name, he had no rights, her father had said—he, who had from his earliest manhood been looked upon with envy and admiration by his fellow-men, who had been sought so eagerly by high-born mothers—he, Philip Cameron's son and heir, one of the richest men in England! Stanley broke into bitter laughter at the thought.

And yet she knew that it was so; for his father's later marriage with his mother did not legitimise their son. He was innocent of all wrong; but the punishment of wrong-doing must fall upon him. Fate had ordained that her hand should inflict the suffering.

His loyalty and his truth she did not doubt for a moment. Hugh had been as ignorant of his true position as she herself had been until this bitter enlightenment came—of that she was as certain as of her own life and suffering in that terrible hour. But other things which had puzzled her a little were becoming plain to her now. Lady Sara's shattered health and broken spirits, her shrinking from society, her strange uncertain manner—all these were accounted for by the dread of discovery which must be ever present with her—by the haunting fear lest the secret which had darkened her life should come to light. Mr. Cameron's refusal of the honor offered to him so recently was also explained. How could he accept a Baronetcy which his son could not inherit?

All these thoughts crowded upon Stanley as she sat, still and faint and chilled, in her arm-chair; and, as the dawn broke gradually, she recalled Hugh's strange depression of the previous day; and suddenly the thought occurred to her that he had learned the truth and that his dejection proceeded from the knowledge; but the thought departed almost as swiftly as it had come. Such a deception was utterly impossible to Hugh Cameron.

"If he had known it, he would have told me," she said.

And then she thought of his anguish when he should know the truth, if he must know it. How dreadful the shock would be to him! Would he recoil from the mother whom he loved so deeply? Would he shrink from her when he knew the wrong she had committed?

Ah, how deeply her husband must have loved her to forgive such a wrong as that! But would Hugh forgive her—Hugh, who at one stroke would lose so much and feel such shame and degradation and anguish? Deceived by his parents, shunned by the world, deserted by the woman he had loved and trusted, how wretched he would be—he who, like herself, had known no grief until now!

At the thought of his anguish her own calmness gave way. She left her seat, and began to pace the room. How could she inflict so terrible a grief upon him? For he would naturally insist on knowing the reason of the breach of faith; and her father would tell him that his daughter could not marry a nameless man, and he would know the truth. The thought was horrible to her; it seemed as if his shame had fallen upon her—as if the horror of his fate overcame her. She saw it all—Hugh's shame and misery and anguish—and the mental vision seemed her. Only the day before she had told him that, if trouble came, she would not fall him—she would be at his side in foul weather as well as fair; and now the first storm-blast had destroyed her allegiance, and she was going to desert him. It could not be, she told herself, wringing her hands in her anguish—she would not! She had given him her promise, her heart, her love, and she would not take them back. Her father had no right to ask such a sacrifice at her hands—she could not grant it. All her life was before her. What was the honor of the Gerrants compared to her happiness? Besides, their honor would not suffer. Hugh would take their name and bear it in honor and rectitude and loyalty. No one knew the bitter secret of his birth save few whose interest it was to keep silence and who would never break that silence. The secret had not been divulged all these years. Why should it be divulged now? And, if it was, what was her love worth if it could not bear something for and with the man she loved!

But her father—ah, dear Heaven, her father—it would kill him! He was so proud of his stately race; he was not young; he had suffered so much in the past. His daughter's disobedience would be so great a shock to him that all the life which remained to him would be darkened and laid waste.

How could she make his declining years desolate? She was all he had—the last of his ancient race—he would never have another daughter; while Hugh could, without difficulty, find another woman to love him almost as well as she loved him, and whom in time he would love.

She must make her sacrifice bravely, she must not even let him see what it cost her, she thought, as she staggered to and fro, her whole frame shaken by a convulsion of agony. She would be brave to-morrow, she told herself—to-morrow she would be calm; but to-day she must indulge in her grief.

She threw herself face downward upon the bed and let the great tearless sobs have their way. She lay with her arms stretched out wildly, her eyes hidden, her hair sweeping over the pretty lace-trimmed pillow; and there she buried all her hopes of happiness and made her sacrifice.

And while she lay there the dawn spread in the eastern sky and the tender light of the new born morning peered softly in at the open window. "To-morrow had become to-day."

(To be Continued.)

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"Many people down to see you off, Dumley?"

"Yes."

"Mostly relatives, I suppose?"

"No; tailors."—*Harper's Bazar.*

In the History Class.

Professor—Can any one in the class tell me the familiar sobriquet by which the followers of William Penn addressed him?

Student—Yes, sir: "His nibs."—*Time.*

A Tender Appeal.

Lieutenant—"How I wish that my earnest entreaties would soften your heart until you consented to bestow your daughter's hand upon me."

Banker—"In matters of this kind I never follow my heart, but my head."

Lieutenant—"Well, then, I hope you may have softening of the brain."

Art in Dress.

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The Suburban Boom.

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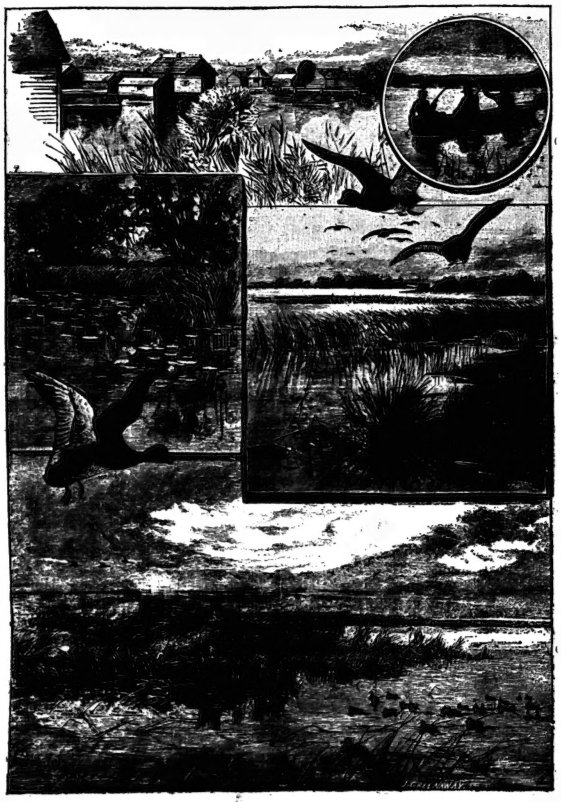

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Cholly.—What is your name, my dear?

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Cholly (with unction).—Ah, I see, the Pearl of great price, eh?

D. P. W. (demurely).—No, sir; a Pearl before swine, if you please, sir.

(Cholly subsides, Fred explodes and the deuced pretty waiter girl goes on setting the table unmolested).

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Fred—Chestnuts!

Jack—I wasn't going to say anything about soap; I was merely going to ask if you had ten dollars about you.

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And continuing each day until the whole is disposed of, the contents of over 20 packages, comprising Elegant Marble Clocks, Hungarian and Foleyain Vases, Etruscan Ornaments, Plaques in Applique, Dresden China, Statuary, Jugs and Ornaments, Bohemian Epergnes, Satin, Glass, Bronze Music Stands, Music Boxes, Rich China Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Fish, Game and Dessert Sets, Breakfast Sets, Richly Cut and Engraved English, French and Bohemian Glassware in Wine Services, Decanters, Claret Jugs, Cut Tumblers and Water Bottles, etc., and a multitude of other articles suitable for the holiday season.

ON VIEW MONDAY, 25th. TERMS CASH

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Births.

GREENWOOD—On November 17, Mrs. Russell Greenwood—a son.
PEPLER—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. Tom S. G. Pepler—a son.
FLEMING—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. Robert J. Fleming—a son.
DRINK WATER—At Orillia, on November 18, Mrs. R. J. Sumner Drinkwater—a daughter.
GRAY—At Toronto, on November 2, Mrs. R. M. Gray—a son.
BOYD—At St. Thomas, Ont., on November 16, Mrs. John W. Gamble Boyd—a daughter.
WILLCOCK—At Toronto, on October 27, Mrs. S. J. Willcock—a son.
MACLEAN—At Toronto, on November 10, Mrs. Alex. Maclean—a son.
BELDEN—At 58 Yorkville avenue, Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. Reuben B. Belden—a daughter.

Marriages.

DEGRUCHY—ARMOUR—At Toronto, on Nov. 14, Charles H. Degruchy to Annie Theresa Armour.
BOWMAN—WALKER—At Hamilton, on November 14, Herbert J. Bowman to Edith Walker.
McLAREN—ROBINSON—At Toronto, on November 18, Archibald A. McLaren to Miss Clarabel Robinson.
MARSHALL—DULMAGE—At Toronto, November 19, Isaac N. Marshall to Ada Dulmage.
PRICE—BRUCE—At Toronto, on November 16, Orlo F. Price to Mrs. Cloitha Louisa Bruce.

Deaths.

PHILIPPS—At sea, on August 8, Alfred Perrott Philippe, aged 24 years.
KENT—At Toronto, on November 15, Eva Kent.
NEWALL—At Markham, Homer Newall, aged 74 years.
FRANCIS—At Toronto, on November 16, Charles Francis, aged 30 years.
CHERRY—At Markham, on November 14, William Cherry, aged 85 years.
SPENCE—At Toronto, ex-Ald. James Spence, aged 85 years.
SKINNER—At Toronto, November 19, Mrs. Collin Skinner, aged 55 years.
CAMERON—At Owen Sound, on November 14, Mrs. Martha Cameron, aged 68 years.
ARGLES—At Toronto, on November 17, Henry Argles, aged 55 years.
DUNNET—At Prescott, on November 7, Mrs. Jane Gilchrist Waters Dunnet, aged 96 years.
MACKLE—At Toronto, on November 18, Patrick Mackle, aged 65 years.
McGAW—At Manilla, Ont., on November 15, Mrs. Catharine Davidson McGaw, aged 96 years.

The "Grand" Heater
A PERFECT BEAUTY—38 in. HIGH

In presenting this stove to the public, we do not claim that you will abandon your furnace nor your base burner, but we *do claim* that if you have a suite of rooms, a chamber, sparerom, dining room, office, or any other space not convenient to heat with any of the present systems, you will buy the Grand in preference to anything else in the market.

Call at 96 King St. West and see it.

Boys' Cape Overcoats

We have just placed in stock a new lot of Boys' Fine Cape Overcoats for ages ranging from 4 to 15 years especially made for the holiday trade. These coats are the nicest we have yet had the pleasure of showing, and we are confident that whoever calls will be delighted with the assortment.

Every boy receives a present of a nice sleigh.

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THE GREAT ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto
WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager

A Misunderstanding.

Customer—Let us see some kid boots, please.
Smart Clerk—Yessir—for a boy or girl?

The Editor's Marriage

This is how the editor of the Bradford *Enterprise*, published in Cape Colony, announces his marriage: "We've been and gone and done it, and having duly installed our *locum tenens* in the editorial chair, we depart for that period of time prescribed by custom wherein to repent at leisure the rash act. Whether we are doubled or halved time will show, but the editorial 'we' necessitates an increased expenditure in our office. Will subscribers and advertisers please take the hint?"

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Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?
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Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 26 and 27, at 11 a.m.
The most valuable collection of Rare Old China that has ever been offered to public competition in Canada, and comprising exquisite pieces of Sevres, Berlin, Dresden, Royal Dresden, Crown Derby, Wedgewood, etc., Tete-a-tete Set, Pair May Flower Vases—cost 250 guineas, Barbarini Vase, Grecian Vases, Venetian, Old Italian, Dutch and French Vases, Dresden and Berlin Figures (Sage), Valuable Bronzes in Figures, Ornaments and Plaques, Suits of Spanish and Egyptian Armor, two Shields from the Tower of London. Oil Paintings and Water Colors by Turner, Eng., Homer Watson, Perre, Jacobi, Griffin, Forbes, Millard Evell, Howard, London, Eng., Cameron, Harper, Polianvi, Rome, McGrea, Scotland, Drumer, Cox, Reed and Challoner, England. Cases of Birds and Animals.
This collection is owned by a private gentleman, and warranted genuine. Catalogues will be ready on Tuesday, 19 h Nov., and may be procured from the undersigned. On view Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22 and 23. Luncheon at 1:30.
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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Oregon and California
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SEASONABLE IMPORTATION OF COMFORTABLE KNITTED WOOLLENS---LADIES' SKIRTS in all colors from $1. HEAVY FLEECE-LINED JERSEYS in black and in colors. KNITTED SHAWLS AND CLOUDS---An immense variety. Ladies' Dressing Gowns---In Flannel and Felt-cloth, all colors; plain and fancy.
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In Sets or Separate Garments---one of the most complete assortments you ever saw. Nurses' Caps and Aprons, Blouse Waists and a large stock of CHILDREN'S KNITTED DRESSES.
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WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER
A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.
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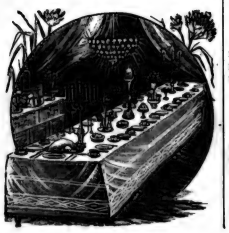

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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12 STYLES AND SIZES FOR WOOD
12 " " COAL

Modern in all its appointments.

Nothing like it made elsewhere.

A Revolution in Stove Construction.

Has greater *ADAPTABILITY* than anything ever produced.

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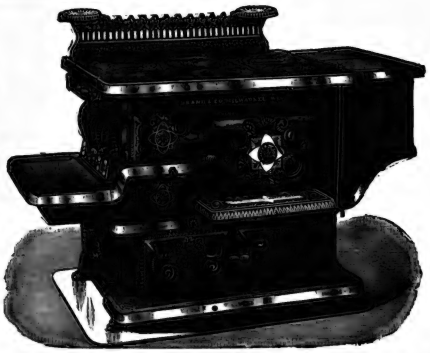
Artistic and Beautiful in Design. Superbly Mounted.

Has all the most improved results of modern ingenuity.

It is fitted with the **Smyth Patent Duplex Grate and Reed Pat. Check Draft Damper.**



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WHITE HYACINTHE

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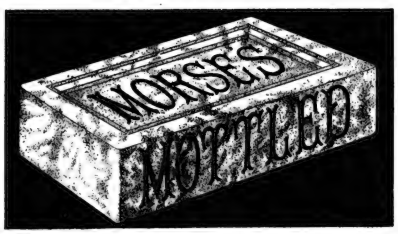

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Finest Assortment of Christmas Groceries in Canada.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY
Supplement

OUTGROWN.

OW I loved him. Thoughts of him filled my days, and unconsciously my nights.

We were affinities; of that we were both assured. Fate had brought us together from afar, and we had met with a thrill, which, though we now knew each other for three years, never failed to tell that the magnetic current had not exhausted itself.

Was not he my ideal? Was he not tender yet imperious, loving yet fierce. With decision of character and that manliness which fascinates a woman, and without which a man can no more hold a fine, high-minded woman, than can she who is not gracious and womanly, hold a man of character.

How the days sped along. Surely they sped "on shoes of felt," as Carlyle said, so softly they glided on for us two lovers. And my woman's heart was almost daily made to rejoice over gifts which my lover laid at my feet; royal gifts, that a princess might have envied. Diamonds, for he had wealth, exquisite drops of the dew of the sea, pearls, for "my beautiful sea-shell ears," he whispered.

He said he chose pearls for my ring and ears because they seemed to him more fitting for our love; not cold and glittering and ever changing like the brilliant diamond, but white and soft and constant, symbolic of perfect love Oh, it was a dream such as woman never dreamed before.

You who are cynical will say it was sweet because, that purchaser of all things, love, friendship, honor almost, gold; was at my command. But I knew that such love as ours, God-given as it was, depended not upon the poor material things for its existence. It would burn on, spite of obstacles and because of sacrifice.

How I feasted on his love; how passionately I returned it. Not a day but we were together. We read together, we talked. What did we talk of? Who does not know those personal nothings upon which lovers feed, weakening, demoralizing, perpetual "you" and "I" and "we." True he did not like music, and music was a part of my very life. He abominated the philosophers and I read only philosophy and history; but then, I was willing to do as all women must do, if they would keep close the man they love, I paid him the delicate flattery of ever making my wishes secondary to his, of taking an interest, a hearty interest, in all of my lover's plans, desires and tastes. He liked Dickens, Dickens bored me insufferably; but I read Dickens with him.

I never demanded of him that he attend a concert with me, but always arranged to go with a "lady friend," as cheap people say, because he was fiercely jealous of me, and thought me coquetting if I ever smiled in the presence of another man. This tyranny was a delight to me. It was, I believed, an ever-present proof of that intense love for which I hungered. And we were made up of love, we two, why should we not fearlessly enter into the compact, marriage, which brings misery to most people? For us it could be only a sacrament, a perpetual communion of souls, hearts and minds. We would be "mental comrades, spiritual affinities and physical mates."

He, Rex, my love, was all in all to me. I was selfish about him, as he was about me, and I demanded to know of him, whence each step, what were his thoughts, and not an aim, an ambition, but I wished to share it. I would be his helpmate, that abused word would take on new meaning; I would share with him alike his sorrows as his joys, and not ambition, social demands, nor public work, those interests that draw so many a wife from her home, should come between my love and me.

I had a voice which, as I have hinted, he, Rex, could not enjoy, but he was generous, and when my parents and friends advised a season's study with Lamperti, and a tour of the old world, my king opened not only his dear kind heart, but his purse; and my trunk, my traveling bag, my handsomest rugs and appointments were all of his purchasing, because, he said: "I will love to think that it is I, who have made you comfortable, and when far away from me, there will be these inanimate reminders of me."

As though I needed a reminder, other than my heart, in whose most sacred niche there was a shrine, wherein rested his image. Every day the post bore its little message to my love, each hour I thought "if only he were here, that my eyes might not in selfishness rest alone on these wonders."

"Time, silence and absence are pitiless destructives," says the author. We two lovers proved the untruth of this ghastly motto; our love thrived and grew clearer, greater, finer, on the very diet we fed to it. And when a year had passed, I, with all the beautiful sights on which my eyes had rested, spite of brilliant social attentions, and of the admiration of courteous, polished men thought only with a thrill of my love at home, and famished for a sight of his dear face and the tones of his melodious voice.

I was going home. Changed. Yes, travel changes every one; and when we let the loved one go, we must know in our hearts that he or she will return to us changed. There was a growth away from us, there were new minds to touch, new magnetic influences, a new point of view, a new perspective; and the home coming must find us drawn nearer together, or drifted a little apart, but change and growth has surely come.

Let me warn the woman who wishes to hold her husband, to absent herself from him only long enough to make him unpleasantly feel her absence, not so long that his liberty has become more enjoyable than his fetters, be these latter ever so welcome and golden.

Changed, I knew I was. But there burned this one great spark, my love, as steadfastly and as clearly as when it was new. So soon I would be clasped in his arms, those arms that folded about me, with the strength of iron and the loving tenderness of a mother.

I will tell nothing of the slow homeward journey, of the heart pangs I had as I sat on deck at night and permitted the Professor, a cultivated musician, to talk to me. All this seemed sacrilege; it seemed treachery, that I could even tolerate it; that I enjoyed it was criminal almost.

We landed at last. Every journey, however slow, however sweet, or fraught with anguish, must end. And there was my lover with beaming eyes, and gifts of flowers and jewels for me.

I was glad to see him, but not so happy as I had thought to be. Why was he not so tall as he had been? Why was he changed? Why did it sting me that on the homeward drive, his voice, his address, his manner, all were so changed. Or was the change in myself? I could not tell. This was the most miserable moment of my life; and he, too, felt the want of the true ring in me.

As the days, those time-markers, went by, we tried to return to the soul-to-soul loafs. We read together; his voice jarred upon me. We talked; his different views of life made my heart turn sick with impatience. Suddenly it all seemed ghastly, hopeless, horrible. I knew why. But how could I tell the true soul, the loving man, who yet was all tenderness to me, and who urged that the wedding day should be appointed, that I was no longer his. Whose had I become? What was it?

Ask the fates who, spite of struggles and pullings against the current, plan our lives for us. I knew not then, I know not now. I had outgrown this man for whom I had believed God alone made me; and what availed me tearful nights and prayers and fears. Love is not compulsory, and I could no more bid my love return, than can the limb broken from the sculptor's marble, become again a part of the beautiful statue. Pitiful truth. Sad reality. Sorrowful knowledge, Outgrown.

LOUISE MARKSCHEFFEL

"ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."

"KEEP, OH KEEP ME IN THY CARE."

THE SKYLLA* OF QUEBEC.

MORE than a century and a quarter has passed since that summer afternoon when the lengthening shadows lay upon the meadows by the River St. Charles. Then, as now, with sinuous curves, flowed this slow stream toward the south, where, between the high banks, gloomy with ancient pines, rolled the broad St. Lawrence, and where, upon her grey rocks, sat old Quebec, frowning with all her guns upon the English ships below her.

The meadow lands, brown with hay and green with unripe wheat, sweeping to the river, were intercepted at its banks by irregular lines of trees. Beach leaves trembled in the soft air, and here and there a tall pine stood straight beneath the drifting clouds. Beyond, green ranks of corn fronted the stream. Toward the west, in a semi-circle of trees, stood the grey château, and scattered over the seigniory were the whitewashed cottages of the *habitants*.

Over the meadow, ripe for harvest, two great oxen drew a clumsy cart, and mounted therein, Mother Leblanc received the hay from her strong-armed daughter, Jeanne. Following them went old Father André, laboriously raking up the scattered hay, pausing frequently to lean upon his staff. Two women, at a short distance, were mowing with scythes.

Across the field, where the tired women worked, came a maiden lithe and beautiful as Diana, bearing water for the toilers, and singing blithe as a lark; but the song died on her lips, and in silence she handed the jug to Jeanne, who neglected to drink therefrom, as they all listened with quick glances, one to the other, while the sound of distant cannon grew louder and became continuous—the guns of the battle of the Montmorenci.

Meanwhile, where a tall pine reached its branches far out over the stream, sat a graceful woman with a blonde Englishman. His right arm was still bound in a sling, because of a wound yet unhealed. The piercing eyes of an Indian watched them from a distant hazel copse. The Englishman had been taken captive by this Indian, who had brought him to the château to be tended by the women till his wounds should heal; when, as he said, he would take him to his village to make a warrior of him. The ugly old Indian seemed to have conceived a strange affection for the handsome young Englishman; at any rate he treated him with grave courtesy—called him "my son" and gave him no opportunity for escape. At this time the Englishman was speaking bitterly in his charming broken French, of his captivity and his longing to return to his regiment, and when he paused in his impatient speech, a dark frown wrinkled his brow. The woman bent the bewildering light of her amber eyes upon him.

"Ah, Monsieur," she said, with a caressing cadence, "you would get yourself killed—and to what end? That you may sleep with the wet earth pressed upon your face? Surely that sleep cometh oversoon. It is better to be awake beneath the sun, and——" she paused, half extending her white arms toward him, then meeting his eyes, her own fell. But he watched her with a frown.

"Mademoiselle, you will not understand it. One does not think of death; one thinks of one's duty."

"Is it a man's duty to be shot?" she demanded, with passion. "Then it is the duty of other men to shoot him. Surely the great *Dieu* did not make men for that. Ah——" and she reached out her hands with a pathetic gesture. "It is a man's duty to be happy." He watched her in silence as she sat with bent head, her profile clearly defined against the shadows, and the sunlight falling upon her fair hair; then he laughed.

"Let me see Quebec taken and I will be happy. You will help me to perform my duty, Mademoiselle Villeray?"

Although he spoke in jest, she looked up with startled eyes.

"And if I should, what portion of his happiness would Monsieur Elsmere give to me?"

Whether through accident or not, his voice softened, and a winning smile lighted the eyes he bent upon her: "Whatsoever thing you ask of me, when Quebec is taken, shall be yours."

She bent her head and a tremor shook her; she said without looking up, "There is a pass leading from the river to the Plains——"

"What?" he cried. "What? Where is it? Quick—the pass, tell me where it is?" and he seized her hand in a strong grasp.

She lifted her eyes to his eager face: "Monsieur forgets his promise," she said.

"No, Hélène, I will not forget it." The eagerness for conquest shook his voice and his eyes fascinated her; she blindly fancied it was love for her that shone in their depths. "What is it that you wish, Hélène?" and his voice caressed her.

Her head bent low, and her voice was scarcely audible, as she said, "To be your wife."

A swift change crossed his face, then a strange smile curved his lips as he remembered a line from a long forgotten lesson of his schoolboy days, so he answered her in the words thereof, "The gifts of fair maidens must not be set lightly aside. The requital shall be when the strife is ended."

He still held her hand, his eyes still commanded her, and she was forced to say; "The pass is half a league above Quebec, leading from the river to the Plains; two cannot walk together there. My sister Madeleine and I used long ago to go there for the blue harebells."

At that moment the distant roar of the cannon that for a long time had been heard but infrequently, broke upon their ears with startling loudness, and when it became continuous they drew apart and listened with different minds. The old Indian came forth from his distant hazels to indicate his watchfulness, and again vanished, but the hazel copse saw him no more that day. As the shadows lengthened and the sunset drew near, they still sat there. She was half doubtful of her triumph and he almost sobbing with impatience to be in the battle. To them came the lithe Madeleine, the bearer of the water, sister of Hélène. They were children of different mothers, both now dead, and whereas Hélène was fair, Madeleine was very dark; the red blood showed beneath the sunburned skin of her cheeks, her eyes were two stars set in darkness, and her lips were red and tenderly curved.

Elsmere arose as she drew near, and Hélène lifted her eyes, now grown troubled.

"Ah *ma soeur*," said Madeleine, "I wonder if our father is in the fight? The sound of the guns comes from the Montmorenci, and Monsieur de Levis is there, and our father and—and Maurice."

The troubled look deepened in Hélène's eyes, they grew misty with tears. "Ah pray the good *Dieu* they may not be hurt," she said; then she arose and moved away as

* Nisus was King of Megara and when his city was besieged by Minos, Scylla, (Skylla) his daughter, who had fallen in love with Minos, pulled out the purple or golden hair which grew on the top of her father's head and on which his life depended. Nisus thereupon died and Minos took possession of the city. Minos, however, was so horrified at the conduct of the unnatural daughter that he ordered Scylla to be bound to the poop of his vessel and he afterwards drowned her in the Saronic Gulf.—SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

if she wished none to follow her; she went to her white-curtained room in the château and fell down before the cross and wept during all the time that the thunder of the cannon lasted.

And slowly after her, and after the tired women and old man, went Madeleine and Elsmere, crossing the fields fragrant with new mown hay, and tremulous with shadows. And Madeleine helped Mother Leblanc to prepare their simple meal, but Hélène wept in her chamber.

. . . . . .

When the moon arose above the pine-clad hills, Madame Le Mercier, the sister of Hélène's dead mother, with Madeleine and all the women of the château were sitting without, for the walls of the house were too close to contain their anxious hearts. The face of Hélène leaned white against the doorway and a little apart walked Elsmere to and fro, eager to escape, but knowing not whither to go, and anxious most of all, to convey his knowledge of the pass to Wolfe. The voices of the women arose in a confused murmur, conjecturing of the battle, talking of the distress of the people, the possibility of conquest by the English, and the breaking up of their homes and their faith. Suddenly came the sound of hoofs upon the ground. They drew nearer and into the dim light came a man on horseback, supported by the dark Indian, while a black-robed priest walked at his side. The women surrounded them.

"It is Maurice Le Mercier," one cried, and Madeleine went timidly to him. "Maurice?" she said.

"It is nothing, little sister; it will soon be healed."

Nevertheless, the breast of his blue uniform was red with blood.

"You must take good care of Maurice, Madame Le Mercier," said the priest, "and you also, good Mother Leblanc. Monsieur de Levis says he is worth a regiment; he is to join Monsieur de Montcalm when his wounds are healed," and in his strong arms the priest lifted the youth from his horse.

But the impatient women surrounded him.

"Tell us of the battle!" they cried.

"Is Monsieur Villeray safe, my Father?" asked the stately Madame Le Mercier.

"He is well," answered the priest.

"Father La Motte, tell us of the battle."

"What news of the battle, my Father?"

Young Le Mercier was led into the house by his mother. Then the *cure* turned to the women.

"Good news, my children!" he cried. "Thank the good God for our victory."

"Victory!" interrupted many glad voices.

Elsmere drew near and listened.

"Yes! the saints are with us. The English must soon go and leave us in peace. They butted their heads like rams against the heights, and they were beaten back. The sedgy mud and the river is red as their coats; they lost many of their men, and we also—the good God has taken to Himself many of our children."

And still they besought him for news of them that were dead, for there were many Canadians with Levis.

Meanwhile, Elsmere walked apart with bent head and clenched hands. The old Abenaquis Chief stood alone, leaning against the stones of the house. Madeleine, passing, saw him, and that his bronze shoulder was red from an ill-bound wound.

"*Monsieur le chef* is wounded," she said, with much gentleness. "He will let me bind his hurt?"

The old Indian grunted assent, and she led him into the wide, low kitchen, where a fire still smouldered on the hearth. Then, with skilful fingers, she dressed the sabre thrust and bound the wound with soft linen.

Then she placed upon the board table such food as was possible to be procured in those distressed times, and moved with a fine sense of courtesy, she also sat at the table and supped with the Indian. When he had eaten the last morsel of bread, and drunk the last drop of mead, he arose and placed his great hand upon the maid's shoulder.

"You good little squaw," he said, then went out to seek his captive.

. . . . . .

Nearly four weeks had passed since the battle of the Montmorenci. The hay had been gathered from the meadows and the wheat was yellow on the field. This was the day on which Maurice Le Mercier was to rejoin the army, as his wounds were sufficiently healed. As for Elsmere, his arm was now strong for the wielding of a sabre as it had been in the past. He was resolved to escape without further loss of time. He sat alone, concealed by the vines that veiled a latticed window, striving to conceive a plan of escape by which he might reach his General alive. So thinking, he heard the voice of Le Mercier without the window. He was speaking to the Abenaquis Chief; he gave into the Indian's hands papers to be delivered to Levis; he gave him directions as to the readiest means of reaching the camp, then bent his head toward the Indian and whispered the password. And Elsmere heard it distinctly; at once the doubts and difficulties of his half-formed plan were swept away. His face shone with hope. He arose and walked out of doors. The Indian came alone to where he walked beneath the trees. Elsmere turned to him with a well-feigned expression of discontent. The Indian sat down with his back to the stones of the house and fixed his eyes upon his captive. Elsmere paused before him and said:

"My father, I am tired of playing the woman, let me go but for a little while and I will come back—I will go with you to your village, I promise you; I give you my word of honor."

The Indian regarded him some time in silence. Then he said, with a motion of his hand toward the river:

"You know yon little water?"

"Yes, I know it is a little river."

"You know him crooked?"

"Yes," said Elsmere, with growing surprise, "I know it is crooked."

"You know you tell heap crooked story."

At that moment Mother Leblanc came to bid the Indian enter and eat before he should go to camp. So he left his captive and entered the house.

Elsmere looked hastily about. Le Mercier was no where in sight, but his horse was at a little distance, saddled and waiting for him. Swiftly then, without arms or hat, he swung himself into the saddle and rode cautiously till the trees concealed him from the château, then with eager haste following the St. Charles toward the bridge.

Meanwhile Maurice Le Mercier went in search of Madeleine, and knowing where she was oftenest to be found in these sad days, he went thither and found her where a group of pine trees stood between the ripening corn and the river. She was sitting with one strong young arm flung across a great stone upon which she leaned her face. He approached and touched her shoulder saying:

"Little sister, I must go now."

She arose and faced him. "Yes, thou must go now," she returned, scarce knowing what she said.

"Thou hast been very kind to me, Madeleine. I do not know how I could have endured these inactive days but for thee—and all the people say thou art kind. Wilt thou think sometimes of me, little Madeleine?"

"Yes," she said, and pressed her clasped hands against her heart for she fancied that its loud beating must drown the sound of her voice.

"And now I must say farewell, little sister," and he took both her hands in his own. But she turned away and pressed her lips hard to stay their quivering.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.

When the Spirit of Storm goes forth in the night;
When the moon looks wan through snow clouds white,
Which, rent by the hand of Boreas fly
In tumultuous race 'neath a frozen sky;
When the forest roars like the chafing sea
And the phantom drift scuds over the lea;
When wakens the blast with an eerie cry,
Or startles the night with a shuddering sigh,
Or shrieks as it tosses the snows on high;
Then the shivering traveler bows his head
As he toils on his cumbered way,
And dreams of days when the storms are fled
And the spring time's tempered sway
Brings flowers and beauty and love to men.
He thinks to live to be happy then
He thinks—and his heart grows warm again.

VAN.

"*Mon cher* is going away," she whispered. "He is saying farewell. He will get himself killed—I shall not see him ever again—and he says to me, '*ma soeur*.'"

"Little Madeleine," he said, trying to lift her head, "wilt thou not speak to me?"

She glanced up beneath her drooping lids, into his strong, dark face and deep grey eyes. Twice her lips parted, but no sound would come. Then the sobs arose in her throat and choked her. In despair she sank down by the stone and cast her arms about it, crushing her breast against its hardness.

Le Mercier knelt at her side, and lifting one hand from the grey rock, he pressed it against his shoulder and said, "*Ma petite*, do not weep. Tell me what it is! Dost thou think I will not come home—that—but that is nonsense; there is no danger—I will soon come again. But even if it were otherwise, if I should go to certain death, wouldst thou have me stay to save myself like a coward—and our country in peril? Tell me, Madeleine, thou wouldst not that I should be a traitor?"

She lifted herself from the rock. His fine face, softened with tenderness, was very near to her own. She looked at him with mad adoration through the mist in her eyes.

"No—no," she said. "Thou must go; but—but it is such a pity——"

Then she made a movement to arise, and he arose also, assisting her. Then she lifted her eyes to his with a heart-breaking smile. "Farewell, my soldier—my brother!" she said. "I will pray to the Holy Mother for thee, while thou prayest for our country with thy sword."

He smiled, then with a quick impulse drew her to him and pressed his lips upon her white forehead.

"May the great God keep thee from grief, little Madeleine," he said, then released her and turned and walked swiftly past the tall corn, until he was lost to her sight. But she went again to the rock and leaned her cheek upon its coldness, until the stars came out to bless her with their peace.

When Le Mercier returned to the place where his horse should have awaited him, there was no horse to be found, and a search, in which Mother Leblanc and the women took part, disclosed nothing save hoof-prints leading beneath the trees toward the river road. As for the Indian and the Englishman, they also had vanished. And being in great haste, Le Mercier set out to reach his regiment as best he might, on foot.

Along that road had passed Elsmere, some time before. Nearing the bridge he met two Canadians, deserters from the army. Elsmere drew rein before them, and speaking in French, said:

"Messieurs, I am returning to the army you are leaving. Give me then a musket, for mine has been taken from me."

And the Canadian, being willing that another man should bear his gun, provided that he would take his chance of being shot, gave Elsmere his musket, and his comrade, thinking it a pity that the brave soldier should ride with head uncovered to camp, gave him the cap of his uniform.

Then, having the countersign, Elsmere passed without accident the bridge crossing the river, the lines of Vaudreuil, the lines of Montcalm, into the camp of Levis. There remained then to pass but the guard stationed by the Montmorenci. The light had quite faded from the earth when the voice of the sentry challenged him. He gave the password and so was allowed to pass although his way then led straight to the English camp. He crossed the sedgy mud, dismounted, and was almost at once challenged by a broad Irish voice:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance friend, and give the countersign."

Elsmere advanced and in the dim light recognized one of the men of his company.

"Now, Mike, you know me," he said. "Let me pass like a good fellow. I must see the General at once."

"Oh, its Liftinent Elsmere? and it's the Gineral yes wants to see? It's sorry Oi am that Oi can't let yes pass without the countersoign."

"Well, hang you then, arrest me, can't you? But see that I am taken to headquarters at once."

Some time thereafter Elsmere stood in the presence of Wolfe. The light fell upon the Commander's wasted face, as leaning on his arm, he listened to the story of Elsmere's captivity, his escape and the information of the existence of the pass; and when at length Elsmere withdrew he fell back upon his pillow with a hopeful look in his eyes.

. . . . . .

All Canadians know this story, how on the night of the 12th of September, 1759, from the English ships anchored above Quebec, the flat boats were filled with soldiers and drifted down with the tide; how the "*Qui vive*" of the French sentry was passed without the password; how only the dim stars lighted the heavens and the only sound heard was the Commander's low voice lingering upon the prophetic line; "The paths of glory lead but to the grave;" and how the brave volunteers, the twenty-four, climbed the Anse du Foulon and drove the guard from their white tents; and how all that night came the boats from the ships to the landing-place, the men silently taking their places in the ranks upon the Plains. And the story tells that when, in dull grey broke the morning, the English veterans in rank and file four thousand strong, extended from the St. Lawrence to the slow writhing St. Charles; and tells the story, the French marched impetuously forth to give them battle; that the front ranks of the English received against their red-shrouded breasts the leaden hail of the advancing lines, and that as one after another fell, their comrades silently filled up the breaks and presented the same unbroken line of calm faces to the swift advancing enemy. When the two armies fronted each other across forty short paces, the English command to fire levelled a line of black-throated guns; and then through the dim smoke, for one brief instant, was seen an awful sight, the advance ranks of the French, shot through and through, a line of dead men leading the attack; the next they fell prone in the dust. Again the English fired, then to the cry of "Charge," they swept the French before them from the field. Thus ended the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

But, to the English left, where their first swift charge brought them bayonet close to the French, whence had rolled the tide of battle, Elsmere's fair head lay in a pool of blood, and near him a dark-haired Canadian upon whose still, white face the pale sunlight shone.

Slowly he lifted himself upon his arm; through his dim, blue eyes he saw the still face at his side, and painfully he spoke into the deaf ears: "Say to Hélène—tell her to read—the story of Skylla for her comfort—when I am dead." Then he fell back into the blood, a shudder shook his limbs, and he died.

But across the slain came the dark Indian. He bent over the body of the white-faced Canadian, cut, with his knife, the breast of his blue uniform, and laid his hand for a moment upon his heart. Then bending upon one bronze knee, he lifted the soldier across his shoulder. "Me take him to the little squaw," he said.

And the Indian left the battle-field with those who made that last vain stand at the Côte Ste. Genevieve; but there he did not pause, nor did he pause by the way till he laid his burden down upon the white-curtained bed in the little western chamber of the château.

When the light came to the eyes of this soldier and the doors of his ears were unbarred, he saw the face of Madeleine bending over him and heard her voice, like the wail of an angel:

"Ah, *mon cher*, they have killed you now."

And slowly and painfully he raised himself upon his arm and said in a voice as of one awakening from sleep:

"No, no! Once I died for love of Quebec, now I will live for love of thee, my Madeleine." His dim eyes looked adoringly into hers one moment before he sank again into seeming death.

And live he did, although he joined Levis again in that last battle of Sainte-Foy, where Monsieur Villeray got himself gloriously killed. And when peace came to the land, the names of Maurice and Madeleine were ever upon the lips of the people when they spoke of happy love. In time they came to recognize the justice and the benefit of the English rule, and were sad no more for the lilies of France. But of Hélène nothing more is written. The darkness covers her, as the waves closed above her sister, the Skylla of old days.

GERTRUDE E. BARTLETT.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION. *From the painting by G. A. Reid, R.C.A*

ONE SUMMER MORNING.

THE July sun was shining fiercely on the white boarding-house. The garden in front was crowded with flowers that, farther south, had faded long ago. White and red peony roses, Canterbury bells, foxglove, wild roses, and sweet peas ran riot from bed to bed. Wherever space could be found, a syringa, crowned with white, starry blossoms, filled the air with fragrance. In the shadow of the house a lady and her daughter were sitting. Across the lawn, in a clump of pine trees, was a hammock, in which a girl was lying, her hands clasped under her head. With one foot she touched the ground, and so swung lazily to and fro. The ladies by the house were working and sometimes talking in low, even tones.

"Mamma, what brought Edith down here? She seems bored to death all the time."

"She had no choice in the matter, my dear."

The younger lady sighed impatiently and glanced towards the hammock.

"It *is* quiet here, mamma."

"And very beautiful, Eleanor."

"Oh, yes, mamma, for us, but Edith must find it dull."

"I dare say she does."

"Shall I take my work over and talk to her?"

"Not unless you wish to be snubbed."

Again the young lady sighed. For a moment she seemed inclined to risk the snubbing, but thought better of it. The elder lady came to a turn in her work and spread it out on her hands. "I think it will look pretty, Eleanor."

"Oh! lovely, mamma."

"Since you are the eldest, Eleanor, perhaps you should know why Edith is here."

The young lady looked up eagerly, but said nothing.

"From Mrs. Calder's letter it seems that a young gentleman, some Mr. Torcis, has fallen in love with Edith—fallen very far indeed. Mrs. Calder is afraid that Edith has lost her heart to him, or soon will lose it, which amounts to the same thing. So Edith is sent to this quiet, out-of-the-way place, to be taken care of by a trustworthy person. I can't say that I have noticed much improvement in her condition, so far. However, she must soon make friends with some one—man, woman, or child. It is simply out of nature for a girl to be merely civil to everyone about her for more than a week."

"Do you know this Mr. Torcis, mamma?"

"No, my dear; but I believe he is wealthy, rather clever, and a gentleman. Mrs. Calder has nothing to say against him, only that Edith is a great deal too young."

Meanwhile, Edith Calder swung in the hammock with half-shut eyes. Across the road some men were working in a hay-field. She could smell the scent of the hay and clover. Behind the hay-field were other fields of grain, then the woods. Farther down the road was another white house. Beyond that was the beach and then the Bay of Chaleur lay wide and glittering in the sun. Across the bay the faintest outlines of the Gaspé hills rose and fell in round peaks and deep valleys. The beach to the left ended in a long point which ran out and enclosed part of the bay, forming a smaller bay, called the Basin. It was a wide, shallow reach of water, empty and ugly at low tide, bright and sparkling when the tide was full. The girl lay so still that she seemed to be asleep. But the hammock still swung at the slight impulse of her foot.

Down the road from the town a young man was walking towards the bay. He passed the hammock. The girl's yellow-brown eyes opened wide.

"Dick!" she said, softly.

He had seen her before she spoke. Resting one hand on the top of the fence, he sprang over it and threw himself down on the grass.

"It is a beautiful place, Edith."

The girl looked around her.

"I am glad your taste is so correct, Dick.'

The young man laughed gaily. He was much sunburnt. Edith looked at him in silence.

"Where have you been, Dick?"

"On the yacht," he answered, briefly.

The rich color deepened in her cheeks.

"You can't have lost much time."

"I left the same day as you did, and have sailed straight ahead ever since."

Over by the house the elder lady was busy with her work. Eleanor had seen the young man come down the road and leap the fence. She looked from the hammock to her mother, and back. She opened her lips, but shut them again. Then said, "Mamma!"

She said it softly; her mother did not hear.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, Eleanor."

"Look at the hammock, mamma."

The elder lady looked up tranquilly.

"Oh, indeed! Eleanor love, say to Beatrice that I want her to bring her work to the hammock, and tell Tom that it is time for his chapter from Carlyle's French Revolution.

. . . .

"You are looking awfully well, Edith."

"Thank you, I am painfully well."

"Darling," he said, passionately, "haven't you missed me at all? It is an eternity since I have seen you."

"Look towards the house, Dick."

"Oh, bother," he groaned.

Then sprang to his feet and took the rug that Mrs. Gordon was carrying. "Allow me," he said, gravely. They sat down together on chairs and rugs, opened parasols and arranged work.

Edith was standing with ceremonious politeness.

"This is Mr. Torcis, Mrs. Gordon."

After Mrs. Gordon was seated, Edith sank into the hammock again.

"When did you arrive, Mr. Torcis?"

"This morning, Mrs. Gordon."

"Your journey was pleasant?"

"Thank you, the weather could not have been more favorable."

"Do you stay long?"

"No, Mrs. Gordon, I leave to-night."

Edith looked at him, but he would not raise his eyes. A novel that lay in her lap fell to the ground. He picked it up.

"Thank you," she said, with a wistful glance.

"Confound it all," he muttered under his breath.

Edith smiled.

"I am sure Mr. Torcis will excuse us. We read a chapter of Carlyle every afternoon. Begin Tom," said Mrs. Gordon to a boy who was sitting unhappily, with an open book in his hand.

"Certainly. I am going to the town. I may have the pleasure of seeing you again before I leave."

Mrs. Gordon smiled.

"Very well, Mr. Torcis. Good-bye at present."

He lifted his hat, looked at Edith and went back the way he had come.

It was the custom of the place to walk on the beach after tea. The tide came whispering over the sands that night. There was no wind, nothing but the slow rise and fall of the sea's mighty bosom that seems to mark the breathing of the world. In the west the sun had set. Clear, pale, golden light filled the skies. The far away hills were bathed in it. A few ragged clouds in the west burned and glowed. The crimson light faded. The clouds grew cold and

gray. They built a fire upon the beach and sat round it on weather-beaten logs, singing. Edith stood where the sea met the sand, listening to the whispering, rising tide, counting the stars as they pierced, one by one, the distant, vague blue. She did not turn, though she heard him coming.

"I am here, Edith," he said, and waited.

"You must be cold; let me get your jacket."

"See, Dick," she answered, "the tide is full, the water is so high that it is trembling on the rim of the cup—God's great cup that holds the sea."

"Darling, we have only a minute. Don't you love me any more?"

"You know I do, dear old Dick."

"I would say it better, Edith, if I were a cleverer fellow, or if I had more time. But I brought the yacht down—Edith, if you would only come with me. It isn't as if your father didn't like me, or thought I was a bad fellow. The yacht's anchored in the bay. Mrs. Foot is on board and there is an old minister across the bay who would marry us. Edith, will you come?"

"I don't see how I can, Dick."

"The tide turns after three. I would have a boat behind your house in the Basin. It would be so easy."

"It isn't that, Dick. I am afraid it wouldn't be right."

"It is right. Don't you love me, Edith?"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Dear Dick."

Eleanor left the fire and came towards them.

"Mamma says, Edith, that you had better come to the fire, it is so cold out here."

"I was just telling Miss Calder that she must be cold," said Dick, cheerfully.

The tide was falling when they went up the road, towards the house. Dick walked beside Mrs. Gordon.

"Miss Calder is looking awfully well, Mrs. Gordon. I am sure we are all very much obliged to you," he said, when they reached the gate.

"The assurance of that young man," said Mrs. Gordon to herself. "The assurance of that young man. I will let them say good-bye alone," she thought, as she walked up the gravel path.

"Edith, darling, will you come? There are the lights of the yacht over the bay. Will you come?"

"Yes," she said, simply, "I will come."

He uttered a low cry of joy but checked himself.

"At three, on the shore of the Basin. And Edith, don't come through the fields, the grass will be wet."

"Very well," she answered. "Good-night."

The night was dark and still. Edith lay in her room looking at the darkness with wide strained eyes. Through the open window floated the cool night air, strong with the breath of the sea and sweet with the scent of the syringas. The girl lay without moving. Everyone else in the house was asleep. Sometimes she drew a long troubled breath. It was the only sound that broke the brooding quiet of the room. She slipped her hand under the pillow and drew out her watch. She groped in the dark for a match.

"No," she said, "it can't be time yet."

After a while the clock downstairs struck two. She waited for a quarter of an hour then rose and lit the lamp. Choosing a warm dark dress she made herself ready slowly and carefully. She put on a soft cap and stepping to the glass, smiled at the pale reflected face. She looked round the room. The little bed was neatly turned out; everything was in order. Blowing out the light, she took her shoes in her hand, opened the door and stole downstairs. At the foot of the stairs she paused to listen breathlessly. She unlocked the door and stepped cautiously over the gravel to the gate. Outside the gate was a horse-block. She sat down and slipped on her shoes. Behind her was a syringa bush. The branches reached through the fence and scattered the dewy, perfumed petals over her. Standing up, she drew a deep breath. The great sky stretched over her head, dark with clouds. All about her was the wide, extended country, silent, mysterious. She glided down the dark road. Before her, on the beach, some French fishermen had a fire burning. It glowed like a red eye. What if she should meet someone! The hillside was steep. It was hard to find a footing. The thistles struck sharply against her ankles. She reached the beach of the Basin and felt the soft sand under her feet. She strained her eyes, but could see nothing. There was a sound of water lapping against the keel of a boat. The boat was close beside her, rocking gently as the tiny waves came and went. Through the darkness loomed a tall, unfamiliar figure. A sudden fear struck her heart.

"Edith," said Dick.

"I didn't know you," she said, half-laughing, half-crying.

He placed her on the cushions in the stern, and put the tiller ropes in her hands.

"Steer us out, my captain."

"I can't see," she objected.

"Never mind; hold the lines anyway.

She could see the stems of the pine trees on the point, against the sky. It was the only light in the world.

"We are going out with the last of the tide, Edith. Now we are in the channel."

The steady ray from the lighthouse, hidden before, now shone on the quivering water by the side of the boat. They are rowing towards the gray light in the east. The surface of the water caught every gleam, and glimmered and quivered with strange lights and shadows. Far ahead shone the lights on the yacht. The great curtain of cloud above them began to slip away. Solitary stars shone overhead. And deepening, spreading, widening, came on the mysterious light in the east. The bosom of the ocean grows golden and flushes. Dick rows on steadily. With free, glad motion he flings back his shoulders and bends again to the oar. His eyes are fixed on Edith's face. She sits with clasped hands and parted lips, while the great world around her seems to be waking to a heaven of beauty.

"Dick," she whispers, looking at him with wide eyes, "I never knew there was anything like this in the world."

"And I never dreamed," he answered, "that there was such joy in the world for me."

She looked away again to the leaping light ahead of them. A mile away the yacht floated on the dreaming water, her delicate masts and spars outlined against the sky.

"Dick, dear," she cried, letting the lines slip out of her hands, "I can't go. The world is so wide and beautiful, so old and wise, and we two are but two, and so young." He looked away and kept on rowing.

"What difference will a few years make? It is so foolish to run away like this. Dear Dick, won't you take me back?"

He would not look at her, but kept on rowing.

"It isn't because I don't love you, Dick, for I do dearly; but I can't go."

He shipped the oars without a word and set the sail. The little boat turned its head towards the land and sprang to the waking breeze. The sun came up behind them and made the path of the boat golden.

"You are not angry, Dick? I never loved you so much as I do now, but I really couldn't go."

The tears stood in her eyes. He turned to her at last and smiled.

"I can't say that I am very happy, darling; but perhaps, after all, you are right. Other fellows have had to wait, and I suppose I can too."

The boat grounded on the beach. Dick lifted her out.

"I never would wear a ring before, but I will now, if you give me yours, Dick."

She blushed as she spoke.

"Let me put it on myself, Edith. Good-bye, darling."

He sprang into the boat and pushed off. Edith stood on the shore till she could see his face no longer. The morning sunbeams shot under the pine trees and lay on her path as she hurried along the dark road that led through the woods. The ground was covered with pine needles. A grayish white moss hung on the branches of the trees and spread a fairy carpet around the girl as she walked on. The fresh morning air was scented with the pine.

She reached the gate, and opening it, went across the grass to the hammock. It was early, no one was stirring. She swung to and fro in the hammock, and had almost fallen asleep, when the door of the house opened and Eleanor ran up the gravel path. Shading her eyes with her hand, she looked up and down the road. Mrs. Gordon came to the door.

"I don't see her anywhere, mamma, but her room is just as usual."

"Are you looking for me?" called Edith.

"Oh, Edith, is that you?" cried Eleanor, coming towards the hammock. "I thought —— Where in the world have you been?'

"Why, *in* the world. I suppose breakfast will soon be ready? Call me, please, when it is."

She closed her eyes and nestled her cheek against her hand.

"Be sure to call me · I am very hungry," she murmured.

Eleanor looked puzzled, sighed, and went to her mother, who was waiting at the door.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

GEMS FROM THE PARIS SALON.

The art center of Europe and, indeed, of the whole world, is Paris. Her national and private schools, her galleries enriched with the best work of ancient and modern masters, encourage the student to his best efforts. The opening of the Salon Exhibition each year is the great art event, and from the thousands of examples offered to the committee, the choicest are hung on its walls. We have given fragments of some of these examples, and have crowded into the space of our double page some of those gems which embody the principal features and style of treatment of the best pictures exhibited there during the past three years.

No. 1, "Holland Flower Girls," by George Hitchcock, represents two girls framed in dainty white caps, dressed in bright blue and gray, which contrast charmingly with the floor strewn with tulips of bright colors, which they are tying up into bouquets, ready to take to the market. The refined combination of colors and the lifelike vivacity of the girls is the charm of this picture.

No. 2, by A. Lynch, is a boating scene, showing in most marked contrast the hardy life of the toiler of the sea, with his rough clothing and unkempt hair, his watchful eye as he looks at the merciless and greedy ocean, and the dainty figure of the young girl who feels in his presence a safety and security which give zest and pleasure to all her surroundings.

No. 3, "Herring Fishing," by G. Harquette. No artist is better fitted, by association, to paint the hardy fishermen. The boatmen are drawing in the seine, in which are tangled many small herring. The action is very good, and you can almost see the little boat go tossing on the billows.

No. 4 is a body of French cavalry by Elizabeth Butler. They are about leaving some quiet Breton village where they have bivouacked for the night, and, as they pass out of the gateway, they draw their sabres and shout good-bye to the inhabitants collected to bid them farewell.

No. 5, "An Open-Air Restaurant," by Edwin L. Weeks, shows a charming fragment of an Oriental scene. This picture is full of detail, representing a mosque in the background with little booths in the open space in front. In the direct foreground is an open-air restaurant, with pots and pans and a steaming caldron.

No. 6, a picture by R. Fleming, is a scene which brings to mind events of greatest interest to every reader of history. "A Soldier of 1796," ragged, patched and forlorn, is represented traveling through snow and slush. The artist has infused into this picture the Frenchman's pride and love of Napoleon, which is reflected in the face of the soldier as he smokes his pipe in perfect contentment and plods along undaunted.

No. 7, "A Party in the Country," by J. R. Gaubie, is a scene of altogether a different nature. Instead of frost and snow there are warmth and sunlight instead of the hardened soldier tramping on his way to carnage there is a beautiful woman on a graceful horse.

No. 8, "The Lone Fisherman," by J. E. Gueldry. This picture shows a calm sea and, as if to harmonize with his surroundings, a single figure of a fisherman is placed in the foreground, quietly considering the weight and value of one small fish he has taken in his net. There is not a cloud in the sky and the sleepy atmosphere imparts to the beholder the restful quiet the artist has portrayed so admirably.

No. 9, "A Villa near Algiers," by F. A. Bridgman, is a scene most characteristic of this artist. An Oriental court or garden is shown with fountains and plants bathed in the rich, warm sunshine. In the foreground sits a young girl at a curiously-constructed table, on which is stretched a frame for embroidering, and she is drawing through the strands of golden thread which make the greatest part of Eastern tapestry. On her left and behind her are her sisters, the one intent on the flowers she has just picked and the other watching closely the stitches. On the right of the picture sits the slave, good-naturedly smiling while she munches a date.

No. 10 is a painting by A. Brouillet, entitled "Suzanne," and represents one of those fascinating but false women so common in the gay French capital. She sits with eyes cast down and witching smile, while her admirers crowd around her.

No. 11, "Waiting for the Lock to Open," by Mademoiselle Archille-Fould, is a picture full of life and action. There is to be a boat race and the lovers of this sport have turned out in force. The race is evidently going to be rowed on the broad, smooth surface of the canal, and our picture represents the spectators crowded into the great lock while the ponderous gates behind have been closed. Then the water is turned on, while the boats rise gradually amid jest and joke, until now they are on the level with the stretch of water in the canal above, and the upper gates are thrown open that the light skiffs may shoot out.

The Salon of pictures in Paris contained in 1890 4,628 examples of art, and some of these were by Canadian artists, who received high honors.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

MY CHRISTMAS IN ALGIERS.

A cold, crisp Christmas, with snowflakes and frost outside and a great blazing fire within, where visions of ghost stories, plum pudding and Santa Claus mingle in sweet confusion for weeks to come, where holly and mistletoe are everywhere and the air is gay with carols as are our hearts with joy and "good will toward men!" Oh, the peaceful, happy Christmas of our Christian nations!

Shall I ever forget the contrast of this Christmas in Algiers? The waving palms, the sultry hot wind from the desert mingling with the odors from the crowded perfumed bazars, and like a great black blot upon my memory stands out the hideous rite with which the day ended, as these Mohammedans celebrated our holy feast of Christmas.

As if in mockery, the Arabs congregated outside the little English church, staring in open-mouthed wonder at the simple religion which called for no self-inflicted tortures from its devotees—a worship which demands no bloodshed or sacrifice is a continual source of speculation and regret.

It had been a gloomy day for Christmas. Perhaps our guide thought to divert us when, in a mysterious whisper, he pointed away toward the ancient quarter of the Deys, murmuring something about an Arab Christmas celebration we might be fortunate enough to witness, provided we could maintain a discreet silence and follow his stealthy footsteps! We were fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to accomplish this expedition, thus becoming eye-witnesses to this fanatic performance—a horrible relic of barbarism still extant in this civilized nineteenth century.

The energy born of a belief in persecution inflicted for the sake of future felicity or in penance for present sins, has been the theme of endless criticism among writers upon the subject of religious observances in the East. In fact, one finds it hard to believe that such examples of physical endurance under self-inflicted torture can exist. The law of self-preservation, the motto, "*Errare humanum est*," are so strong in Christian civilization that the tendency is rather to shrink from self-accusation than to resort to the energetic measures of exorcism practiced by the heathen of long ago. Yet in this civilized age, in this seemingly civilized city of Algiers, there remains a sect of Mohammedans whose penance for sin is as strict and cruelly self-imposed to-day as in the ancient times. It may be for stealing a horse, or for cheating a neighbor, or taking the name of Allah in vain. Who may tell for what these stately, white-robed Arabs scourge themselves? Enough that, light as is the offence, Allah must be avenged, and conciliation is only attained by the dance "Aissaoui."

The dance Aissaoui is a performance which the votaries of Sidi Mohammed alone indulge in—secret, of course, from the watchful eye of the French government, and secret, too, from all eyes but those who, in memory of former days when worship of sun gods, idols and fire stirred their race to untold horrors, find in this observance some of the religious ecstasy described by their fathers and grandfathers as atonement for sin and the inspiration of Sidi Mohammed bin Aissa, their god.

That we saw this ceremony through the machinations of a traitor goes without saying. Mystery attended our going from the first. Very mysterious was the communication of our guide, and still more clandestine the gathering of our little party at the foot of a given palm tree, where we stood trembling with excitement. Suddenly a white-robed figure darted ahead out of the night, and our guide, apparently not perceiving him, and with a motion to us not to betray his presence, started in pursuit. How can I describe the maze into which he led us! Alleys, not more than three feet wide; streets that were just a flight of steps—always ascending; the projecting roofs on either side scarcely permitting us to see the line of starlight sky above, places so narrow that the ghost-like figures of the Arabs stealing to and fro were forced to press themselves against the houses to give us passage. What sights we saw through those Eastern entrances, what riches of Moorish decoration, what subjects for artists or writers! Here a family engaged in embroidery, the father sitting cross-legged on straw matting, the half-naked boys arranging or sorting the brilliant colored silks, and the whole scene lighted by a flaming Eastern lamp suspended from the rafters; in the next shop a "tonsorial artist" plying his trade, or delicately staining the finger and toe nails of his patron with red henna. There a leather merchant among the yellow and red morocco, and here again a worker in copper. Now we came upon a coffee house—that sight so foreign to strangers' eyes—the long, bold divans, the turbaned heads resting against white walls, the line of shoes before each seat, and the occupants sitting cross-legged upon elegant cushions, sipping their coffee from wonderful beaten brass tumblers or fine little porcelain cups. For a moment we would hear the thrum of an Arab guitar made of skin and decorated in gold and red. The next it would be the voice of a Moorish mother singing her baby to rest with the low monotonous drone in B minor.

Suddenly a turn would reveal the interior of a smoking house, with the white figures and long hookahs, forming picturesque groups through the gloom, and always a few yards ahead we could distinguish the form of the Arab, upon whom our guide depended to lead us through this labyrinth of tangled byways and alleys. Suddenly we turned into a place more narrow, blacker than any we had entered. There was no lamp to show the pitfalls here, and, but for walking in line, our hands resting on the shoulders of the one in front, we must have stumbled and fallen or lost ourselves completely in the night. When we emerged there was a wider space ahead, and a lamp showed us our guide, looking perplexedly about. The Arab had disappeared; two dusky figures, bare-legged and clad in rough Arab carpets, the Turkish fez for cap, leaned idly against the wall. These were Nubians. The Arab's work was done; he had betrayed the hiding-place of his fellows and glided off as mysteriously as he had appeared and none of us had seen his face. These two black boys only laughed to see the anxious glances exchanged among the foreigners and skipped off ahead beckoning us, with a knowing wink, to follow. More steps, more slippery cobbled alleys, more darkness; then there broke upon our ear the weird, unearthly sounds attending the festival Aissaoui. If the slave who admitted me was brought by Arab number one, and therefore expected us, I know not; nor am I responsible for the seemingly doubtful veracity of what I am to relate. I will try faithfully to record what I saw, and if it was in part a farce and a mean, deceptive trick, so much the better for the credit of the French Republic, which boasts to have conquered, civilized, and in part refined, the haughtiest race under the sun.

A winding, vaulted passage led us into a square room. Imagine an open court paved in red tiles, an arcade all around, and above, a balcony supported by pillars. On three sides there were rooms opening from the court; on the fourth a flight of steps and benches arranged on either side along the wall. By the dim light in the surrounding rooms we could perceive figures arrayed in costly silks and white, gently swaying back and forth, as if unconscious of anything but the scene before them. These were spectators and pilgrims, and some, the guide told us, belonged to noble and wealthy families in Algiers. From the balcony above peered anxious women's faces, veiled to the eyes. These women kept up a continual low moan, and occasionally joined in the most unearthly yell. But the main interest centered in the court below, where a dozen or more natives squatted on the ground in a circle, swaying, howling, shouting or laughing in a fiendish manner as the spirit moved them, beating with unceasing sameness of tune upon their tam-tams an even, monotonous noise, performed with head, elbow and hand. In the center of the group was a small arrangement of stone and tiles (perhaps an altar), on either side of which were two chanfrets of red hot coals. Attached to the pillars on all four sides of the court were flaring oil lamps, which threw a weird, uneven light upon the circle below, but so arranged that our corner beneath the balcony was entirely in shadow and was quite unobserved by the excited participants in the fête. They seemed unconscious of our entrance, and a great clay water-jug shielded us from the view of those beyond. The scene was barbarous in the extreme—the

deafening sound of the tam-tams, the shouting of the men, the moaning of the women, with now and then that terrible savage scream which began in a high note and sank gradually away to a chatter such as monkeys give as they lean their heads against the bars of their cages.

After an interval one of the players was "inspired by Aissa." With a yell he threw aside his tambour, rushed into the center of the ring, commencing a frantic dance. The Makaddan (head of the order) arose, and, taking his burnous from his shoulders, endeavored to enfold the now contorted brother therein, but, with fearful violence, the other seized it, wound it about his person, tossed it over his head and stamped it under his feet. The noise of the drums grew louder as the subject became more frantic. We clung to our seats in cold terror as the voice of our guide came to us in a calm whisper: "No matter what happens—only keep cool; they will not harm you!" Now another has become "inspired." The monkey screams are repeated again and again. There are two now throwing themselves in maniacal ecstasy; the burnous is between them; a bunch of broom is thrown into the ring; both struggle for it; between them it is lighted in the furnace; their hands and arms are thrust into the flames; one has also seized a bundle of dry flax, has ignited it, and to my horror I see him press the flaming mass to his bare chest and into his open mouth. Soon he falls exhausted and another takes his place. The one seizes a red-hot iron from the fire; it burns his hair; smoke arises; I see him draw his hands across it and lay it on his foot with yells and howls of pain; the master carries him away and immediately another rushes forward. I have had enough and would leave the terrible scene; but this last fanatic fascinates me. He is young and beautifully built. His white "gandoura" and blue-and-gold jacket seem one garment as he whirls past me into the court, hair, arms, clothing, one dizzy whole. What will he do?—what can he do more than theothers? There is a cactus plant growing in a jar in one corner of the court, a species of prickly pear, with its tough leaves covered thickly with long thorns. This he seizes, as his wild dance brings him in its vicinity. The weird music swells and falls as the victim throws himself on the ground beside the fire. Crouching low before the altar, he places his forehead on the ground, and, thus humiliated,

he ravenously devours the thorny petals. As if this were not enough, he springs again to his feet, and, seizing one of the pots of coal, he twirls it about his head until the surface is glowing red. The Makaddan kneels beside it. In a second the cruel deed is done, and we see the gray impression of the boy's naked foot upon the red-hot fire, while he is off and away with a cry of fiendish joy, and, unlike his predecessor, he takes his place among his fellows, apparently without pain. It is too dreadful, too uncanny to recount—the spiked iron thrust into the flesh, the knotted cord, the jagged sword blade. One would have forced out his eye, but Mohammed, by the mouth of his servant Makaddan, forbids the deed. Another threw himself upon a sword, and a gray-haired man played with fire as if it were harmless as earth. There came a murmur among the spectators—the first I had heard—and the word "Scorpion!" fell upon my ear. Truly I had never expected to behold that most terrible of reptiles, whose sting is instant death and whose touch is sure poison. But it was true. They brought them in an earthen vessel, and I must confess that American curiosity got the better of American manners, for "see them" we would, and see them we did. In color a pale pink, in form long and narrow, with many legs and a squirming sidewise motion like a crab. We shivered as the things were carried past; but horror of horrors was reached when a fine tall fellow seized one, fearlessly tore it to pieces and devoured it before our eyes. His motions were already so violent that I was anxious to witness what further effects the scorpion would produce; but in trying to investigate the subject of scorpions we had pressed forward from our shadowy cover. Alas for us! in seeing we had been seen. The effect was instantaneous; but, in respect to our self-esteem, I will say we left with more haste than dignity. The truth—"*entre nous*"—is, they let the scorpions escape in our midst! and for days afterward each member of that clandestine party of visitors to the dance "Aissaoui" imagined every passing sensation the warning throb of coming dissolution, and an imaginary death from scorpion poison haunted us constantly.

MISS M. THROOP.

WYCH-HAZEL.

(Prize Poem.)

The false sun now more distant shines,
And of his smiles more tardy grows;
The red of maples and the vines
Falls to the earth; and swollen flows
The meadow brook, and goes its way
With leaves of willow overspread;
And from its branches bare and gray
The beech's rusty robe has fled.

But now, as if the weeping earth
Tried to woo back her fickle swain,
Glows in the woods this second-birth;
The magic hazel blooms again!

It seems of summer to remind,
Of waving grain and flowers fair;
A golden thread of Youth entwined
With frosty Age's thin gray hair;
And prophet of the distant Spring,
A time when all again is bright,
When flowers shall bloom and birds shall sing,
A time of sweetness, love and light!

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

LET HIM KEEP AWAY.

Chollie—Her father has a club-foot.
Chappie—Golly, but I'd hate to get kicked by him.

A CHANGE OF TREATMENT.

Jack—Ethel used to treat Tom very coldly before she married him.
Harry—Well, she has changed her programme now. She constantly makes things hot for him.

NOT THEIR WAY.

"You never know a man is a fool if he keeps his mouth shut.",
"True, but did you ever know a fool who knew enough to keep his mouth shut?"

HARD TO TAKE.

Patient—What do you prescribe for me?
Doctor—O, you only need something to amuse you.
Patient—Then you advise me to take a joke.

QUICK AT REPARTEE.

Ethel—He asked me if I would have him for a husband.
Maud—What is he worth?
Ethel—Worth having.

LUCIA.

I LAY quite still; possibly nothing else suggested itself. Except that my surroundings were wild and strange and the visit unexpected, it took no great presence of mind to remain apparently unconscious of the uninvited presence in my lonely camp of a pretty little Amazon. As I glanced furtively, almost breathlessly from beneath the wide rim of the sombrero which had shielded my face from the light of the great, gorgeous Mexican moon of the past night, I decided that she could hardly be called an Amazon, her figure was so *petite*, her face so gentle yet so bright with the spirit of fun. The skirt of blue cloth, scantily embroidered with yellow silk, reached but little below her knees, concealing the high buckskin tops of her tiny but elaborately ornamented moccasins. The loose blue waist, the black sash with flowing ends, the little cap which covered her clustering curls—none of these were Amazonian, but to my senses, starved by loneliness, they were bewitching.

I dared not stir lest this mountain fairy take flight. My blanket covered me up to the chin, the high horn of the saddle which had been my pillow helped to screen my face. My first impulse was to laugh, not that this little adventure was funny, but I always feel like laughing, possibly in a hysterical sort of a way, when I am highly interested and don't know what else to do. I am sorry to say this impulse almost invariably comes upon me when I am at a funeral and am expected to weep.

"Oh, the sleepy fellow," she whispered softly as she tried to peep behind the horn of the saddle. "He would have lain here all day had I not come."

Then with a little laugh and a touch of that motherly tenderness which women so often show to those for whom they care by performing a portion of the loved one's labor, she unfastened the long lariat which held my horse and led him into camp. Putting the bridle upon his head she talked to herself in pretty Spanish. "The bad boy, he has not kept clean the bridle I gave him, but men are so thoughtless!" The lariat, gathered into many loops, was held over one arm as she stole up to me, snatched the sombrero from my face and cried out, "Ho, ho, Juan."

The quick, sharp cry of alarmed surprise which followed, was embarrassing. I didn't know whether to get up and apologize for not being somebody else or lie still and possibly avoid frightening her by my activity.

"Good morning, senorita," I mumbled apologetically. "I am sure I am much obliged to you for putting the bridle upon my horse."

Retreating a few steps and holding her little hand over her frightened heart she answered with charming *naivete*, "I had thought you were Juan—Juan Peria, you know."

"I am very sorry for Juan Peria that he is not I, but very glad for my sake that I am not he." This attempt at gallantry was very clumsily made, and as my Spanish was not very good I am afraid she did not see the force of it.

"No—certainly you are not Juan Peria. You startled me."

"I really hope that you will excuse me for having caused the mistake, but will you permit me to get up and explain how it occurred?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered with a touch of bravado, at the same time retreating a few steps further away.

As a man emerges from beneath his blanket after a night's sleep with a saddle for his pillow and the beard and dirt of a couple of days' travel darkening his face, he never presents a very inviting or even respectable appearance. Hurriedly pushing back the hair which had tangled itself over my forehead and after making my courtliest bow, I put on the sombrero which was too small for me.

"Juan Peria is employed by the firm for whom I am manager," I explained, "and the night before I left the camp of which he is in charge, I had all my clothing stolen with my horse and saddle and bridle as well—indeed everything except the trowsers and shirt in which I was sleeping and the blanket which was over me——"

"Ah," she exclaimed, "I did not recognize the blanket and I wondered."

"—As the garments of your friend were the only ones in the camp which fitted me and his horse was the best one, I bought them of him——"

"And did he sell you the bridle?" she interrupted, her face saddening.

Now, having overheard her comment as she put the bridle on my horse, I knew it had been a gift from this pretty senorita to the dark-browed Peria. Here was an opportunity for me to do a generous act by shielding Juan from the result of his heartlessness and protect one who was probably his sweetheart from the discovery that her lover valued money more than the gift over which she had toiled. But I had paid a good round price for the bridle and I was not sure that I owed Juan for any favors, not even for loyal service. Moreover, there must have been a temptation to make her think less of her lover that she might think a little bit more of me, and I admitted the purchase. Her dark eyes flashed angrily, and as you are perhaps aware, the beautiful and slumberous orbs of a Mexican woman can flash in such a way as to make a man sorry he spoke.

"He does not love me," she exclaimed, "or he would not sell my gift." Then the fierce light died out of her eyes and the pretty red lips trembled as if she were about to cry. "It took me nearly a year," she half sobbed, "to put away money enough to buy the silk, and the making of it was more than a month's work. Do you think, senor, he would have sold it if he loved me?"

No doubt I was weaker at this renewal of the temptation than before, for I admitted promptly, almost eagerly, that while no one could help loving her the sale of anything which had been made by the pretty hands of senorita did not indicate the devotion which I already felt for her.

"Oh, senor, I had forgotten," she exclaimed excitedly. "Saddle your horse. We must away."

The suggestion that "we" must away was eminently satisfactory and I began to saddle my horse with the greatest alacrity, feeling it unnecessary to question the good fortune which was to give me so fair a companion.

"Victoria and the Apaches," she explained with rising excitement, "are in the Rancharia and we shall have to go through the foot hills and up the Rio Carmen. I know the trail." Springing lightly into the saddle of her pony which had been picketed on a little mesa above the Window Pass where I had been sleeping, we cantered rapidly over the divide of the Sierras which lie some fifty miles south of the Rio Grande. It was a strangely picturesque place near the top of the mountains and as it was approached from the valley beneath, overhanging cliffs gave the notch through which the trail passed the appearance of a window and from this it took its name.

I was so enamoured of my beautiful companion that it was strange that I had sense enough to keep from questioning her, but her loveliness had so impressed me that I could think of nothing else. As the ponies slackened on a steep and dangerous part of the trail, she turned to me and with a searching glance exclaimed interrogatively, "You don't greatly like Juan Peria, senor?"

"Indeed yes, senorita. Do I not trust him with the management of a portion of my business? Why should you suspect me of disliking him?"

"Ah, yes, you may trust him with your business and not—not—not admire him. You told me that he had sold you my gift."

"Admire him? Certainly. He is a very handsome man."

At this point a trail but slightly marked branched from the main pass through sage brush and ragged rocks and as she rode ahead of me I made up

"ONCE WHEN HER HORSE STUMBLED."

my mind to divert, if possible, the conversation from any further reference to the silent and masterful Mexican whose horse I rode and whose clothing I wore. As the trail widened I cantered alongside of her and as she turned to speak I began:

"You have not told me, senorita, how you happened by mistaking me for another, to rescue me from the danger of passing the Rancharia."

"Two days ago, senor, when Enrico Garcia came up from your camp with letters for the mail, he told me that Juan would leave on Wednesday night to meet your camp at Ojo Calienta, and that same day Captain Blanco told us that Victoria had crossed the river with his Apaches and had gone into the Rancharia, so I set out yesterday noon to warn Juan. I knew where he always camped and so it was not hard to find you. How came you, senor, to sleep where he always does?"

"Because he told me it was the safest place and had the best grass along the trail."

"Some day—or some night," she corrected herself with the solemn look of one engaged in prophecy—"there will be a terrible massacre where you slept, for it is the end of the Apache ride and they go into camp there in the morning when they cross the river below Cantaracio and they go there always when going back to the States after their raids in here. I have begged Juan not to

sleep there but he always will. He is not very easily persuaded, is he, senor?"

"No, senorita, he is firm, but a man must be who has charge of many servants."

"Then you must be very firm, senor, for you command many more than he."

"Perhaps," I answered uneasily. It was very embarrassing to be questioned by this young woman. "Pray, senorita, may I ask the name of my rescuer?"

"Lucia Garcia," she answered, "and my father Jose Garcia drives the stage from San Felipe to El Paso. And how came you, senor, to take this journey instead of Juan Peria?"

"Because, senorita, I had not received an expected message from those whom I serve and deemed it best to look after this enterprise personally."

. . . . . .

At noon time I shared her lunch of tortillas and dried meat and she accepted a bit of cheese and a biscuit from my none too sumptuous provision. When once we got talking, led on at first by her astute questioning, but growing confidential as she listened with such ready sympathy, I told her of my life in the far East, the disappointments which had brought me to the plains, and I assured her of something I had never felt before, that I intended never to leave these mountains and prairies, but should find a wife from amongst the fair daughters of the llanos of Mexico and see the cities and storms and snows of my native land no more.

She, too, told me of herself and the poverty of her home, and how when her father got drunk she sometimes had to drive the stage, that for two years she had been betrothed to Juan Peria, that she often wondered if the women of cities, those who could read and write and did not have to work, were not very much happier that she could ever hope to be. As the ponies grew tired and panted with thirst and fatigue when we cantered, our pace grew slower and the path so narrow that when we rode side by side the prettily rounded arm in its blue sleeve sometimes touched mine, and once when her horse stumbled and nearly fell, her hand was reached out as if for help and I caught it in mine. Never before had I felt such a thrill, and as her soft dark eyes looked gratefully up into mine as she thanked me, life with her forever by my side seemed the greatest ecstasy of possible bliss.

"My horse is not stumbling now, senor," she smiled, and I released her hand with the unuttered question on my lips if I might not keep it forever.

When the sun—that semi-tropical sun with its evening splendor so unlike the cold rays which are so satisfying to us in the north—went down, we were still journeying, and the shadows of the mountains darkened the last few miles of the rock-strewn pass before it opened amidst pinyon trees in the valley of the Rio Carmen. Scenting the water afar, the ponies broke into a canter. The last long level bars of fading light still gleamed softly down the valley and across the beautiful face beside me, and with a slight flush on her cheeks and a deep almost pathetic look in her eyes, she answered my long and ardent gaze without turning from me. With her hand again in mine we rode along, the ponies hanging their heads as if dispirited by discovering the unsuspected distance to the stream. Releasing her hand I sought to clasp her waist and kiss her, but leaning from me and striking her pony with the quirt, she cried, "No, senor, no, no."

I felt that I had offended her in taking a liberty no man should take before declaring his love and offering all that a man has to offer.

Should I offer it? Would she accept? Had she not shown her preference for me? Had not her words proven that she longed for a life that Juan Peria could never give her?

It was now night, but bright and beautiful, and the tall cotton-woods by the river, standing sentry over the water for which our ponies were thirsting, announced that our journey was nearly over. As the ponies buried their noses in the limpid stream, I again touched her hand and asked if my impetuousness had been forgiven.

"Yes, senor—that is if the evil thought of me which prompted it has been forgotten."

With impassioned words I assured her that a man must be as evil as Satan himself to think her aught but an angel.

The ponies lifted their heads and rubbed their noses against each other, and mine then threw his head over the neck of the other and rubbed his silken bridle against the mane of his companion. The shadows of the cotton-woods fell dark upon the murmuring water, and the cry of a coyote from the thither bank broke the stillness of the awkward pause when passion made excuses but love offered no promise. As the ponies climbed the bank and with freshened energy cantered along the level trail, I asked myself why should not I accept the life I had pictured to Lucia as my ideal. Why not marry her, so beautiful and yet so good. My whole soul had gone out to her even while I reminded myself that in the west where men see so few of the fair sex every woman is an angel. Though my better sense urged the brevity of the acquaintance more generous sentiment recalled the service she had done me, that she, indeed, had perhaps saved me from death, and I had almost resolved then and there to ask her to be mine. Thoughts of the old home, however, seemed mysteriously to steal up from the river, and I saw again the farm house, the barns on the knoll, the orchard, the cattle in the pasture, the colts racing down the lane, the woodland by the creek, and the folk by the fireside. What would they think if I were to bring home a foreigner, one who could neither read nor write, whose only accomplishments were braiding bridles, making quirts, baking tortillas, and perhaps dingling a few tunes on a guitar? Would she seem so sweet and attractive amidst women who knew so much more, whose religion was less a superstition, whose love contained more of duty and less of fancy?

As she rode beside me those beautiful eyes now and then glanced up at me and she seemed to read my thoughts.

"You have become sad, senor. You are thinking of home."

"Yes, senorita, I am thinking of home." While thoughts such as these were crowding my mind, my lips could frame neither flatteries nor falsehoods, and yet the sight of that slender figure and that intense and beautiful face made me long to gather her in my arms and be comforted after all those years of lonely wandering, by the loving sympathy of a woman.

"We are at home, senor. Here is San Felipe."

Swinging down the declivity we regained the main trail and stood at the bars of a tumble-down corral, with low adobe buildings surrounding a little courtyard.

. . . . . .

Next morning I rode away with the question of my heart still unasked. Even though Lucia's mother was ill-clad and her father slightly tipsy and her little brothers and sisters barefoot and not recently washed, her own charms grew in strength by comparison, and the thought came again and again that if she were taken far away from such surroundings, her former existence amidst them need make no difference.

"SHE DREW DOWN HIS DARK FACE AND KISSED HIM."

A week later my pony again rubbed his nose against the bars of the lonely stage station of San Felipe. Taking off his bridle and saddle and throwing them beside the crumbling wall, I hurried to the little courtyard with my saddle bags and blanket over my arm. As I was about to enter, another horseman cantered to the gate and Juan Peria sprang from the saddle with expressions of pleasure at having found me. The long awaited message had arrived at my camp and he had hastened forward with it; he hoped senor would excuse him for having for a few days left his other duties behind him. I felt like upbraiding him for not sending a peon, but I knew it was jealousy which prompted the complaint and restrained myself. Together we entered the little courtyard. Lucia, who had been standing in the doorway, advanced to meet us. Pausing irresolutely for an instant with a look towards me which flashed a message of what might have been, she ran into Juan's embrace and with her pretty arms around his neck drew down his dark face and kissed him.

She had settled the question for us both. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

VERY FINE.

Clergyman—Adam named all living creatures before he was expelled from Eden.

Miss Devout—What a fine Latin scholar he must have been.

AT THE DINNER TABLE.

Mrs. Hashly—The good die young.

Mr. Starboarder—That is especially true of chickens.

THE REASON.

She—Why is a man said to foot a bill?

He—Probably because he always kicks at having to pay it.

CERTAINLY.

Chappie—In your opinion, does love spring from the brain or from the heart?

Maud—From the heart, of course. Why, even you dudes fall in love sometimes.

THE REASON.

Spacer—There is a dissolute air about that editor's office.

Liner—That is probably because you always keep his waste-basket full.

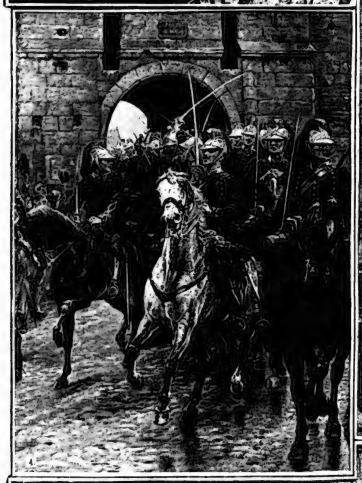
The Four Seasons

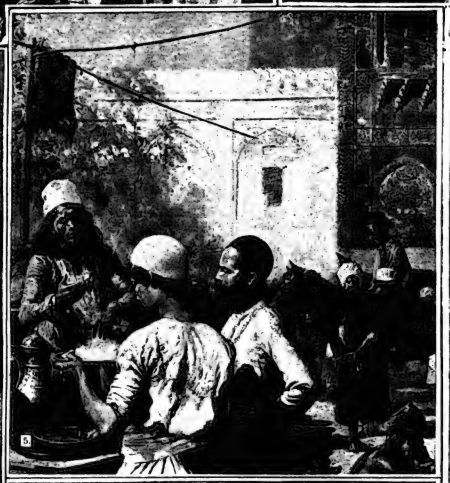
"IN Spring the young man's fancy turns"—
And mine turned toward sweet May.
We wandered o'er the mountain side
And vowed to love alway,
Till in a tiff she bade me go
She's married now, they say.

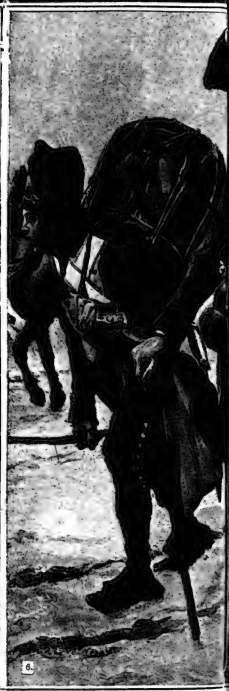
'TIS Summer now, and at the Springs
I first meet beauteous Daisy;
We ride together, talk of love,
And glide through waltzes mazy;
I vow to ask her hand each day,
But wait, because — I'm lazy.

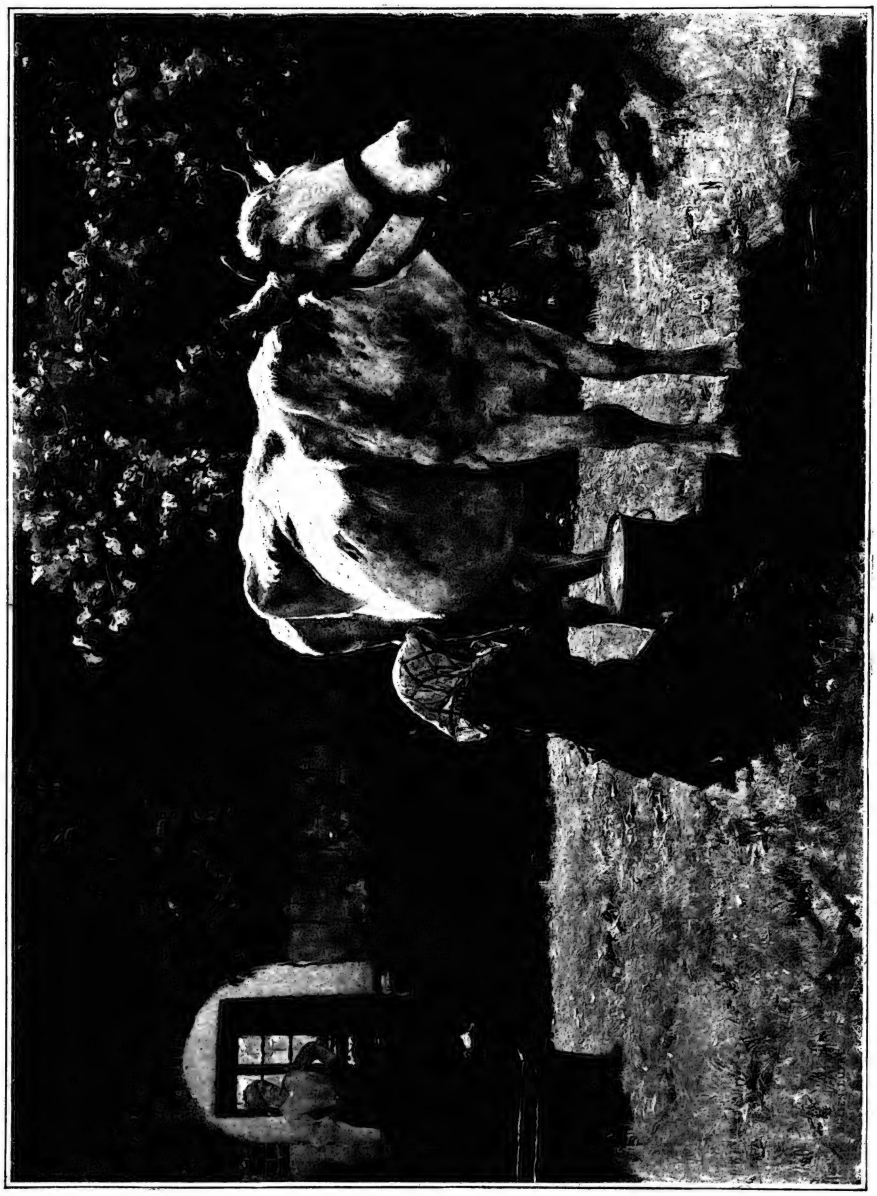
THE Autumn's come and by the sea
With witching Grace I wander.
She's so much fairer than the rest
I look at her and ponder
How I could fancy that was love
When this is so much fonder!

'MID Winter's snows in town once more
I'm neath sweet Rose's spell;
She is my own, my first true love,
I long my love to tell.
You ask me why I don't propose
I love myself too well





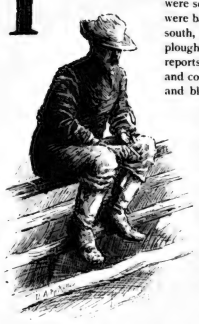




THE WHITE COW

HOW JOHN PROPOSED.

IT was Indian summer. The sun, shorn of half his beams, looked down benignly on a smoky landscape. Through the haze the far distance looked a royal purple. The first glories of the autumn forest were faded. The leaves that still clung to the parent bough were sombre in their tints, but many of the trees were bare. A lazy breeze came fitfully from the south, bearing scented vapors from the newly-ploughed fields. Ever and anon echoed the reports of the sportsmens' guns from the woods and coverts. The cattle still cropped the brown and blighted meadows, and scared up flocks of quail that scurried away on whirring wing, to settle down farther on. It was a slumbrous day, and this rolling Ontario farm seemed a veritable sanctuary of rural peace and content.



John McMillan sat on the fence whittling lazily and whistling softly. He was supposed to be resting his team, but any one who had watched John's progress that sunny afternoon, or observed the well-covered ribs of Grey and Jess, as they stood sleepily before the plough, would probably have concluded that here was a hired man who held humane views regarding the working of horses. John was not lazy, however. Jess and Grey's rotundity of form and sleekness of coat were not so much the result of lack of work as of good feeding and many vigorous groomings by lantern light, after the day's work was over. John's fall ploughing was almost done. He was well prepared for winter, and this fine afternoon was too seductive to be resisted. Besides, he had some serious thinking to do. Every now and then his whistling ceased, his brow wrinkled, and any one could see he had something on his mind

John was not Scotch though his name was. He was a Canadian, born on the farm he was then ploughing. His grandparents had emigrated from the highlands of Scotland, where their ancestors had lived, fought and died ever since the founder of the family came from the east shortly after the flood. His forefathers were reputed a warlike race, and John could claim to have inherited a fair share of their valor. He was a stoud chunk of a boy, and a first rate hand at a raising or sawing bee. But he was modest to the verge of sheepishness. In the company of women and girls he was never at his ease. Yet, strange to say, no sooner did he leave their presence than he felt he had enjoyed himself thoroughly and wanted to go back again. His reverence for the sex was most profound. He considered women a superior order of being to him and his coarse companions and thought himself unworthy of the least of them.

There was only one girl in the neighborhood that John could approach with any degree of freedom. That was Mary Green. Mary was a bright slip of a girl—or rather young woman—with a vigorous dash of Irish blood in her veins and Irish impetuosity in her spirit, although she had never been nearer the Old Country than the time she went to visit her uncle and aunt, some sixty or seventy miles east of where she lived. She was a pronounced brunette with bushy, glossy black hair, plenty of blood in her cheeks and a step as springy as the turf of her ancestral island. Indeed, if you happened to see her in summer-time, with bare feet, digging potatoes, her skirt tucked up to keep it out of the dirt, or when driving home the cows at evening, you might imagine yourself gazing on a real Irish scene, only that Mary was too good-looking. Mary was not much afraid of anything or anybody—as she herself put it—"from the devi to a dickie-bird." Her tongue was ever ready with an answer for anybody, and those who gave sauce had it returned with interest.

The reason John got along so much better with Mary than with other girls was because she relieved him almost entirely of the necessity of saying anything. She talked straight at him, and all he had to do was to answer questions and occasionally interject a remark, when he got a chance. Mary and John had been "going together" about four years now. The number of eligible young men of her acquaintance was not large; and for all his bashfulness she liked John best. She liked him for his honesty, his gentleness, his strength, and for his knowledge, for John had some brains and read a good deal. But, notwithstanding their long intimacy, poor John had always in his manner, when with Mary, maintained a most decorous distance. In all the four years preceding this Indian summer day he had never breathed in her hearing a word of love and when he wrote to her, as he sometimes did, he still began his letters, "Dear Miss Green."

The cause of John's uneasiness this fine day was a bit of gossip he had heard, that Joe Simpson was paying Mary a good deal of attention. They had been seen out driving several times in Joe's new top-buggy, and rumor said he wanted to marry her.

"Dang it all, he'll not marry her," muttered John, as he shut his knife with a snap, leaped off the fence, strode furiously to the plough, threw the lines over his back and yelled at the team.

"He'll not get her! She likes me better'n that fellow, I'm sure, and I'll just ask her to marry me to-night on our way home from Robinson's husking bee. Gee, there, Gray! If the old man would only give me the deed of the new farm, then I'd have something to back me up, but now I haven't a dashed thing. I don't care. I'll ask her to-night, anyway. Whoa; haw there! Come around, Jess," he shouted viciously when they came to the other end. He had worked himself into a fury.

Night came, and John, after combing his hair and putting on his "fine boots," started up to Green's to take Mary to the husking bee. When they arrived, work had already commenced. Around a huge heap of unhusked ears sat a circle of young men and women, some husking diligently and some very lazily, but nearly all laughing and talking loudly. A couple of lanterns, hung from beams above, flung an indistinct light over the picturesque scene. Now and then a small ear of corn flew across the circle, and if it happened to find the intended victim, it gave rise to a loud burst of merriment. The humor was vigorous, but usually harmless, and the wit that was bandied about, though not highly polished, kept the conversation going briskly. The finding of an occasional "red ear" furnished a brief diversion. The host was generous and their throats were kept from being parched by frequent libations of fresh cider.

Along in the evening, when the jollity was its height, the cry suddenly went up: "John McMillan has a red ear!" And John was forced to "acknowledge the corn."

"You must kiss somebody," came from a dozen throats at once. "Kiss Mary! Kiss Mary! You've got to kiss Mary!"

Seeing that there was no escape for him, John rose with much hesitancy to pay the penalty. But Mary, in whom the spirit of deviltry was now wide awake, animated by the influence of the company, was not to be a passive victim. Before John could touch her she rose with a bound and sped towards the door. John stood irresolute for a second. Someone shouted, "Catch her!" Mary glanced back saucily. Two leaps and he was at the door, almost as quickly as she. Just without the stream of lantern light that flowed from the barn door, he caught her. The proximity rather alarmed him, but all the same he bent to kiss her on the cheek. Just as his face neared hers—John never knew how it happened—there was a quick movement of the head and a pair of warm lips touched his for an instant. It was the first time. Another moment and they were back in the barn again, Mary, smiling and saucy, John, blushing and snickering, but warmed through and through with a new happiness.

As they started for home, when the bee was over, John thought of his resolution of the afternoon, and mentally vowed, if a good opportunity offered, not to fail. Mary was strangely silent, however, and her silence rather awed him. The conversation flagged several times, although John did his level best to keep it moving.

"Stars are bright to-night, ain't they? Guess we'll have some frost."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Look at the dipper. It wouldn't hold much water in that shape, would it?"

"No, it wouldn't. Is the dipper the north star?"

"Oh, no! Here's the north star over here. It never moves, you know. Oh, there's one falling. How bright it is!"

"Someone's dead."

This gave them both solemn thoughts, evidently, for there was a long period of silence. They were drawing near Mary's home, and John's vow was still to be fulfilled.

"THAT WAS MARY GREEN."

"Did you hear that the old man bought the Miller farm," said John, in desperation.

"Yes, Mrs. Simpson told me yesterday. That'll make a lot of work for you folks now."

"Yes, it will make a heap more work."

"You can't go to Manitoba now, John, can you?"

"I guess not. The old man and Bill can't handle the two places very well alone."

"I suppose you'll get the new place?"

"Don't know. He hasn't said anything to me yet. I s'pose likely it'll be mine some day, if I stay here."

"You ain't thinkin' of goin' away yet, are you, John?"

"No! At least not very often—sometimes I do and sometimes I don't."

"Guess if you're wise you'll stay where you are. If you get that Miller farm you'll be pretty well fixed, eh?"

They had come to Green's by this time and were standing at the gate. John was agitated—visibly agitated, if there had been light enough to show it—as he said:

"Yes, I'll be well enough fixed if I get it. There's good buildings on it and—and a pretty good house, but—but—these things are good enough—but, a man can't live——I—I— can't——they—they ain't enough."

A deep sigh from Mary broke the silence following these stammered utterances, and with the silence broke also the spell.

"You ain't sick, are you, Mary? Anythin' the matter?" quickly exclaimed John.

"Oh, no, I'm all right. Just a little tired—that's all.

"Well, you better get in and get some sleep then. I must be goin'."

"Come over Sunday?"

"All right—Sunday night. Good-night, Mary."

"Good-night."

Thus they parted—both disappointed. Very thoughtful were they as they took their separate ways from the little picket gate, overhung with a tall lilac bush. A confusion of thought and feeling stirred the minds of both, and it was not until Mary had reached the door and heard John's tread on the bridge down the road, that her thoughts found definite utterance. After standing on the step for a minute, before trying the door, she gave her head a determined little jerk and said, in a whisper, "I will! I will! I don't care!" As for John, he had no sooner got out of hearing than, clenching his fists and grinding his teeth, he hissed out his mental agony, "I'm a d——d fool!"

On the days that intervened between this night and Sunday, as John thought of his failure to keep his resolution, and, thinking also that the struggle which had raged in his mind that night, had been as patent to Mary as to himself, he wondered how he could face her on Sunday. When that day came, however, Mary's influence over him, together with his promise, outweighed his sense of humiliation, and Sunday evening found him seated by Green's kitchen stove, watching Mary with a fond eye as she cleared away and washed the supper dishes. "How pretty she looks to-night," he thought, as he watched her flitting from table to cupboard, with her cheeks glowing and her neat print gown fitting her trimly. Then his mind went up to the new Miller farm and he wondered—but here his heart began to sink again, and he aroused himself to find that old Green was asking him how much his father had given for the steers he had bought the week before.

When Mary's domestic duties were completed, she interrupted her father in a long story about early winters, to invite John into the "other room." To this room John was no stranger. The moulded pine mantel surrounding the old brick fire-place, the andirons, the striped, red, yellow and black rag carpet, the table with its pine cone and shell ornaments, its family Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, the papered walls hung with framed mottos—all were as well known to him as the nose on his face. On winter Sunday nights he had watched the flames curl up this chimney and saw them sink in smouldering ashes until he knew every brick in its side and back. On summer evenings, from the rocking chair by the open window, he had seen both the sun and the late moon sink to rest behind the western woods. Through the long hours he had sat there and talked, or listened to Mary's never-failing discourse, and had let this bright, merry, semi-Irish girl grow into his life, without knowing it, until the possibility of losing her was suggested.

This Sunday evening they sat and talked as usual. Gradually, as 9 o'clock "bed-time"—approached, the family circle lessened. As the old folks prepared to retire, John feebly suggested that he had better be going too.

"There's no hurry," said Mary, and John sat still.

At length they were alone. To-night the conditions of the last time they had been together were reversed. John was more than usually taciturn and visibly affected with a sense of his own unworthiness. Mary was sparkling bright, vivacious and mischievous.

A couple of hours passed, during which Mary talked and John listened, until he sometimes forgot his broken resolution and his awkward attempt at keeping it. They had drawn the sofa up close to the chimey, a little to one side. Mary sat near the wall, in the shadow, while John was exposed to the glow of the fire—the only light in the room. He had got as close to her as he dared, which was at the very proper distance of about two feet. He poked the fire with the tongs, occasionally threw on a fresh stick and looked and listened to Mary, with his hopes and his courage rising and falling like the flames of the burning wood.

"I hear Jim Lusk and Addie McKay are going to be married at Christmas," said Mary.

"Is that so?" inquired John. "I hadn't heard it."

"Yes, Minnie Glasgow told mother of it yesterday, and she said she got it from Tillie Lusk, and it was all fixed."

"He's been going there a long while."

"Yes, it's about time they were gettin' married. No use courtin' forever, specially when he's got a good farm."

"What a lot of those who went to school with us, Mary, are married now."

"Yes, ain't they droppin' off though? There's Sarah Groves and Allie Rich and Jim Thompson and Sis Walker and Hugh——"

"Yes, and Charlie McGregor."

"Yes! It makes me feel old to think of it," continued Mary.

Then, after a long period of silence, she went on hesitatingly:

"But—but—it won't be long. I—I don't mind telling you, John—but—I'm goin' to—to be married myself soon."

"You?" cried John, starting, and staring at her wildly. "You? Mary—Yes!—Yes!" A painful silence. Then, feeling that he must say something—"Who to?" and, with a look of despair on his face, he stared into the fire as if he did not care whether she answered him or not. He thought he knew.

Then this impulsive, warm-hearted girl moved towards him, took his hand in both of hers and, bending down, pressed her lips to the fingers which trembled like a child's.

He looked into her eyes, that were glistening with tears, and hope lighted up his own. "To me? To me, is it, Mary," he asked, quickly, with a world of anxiety in his tone and look.

A white arm stole around his neck in answer. A sigh of infinite relief stirred his whole frame. He drew her to him and for the second time their lips met.

In silence they sat for a long time, clasped in each others arms. Then they talked at intervals of their future. The flight of time was unheeded; and it was not till a stentorian crow from the barn smote his ear that John thought of going home.

"It wasn't so hard, after all," he muttered, as he sped homeward through the dawn. "Not so bad; not so bad." And next day in the field he was fain in his exuberance of feeling to take Gray and Jess into his confidence. "Joe Simpson be hanged!" he said. "I said I would get her, and by George"—giving Gray a slap on the ribs—"I did get her!"

"John was not disappointed by his "old man." Very soon after he got his deed and he and Mary ate their Christmas dinner at their own home on the Miller farm.

D. A. McKellar.

A STORM PICTURE.

'Mid a surging of surfs and a boom on the sands and the boulders,
'Neath a looming of crags and the dip of the misty, white moon,
And the sifting of snows in a dim light that wakens and smoulders,
Lies a dream of a land that is weird and night-haunted at noon.

In a twilight it lies through long seasons of eidolon shadow,
That drift like a mist over spaces that slumber alone;
Wild forest and stretches of beaches and withered lake-meadow,
Where wind-voices haunt, and marshtides whisper and moan.

From its bleakness of wastes and of crags comes the obstinate anger
Of the wind-haunted lake, and the bitterness dread of the blast;
With the cry of the griefs of the night that knoweth no languor,
No love nor release, from the barrenness dreary and vast.

No dream of its night can drown out the bellowing thunder,
Of the surf as it surges and leaps for the dusk-haunted caves;
Where it battens and moans, and lashes the dark cliffs under,
While the imp of the storm at the scudding moon clamors and raves.

And under the hush of the dark, the lake's far booming,
Like hammer of Titan that thunders at doors of the night,
Comes over the bleak land appalling the silence, and dooming
The season of slumber and dreams to shadowy fear and affright.

And the settlers' children quake in their beds and whisper, "the Norsemen!"
They've come again from the north, as they came long ages ago,
And the thundering beat of the surf, they say, is the tread of their horsemen,
Trampling out on the beach, under the wind and the snow.

William Wilfred Campbell.

A POPULAR METHOD.

Mr. Youngly—Will you be my partner in life?
Fair Widow—Yes, dear. You supply the cash and I'll supply the experience.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Ethel—I have always managed to spend at least one happy month each year of my life.

Maud—Each year! What a great deal of happiness you must have had!

The most wonderful thing about the fish that swallowed Jonah is, that no fisherman has ever claimed to have caught it.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

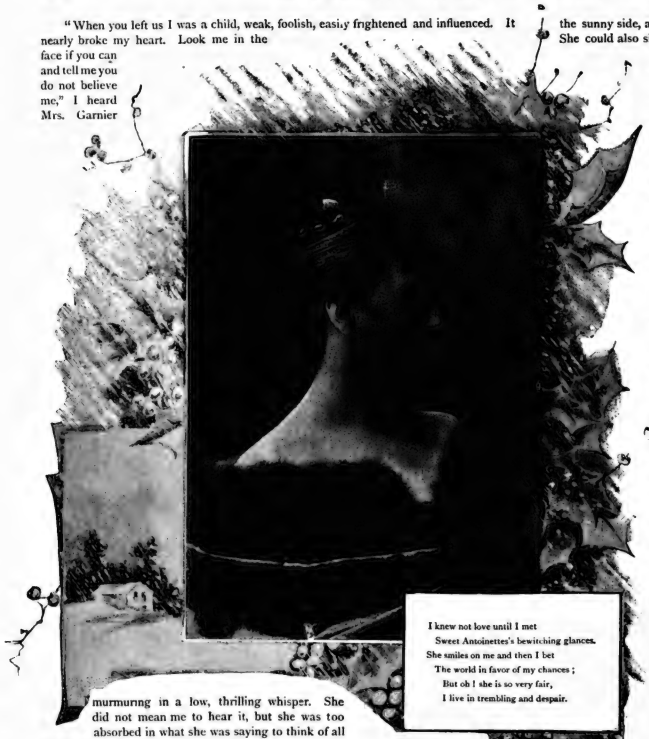
We were in Toronto one year—ten years before the time I am writing of—and Mrs. Garnier lived over us in a little apartment. She was very poor and very grandly dressed and she used to come rustling in to see us. Rustling is hardly the word—she was much too graceful and womanly a person to rustle—her long silk gowns used to ripple and wave and flow away as she came and went, and her beautiful eyes used to fill with tears as she drank her tea and confided her troubles to us. I must confess to a very kindly feeling for the poor, gentle, beautiful, forlorn young creature, so passionately lamenting the loss she had sustained in the death of Mr. Garnier. He had left her very badly off, although she was well connected and Mrs. Wentworth, her cousin, had offered her and her two little girls a home, she used to tell us in her *eplore* manner. I do not know why she never availed herself of the offer. She said once that she would not be doing justice to her precious little ones, to whom she devoted herself with the assistance of an experienced attendant. My impression is that the little ones used to scrub one another's little ugly faces and plait one another's little Chinese-looking tails, while the experienced attendant laced and dressed and adorned and scented and powdered their mamma.

One day I was walking with her down Jarvis street when she suddenly started and looked up at a tall, melancholy-looking gentleman who was passing and who stared at her very hard, and soon after that it was that she began telling me she had determined to make an effort for her children's sake and to go a little more into society. She wanted me to take her to Mrs. Girette's, where she heard I was going that evening, and where she believed she should meet an old friend of hers whom she particularly wished to see again. Would I help her? Would I be so very good? Of course I was ready to do anything I could. She came punctual to her time, all gray moire and black lace. A cab was sent for and we set off, jogging along the crowded streets with our two lamps lighted and a surly man to drive us. All the way there Mrs. Garnier was strange, silent, nervous, excited. Her eyes were like two shining craters, I thought, when we arrived and as we climbed up the interminable flight of stairs. I guessed who was the old friend with the gray mustache in a minute: a good, well-looking man standing by himself in a corner.

I spent a curious evening, distracted between Mrs. Girette's small talk, to which I was supposed to be listening, and Mrs. Garnier's murmured conversation with her old friend in the corner, to which I was vainly endeavoring not to attend.

"My dear, imagine a *bouillon*, surmounted with little tiny flutings all around the bottom, and then three *ruches*, alternating with three little *volants*, with great *choux* at regular intervals; over this a tunic, caught up at the side by a *jardiniere*, a *ceinture a la Bebe*."

"When you left us I was a child, weak, foolish, easily frightened and influenced. It nearly broke my heart. Look me in the face if you can and tell me you do not believe me," I heard Mrs. Garnier murmurng in a low, thrilling whisper. She did not mean me to hear it, but she was too absorbed in what she was saying to think of all the people round about her.



I knew not love until I met
Sweet Antoinettes's bewitching glances.
She smiles on me and then I bet
The world in favor of my chances;
But oh! she is so very fair,
I live in trembling and despair.

"Ah, Lydia, what does it matter now?" the friend answered in a sad voice which touched me somehow. "We have both been wrecked in our ventures and life has not much left for either of us now."

"It is cut *en biais*," Mrs. Girette went on; "the pieces which are taken out at one end are let in at the other; the effect is quite charming, and the economy is immense."

"For you, you married the person you loved," Lydia Garnier was answering; "for me, out of the wreck, I have at least my children, and a remembrance, and a friend—is it so? Ah, Henry, have I not at least a friend?"

"And you will come and see me, will you not?" said the widow as she went away, looking up. I do not know to this day if she was acting. I believe, to do her justice, that she was only acting what she really felt, as many of us do at times.

I took Mrs. Garnier home as I had agreed. I did not ask any questions. I met Mr. Ashford on the stairs next day, and I was not surprised when, about a week after, Mrs. Garnier came into the drawing-room early one morning, sinking down at my feet in a careless attitude, seized my hand and said that she had come for counsel, for advice. She had had an offer from a person whom she respected—Mr. Ashford, whom I might have remarked that night at Mrs. Girette's; would I—would I give her my candid opinion; for her children's sake did I not think it would be well to think seriously?

"And for your own, too, my dear," said I. "Mr. Ashford is very well off. I believe you will be making an excellent marriage. Accept him by all means."

"Dear friend, since this is your real, heartfelt opinion, I value your judgment too highly not to act by its dictates. Once, years ago, there was thought of this between me and Henry. A cruel fate separated us. I married; he married. We are brought together as by a miracle, but our three children will never know the loss of their parents' love," etc., etc. Glance, hand-pressure, etc., tears, etc. Then a long, soft, irritating kiss. I felt for the first time in my life inclined to box her ears.

The little Garniers certainly gained by the bargain, and Mr. Ashford sat down to write home to his little daughter Ella and tell her the news.

Poor little Ella! I wonder what sort of anxieties Mrs. Ashford had caused to her before she had been Ella's father's wife a year. Miss Ashford made the best of it. She was a cheery, happy little creature, looking at everything from the sunny side, adoring her father and running wild out-of-doors. She could also sing charmingly, with a clear, true voice, like a bird's, and she used to dance to her own singing in the prettiest way imaginable.

Ella gave up her dancing after the new wife came. It was all so different; she was not allowed any more to run out in the fields alone. She supposed it was very nice having two young companions like Lisette and Julia, and at first, in her kindly way, the child did the honors of her own home. Meantime her new mother was gracefully wandering over the house on her husband's arm, and standing in attitudes admiring the view from the windows, and asking gentle little indifferent questions, to all of which Mr. Ashford replied unsuspectingly enough.

"And so you give the child an allowance? Is she not very young for one? And is this Ella's room? How prettily it is furnished!"

"She did it all herself," said her father, smiling.

The housekeeping books were in a little pile on the table, and a pile of towels, half marked, but neatly folded. There was a great bunch of flowers in the window and a long daisy-chain fastened up in festoons round the glass; and then on the table there were one or two valuable trinkets set out in their little cases.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Ashford, "is it not a pity to leave such temptation in the way of the servants? Little careless thing—had I not better keep them for her, Henry? They are very beautiful." And Mrs. Ashford softly collected Ella's treasures in her long white hands.

"And I think I may as well finish marking the clothes," said Mrs. Ashford, looking round the room as she collected them all in her apron. "The books, of course, are now my duty. I think Ella will not be sorry to be relieved of her cares. Do you know, dear, I think I am glad, for her sake, that you married me, as well as for my own. I think she has had too much put upon her, is a little too decided, too pronounced for one so young."

So when Ella came back to mark the clothes that she had been hemming, they were gone, and so were her neat little books that she had taken such pride in and had been balancing up before she gave them to Mrs. Ashford to keep in future; so was her pretty coral neck lace that she wore of an evening, and her pearls with the jewel clasp, and her beautiful clear ruby brooch that she was so fond of, and her little gold clasp bracelet. "Quite unsuitable at your age, dearest," Mrs. Ashford murmured, kissing her fondly.

And Ella never got them back any more. Many and many other things there were she never got back, poor child. Ah me! treasures dearer to her than the pretty coral necklace and the gold clasp bracelet—liberty, confidence—the tender atmosphere of admiring love in which she had always lived, the first place in her father's heart.

And so the years went by. Julia and Lisette grew up into two great, tall, fashionable, bouncing young ladies; they pierced their ears, turned up their pigtails, and dressed very elegantly. Lisette used to wear a coral necklace, Julia was partial to a clear ruby brooch her mother gave her. Little Ella, too, grew up like a little green plant springing up through the mild spring rains and the summer sunshine, taller and prettier and sadder every year. She was a bright, smiling little thing, for all her worries, with a sweet little face; indeed, her beauty was so remarkable and her manner so simple and charming that Julia and Lisette, who were a year or two older, used to complain to their mother nobody ever noticed them when Ella was by. Mrs. Wentworth, their own cousin, was always noticing her, and actually gave her a bonbon off her own plate the other day.

"I fear she is a very forward, designing girl. I shall not think of taking her out this year," Mrs. Ashford said, with some asperity; "nor shall I allow her to appear at our tennis party next week. She is far too young to be brought out."

So Ella was desired to remain in her own room on this occasion. She nearly cried, poor little thing, but what could she do? Her father was away and when he came back Mrs. Ashford would be sure to explain everything to him, according to her ideas. Some things she had explained away altogether, some she had distorted and twisted; poor little Ella had been explained and

explained until there was scarcely anything of her left at all. Her father loved her as much as ever, but it was not to be expected he should show what he felt before Julia and Lisette, who might be hurt. And then Ella would put all her drawers in order, or sew a seam, or go out and pull up a bedful of weeds to chase such morbid fancies out of her mind.

Mrs. Wentworth, of whom mention has been already made, had two houses—one in the city, another in the country—and she was very rich. She was a flighty old lady, and lived sometimes at one house, sometimes at the other, sometimes at hotels here and there, as the fancy seized her. She was very kind as well as flighty and was constantly doing generous things, and trying to help any one who seemed to be in trouble or who appeared to wish for anything she had it in her power to grant.

So when Mrs. Ashford said: "Cousin Jane, pity me! My husband says he cannot afford to take me to town this year. I should so like to go, for the dear girls' sake of course——"

Mrs. Wentworth gave a little grunt and said: "I will lend you my town house if you like; that is, if you keep my rooms ready for me in case I want to come up at any time."

"O cousin Jane, how exceedingly kind, how very delightful and unexpected!" cried Mrs. Ashford, who had been hoping for it all the time, and who hastened to communicate the news to Lisette and Julia.

"I shall want a regular outfit, mamma," said Julia, who was fond of dress. "Perhaps we shall meet young Mr. Richardson in town."

"I shall be snapped up directly by some one, I expect," said Lisette, who was very vain and thought herself irresistible.

"Am I to come, too?" asked Ella, timidly, from the other end of the room, looking up from her sewing.

"I do not know," replied her stepmother, curtly, and Ella sighed a little wistfully and went on stitching.

Two laughing eyes, two rosy cheeks,
Two lips as ruddy as the cherry,
A voice—'tis music when she speaks,
A gait as light as any fairy!
Fair golden tresses frame her face—
This is the picture of my Grace.

"At what age shall you let me come out?" she presently asked, shyly.

"When you are fit to be trusted in the world and have cured your unruly temper," said Mrs. Ashford.

Ella's eyes filled with tears and she blushed up, but her father came into the room and she smiled through her tears and thought to herself that since her temper was so bad she had better begin to rule it that very instant.

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It is a bright November morning after a night of rain, and although this is Toronto and not the country any more, Bloor street looks bright and clean. Mrs. Wentworth has had the house put in order, reserving two little rooms for herself and her maid, but all the rest of the house is at the Ashfords' disposal. Everybody is satisfied and Ella is enchanted with her little room on the top floor. Mrs. Ashford is making lists of visits and dinner-parties and milliners' addresses; Lisette is looking out of a window at some carriages which are passing; Julia is looking at herself in the glass and practicing her best courtesies; and Ella is in the back room arranging a great heap of books in the bookcase. "I should like to go to the flower show at the Pavilion, mamma," she says, and looking up with a smudgy face, for the books were all dirty and covered with dust. "Do you think there will be room for me?"

"I am sorry there is no room for you, Ella," said Mrs. Ashford in her deep voice. "I have asked Mr. Richardson to come with us, and if he fails I promised to call for Mrs. Bricabrac. If you do not care to walk out this afternoon, see that my maid puts my things properly away in the closets, as well as Julia's and Lisette's, and help her to fold the dresses, because it is impossible for one person to manage these skirts unassisted."

"Very well," said Ella, cheerfully. "I hope you will have a pleasant day. How nice it must be to be going."

"I wish you would learn not to wish for everything and anything that you happen to hear about, Ella," said Mrs. Ashford. "If you hear any visitors coming go away, for I cannot allow you to be seen in this dirty state."

"There's a ring," said Ella, gathering some of the books together. "Goodbye."

Young Mr. Richardson, who was announced immediately after, passed a pretty maid carrying a great pile of folios up the stairs. She looked so little fitted for the task that he involuntarily stopped and said: "Can I assist you?" The little maid smiled and shook her head without speaking. "What a charming little creature," thought Mr. Richardson. He came to say that he and his friend Jack Prettyman were going to ride down together and would join the ladies at the Pavilion.

"We are to pick Mr. Ashford up at his club, and also Mrs. Bricabrac," Mrs. Ashford said. "I shall count upon you then." And the ladies waved him gracious *au revoirs* from the balcony.

"O, don't you like white waistcoats, Julia?" said Lisette, as she watched him down the street.

They are gone. Ella was too melancholy and out of spirits to dress herself and go out. Her face was still smudgy, and she had cried a little over Lisette's pink tarlatan. Her heart sank down, down, down. She did so long for a little fun and delight, and laughter and happiness. She knew her father would say: "Where is Ella?" and her mother would answer: "O, I really cannot account for Ella's fancies. She was sulky this morning again. I cannot manage her strange tempers."

The fire had burned out and no one had thought of relighting it. For a few minutes her tears overflowed and she cried and cried in two rivulets down her black little face.

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She did not hear the bell ring, nor a carriage stop, nor Mrs. Wentworth's footsteps. She came across the room and stood looking at her. "Why, my dear little creature, what is the matter?" said the old lady at last. "Crying! Don't you know it is very naughty to cry, no matter how bad things are? Are they all gone; are you all alone?"

Ella jumped up, quite startled, blushed, wiped her tears in a smudge. "I thought nobody would see me cry," she said, "for they are all gone to the flower show."

"And did they leave you behind quite by yourself?" the old lady asked.

"They were so sorry they had no room for me," said good-natured little Ella. She could not bear to hear people blamed. "They had promised Mrs. Bricabrac."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Wentworth, in her kind, imperious way. "Why, I have come in from the country on purpose to go there too. I've brought up a great hamper of things. Put on your bonnet, wash your face and come along directly. I've plenty of room."

"How very, very kind of you to think of me," said Ella. "I am afraid they wouldn't—I'm afraid I've no bonnet. O, thank you, I—but——"

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Here," ringing the bell violently, to the footman, "what have you done with the hamper I brought up? Let me see it unpacked here immediately. Can't trust those people, my dear; always see to everything myself."

All sorts of delicious things came out of the hamper in delightful confusion; it was so full of treasures, hot-house flowers, cowslips from the fields, and azaleas. Ella's natty little fingers arranged them all about the room in plates and in vases so perfectly and so quickly that Mrs. Wentworth cried out in admiration:

"Why, you would be a first-rate girl if you didn't cry. Here, John, order the carriage and horses round directly. Now then," to Ella, briskly, "go and

put your things on and come along with me. I'll make matters straight. I always do. There, go directly. I can't have the horses kept. James, my coachman, is terrible if he is kept waiting—frightens me to death by his driving when he is put out."

Ella did not hesitate a moment longer; she rushed upstairs; her little feet flew as they used to do formerly. She came down in a minute, panting, rapturous, with shining hair and a bright face, in her very best Sunday dress, cloak and hat. Shabby enough they were, but she was too happy, too excited to think about the deficiencies in her toilet.

"Dear me, this will never do, I see," said the old lady, looking at her disapprovingly; but she smiled so kindly as she spoke that Ella was not a bit frightened.

"Indeed, I have no other," she said.

"John," cried the old lady, "where is my maid? Tell her to come and speak to me directly. Now then, sir!"

All her servants knew her ways much too well not to fly at her commands. A maid appeared as if by magic.

"Now, Mary, be quick; get that pair of gray kid gloves, and, let me see my dear, you wouldn't look well in a brocade. No, that gray satin skirt, Mary; her own bodice will do and we can buy a bonnet as we go along. Now, quick; am I to be kept waiting all day?"

Ella in a moment found herself transformed somehow into the most magnificent lady she had seen for many a day. It was like a dream; she could hardly believe it. She saw herself move majestically, sweeping in silken robes across the very same pier-glass where a few moments before she had looked at the wretched, little, melancholy creature, crying with a dirty face and watched the sad tears flowing.

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"Now then—now then," cried Mrs. Wentworth, who was always saying "Now then" and urging people on, "where's my carriage? Where's the footman? Get in, get in. Drive to the Pavilion, if you please."

Mrs. Wentworth's manners entirely changed when she spoke to James. And it is a fact that coachmen from their tall boxes rule with a very high hand, and most ladies tremble before them. James looked very alarming with his great red face.

What a fairy-tale it was! There was little Ella sitting in this lovely chariot, galloping down Spadina avenue, and the old lady sitting bolt upright, elegant as you please. She really had been going to the flower show, but I think if she had not she would have set off instantly if she thought she would make anybody happy by so doing. They stopped at a shop on the way; the wondering shopwoman came out.

"A bonnet, if you please," said Mrs. Wentworth. "That will do very well. Here, child, put it on, and mind you don't crease the strings." And then away they went once more, and it seemed to Ella as if the whole gay *cortege* had been flying through the air. They suddenly stopped at last at the Pavilion. All sorts of grand people were driving up in their carriages; splendid ladies were passing in. Two gentlemen in white waistcoats were dismounting from their cab just as Ella and Mrs. Wentworth were arriving. They rushed up to the carriage door and helped them to the ground.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" said Mrs. Wentworth, as soon as she was safely deposited on her two little flat feet with the funny old-fashioned shoes.

The young man colored up and bowed. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Wentworth," he said. "Charles Richardson—I have had the honor of meeting you at my uncle's house. This is my friend, Mr. Prettyman.

"This is Mr. Richardson, my dear Ella, and that is Mr. Prettyman. Now then—yes—give her your arm, and are you going to take me?—very well," to the other white waistcoat, and so they went in.

Charles Richardson was a small man, very gentlemanly and well dressed. He had a pale face and an aquiline nose, and such a large fortune in prospect that I do not wonder at Miss Lisette's admiration for him. As for Ella, she thought how kind he had been on the stairs that morning; she thought what a bright, genial smile he had. How charming he looked, she said to herself; no, never, never had she dreamt of any one so nice. She was quite—more than satisfied; no prince in romance would have seemed to her what this one was there actually walking beside her. As for Richardson himself, it was a case of love at first sight. He had seen many thousand young ladies in the last few years, but not one of them to compare with this sweet-faced, ingenuous, tender, bright little creature. He offered her his arm and led her along.

She was so happy; music playing, crowds of people; kind, clever, delightful young man to escort her; the gay company, the glitter, the perfume; the dear, dear, kind Mrs. Wentworth to look to for sympathy and for good-humored little nods of encouragement. She had never been so happy. Her heart was so full. It was all so lovely, so inconceivably beautiful and delightful that she was wild with delight; her head turned for an instant and she clung to young Richardson's protecting arm.

"Are you faint—are you ill?" he said, anxiously.

"O no," said Ella, "it's only that everything is so beautiful; it is almost more than I can bear. I—I am not often so happy. O, it is so charming! I do not think anything could be so delightful in all the world." The young fellow felt as if he must propose to her then and there, off-hand, on the very spot; and at the instant he looked up passionately—O, horror!—he caught sight of the Ashfords, mother, daughters, Mrs. Bricabrac, all in a row, coming right down upon them.

"Prettyman, this way to the right," cried little Richardson, desperately; and Prettyman, who was a good-natured fellow said: "This way please, Mrs. Wentworth, there's some people we want to avoid over there."

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"I'm sure it was," Lisette said. "I knew the color of his waistcoat. Who could he have been walking with, I wonder?"

"Let us go into the other rooms, dears," said Mrs. Ashford, and away they trudged.

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"Are you going to the ball at Mrs. Goodall's to-morrow?" Mr. Richardson was saying to his unknown princess. "How shall I ever meet you again?"

"Perhaps I may be able to go to the ball," said the princess doubtfully. "I—I don't know." Mrs. Wentworth made believe not to be listening. The voices in the hall passed on. Mrs. Wentworth, having finished her ice, pulled out her little watch and gave a scream of terror. "Heavens! my time is up,' she said. "James will frighten me out of my wits driving home. Come, child, come—come—come. Make haste—thank these gentlemen for their escort," and she went skurrying along, a funny, little active figure, followed by the breathless young people. They got to the door at last, where James was waiting, looking very ferocious. "O, good-bye," said Ella. "Thank you so much," as Richardson helped her into the carriage.

"And you will not forget me?" he said, in a low voice. "I shall not need any name to remember you by."

"My name is Ella," she answered, blushing and driving off. And then Ella flung her arms round Mrs. Wentworth and began to cry again, and said: "O, I have been so happy! so happy! How good—good of you to make me so happy! O, thank you, dear Mrs. Wentworth."

The others came back an hour after them, looking extremely cross, and were much surprised to find Mrs. Wentworth in the drawing-room. "I am not going back till Wednesday," said the old lady. "I've several things to do in town. . . . Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Ashford, plaintively. "Mr. Ashford deserted us; we didn't find our young men till just as we were coming away. We are all very tired and want some supper. Some of your delicious fruit, Cousin Jane."

"O dear, how tired I am," said Julia.

"Poor Richardson was in very bad spirits," said Lisette.

"What a place it is for losing one another," said old Mrs. Wentworth. "I took Ella there this afternoon, and though I looked about I couldn't see you anywhere."

"Ella!" cried the other girls, astonished; "was she there?" . . . . But they were too much afraid of Mrs. Wentworth to object more openly.

That evening after the others left the room, as Ella was pouring out the tea she summoned up courage to ask whether she might go to the ball at Mrs Goodall's with the others next evening. "Pray, pray, please take me," she implored. Mrs. Ashford looked up amazed at her audacity and gave her a most emphatic no.

Good Mrs. Wentworth asked her maid next morning if any dress was being got ready for Miss Ella. Hearing that she was not going and that no preparations were being made, she dispatched Mary on a secret mission and ordered her carriage at ten o'clock that evening. She went out herself soon after breakfast in a cab. Ella was hard at work all day for her sisters; her little fingers quilled, fluted, frilled, pleated and pinned. She looked so pretty, so kind, and so tired, so wistful as she came to help them to dress, that Lisette was quite touched and said: "Well, Ella, I shouldn't wonder if, after I am snapped up, you were to get hold of a husband some day. I dare say some people might think you nice-looking."

"O, do you think so really, Lisette?" said Ella, quite pleased, and then faltering, "Do you think—shall you see Mr. Richardson?"

"Of course I shall," said Lisette. "He was talking great nonsense yesterday after we found him, saying that he had met with perfection at last—very devoted altogether, scarcely spoke to me at all, but that is the greatest proof of devotion, you know. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he was to propose to-night. I don't know whether I shall have him. I'm always afraid of being thrown away," said Lisette, looking over her shoulder at her dress.

"What! are you not dressing, child?" said Mrs. Wentworth, coming into the room. "Are they again obliged to call for Mrs. Bricabrac? I have looked up a pair of shoebuckles for you in case you went; but keep them all the same, they only want a little rubbing up."

"O, thank you; how pretty they are; how kind you are to me," said Ella, sadly. "I—I— am not going." And she burst out crying.

"Rub up your shoebuckles, that will distract you," said the old lady, kindly. "They are worth a great deal of money, though they are only paste; and if you peep in my room you will find a little pair of slippers to wear them with. I hope they will fit. I could hardly get any small enough for you." They were the loveliest little white satin slippers, with satin heels, all embroidered with glass beads; but small as they were, they were a little loose, only Ella took care not to say so as she tried them on.

We all know what is coming, though little Ella had no idea of it. The ball was at Mrs. Goodall's, one of the grandest and gayest that ever was given in the city. The Ashfords had no sooner started than Mrs. Wentworth, who had been very mysterious all day, now came smiling very benevolently into the drawing-room. Little Ella was standing out on the balcony with her pale face and her hair all tumbling down her back. She had been too busy to put it up, and now she was only thinking of the ball and picturing the dear little disappointed face of Prince Richardson, when he should look about everywhere for her in vain, while she was standing hopelessly gazing after the receding carriage.

"Well, my dear, have you rubbed up the shoebuckles? That is right," said the old lady. "Now come quick into my room and see some of my conjuring."

Conjuring! It was the most beautiful white net dress, pleated up to the waist and looped up with long grasses. The conjuring was her own dear old pearl necklace with the diamond clasp and a diamond star for her hair. The child opened her violet eyes, gasped, screamed and began dancing about the room like a mad thing, jumping, bounding, clapping her hands, all so softly and gayly and yet so lightly, in such an ecstasy of delight that Mrs. Wentworth felt she was more than rewarded.

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"Ah! there she is at last!" cried Mr. Richardson, who was turning carefully round and round with the energetic Lisette.

"What do you mean?" said Lisette.

Can you fancy her amazement when she looked round and saw Ella appearing in her snow and sunlight dress, looking so beautiful that everybody turned to wonder at her and to admire? As for Ella, she saw no one, nothing; she was looking up and down and right and left for the kind, little, pale, plain face which she wanted.

"Excuse me one minute, Miss Lisette," said Mr. Richardson, leaving poor Lisette planted in the middle of the room and rushing forward.

"Are you engaged," Ella heard a breathless voice saying in her ear, "for the next three, six, twenty dances? I am so delighted you have come. I thought you were never coming."

Julia had no partner at all and was standing close by the entrance with her mother. They were both astounded at the apparition. Mrs. Ashford came forward to make sure that her eyes were not deceiving her. Could it be? Yes—no—yes, it was Ella. She flicked her fan indignantly and looked so fierce that the child began to tremble.

"Please forgive me, mamma," said Ella, piteously.

"Forgive you, never!" said Mrs. Ashford, indignantly.

All that evening young Richardson danced with Ella and with no one else; they scarcely knew how the time went. It was a fairy world; they were flying and swimming in melody—the fairy hours went by to music, in delightful companionship.

You must meet me in the ladies' cloak-room punctually at half-past one," her patroness had whispered to her. "I cannot keep James, with his bad cough, out after two o'clock. Mind you are punctual, for I have promised not to keep him waiting."

"Yes, yes, dear Mrs. Wentworth," said Ella, and away she danced again to the music. And time went on and Julia had no partners, and Mr. Ashford came up to his wife, saying: "I'm so glad you arranged for Ella too. How nice she is looking! What is the matter with Julia—why don't she dance?" Tumpty, tumpty, tumpty, went the instruments. And meanwhile Mr. Richardson was whispering to Ella, as they slowly waltzed around the ball-room and out into the conservatory: "Ella, my darling, I have something to tell you, something that concerns us both so much, I——" The clock struck three-quarters.

"Ella, I am going," said Mrs. Wentworth, tapping her on the shoulder. "Come along, my dear——"

"One word," cried Richardson, eagerly.

"You can stay with your mother, if you like," the old lady went on, preoccupied—she was thinking of her coachman's ire—"but I advise you to come with me."

"Oh, pray, pray, stay!" said young Richardson. "Where is your mother? Let me go and ask her!"

"You had better go yourself, Ella," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Will you give me your arm to the door Mr. Richardson?"

Ella went up to Mrs. Ashford—she was bold with happiness to-night—and made her request. "Stay with me? certainly not, it is quite out of the question. You do me great honor," said the lady, laughing sarcastically. "Mrs. Wentworth brought you, Mrs. Wentworth must take you back," said the stepmother. "Follow your chaperone if you please, I have no room for you in my carriage. Go directly, Miss!" said Mrs. Ashford, so savagely that the poor child was quite frightened and set off running after the other two.

She would have caught them, but at that instant Lisette, who had at last secured a partner, came waltzing up in such a violent, angry way, that she bumped right up against the little flying maiden and nearly knocked her down. Ella gave a low cry of pain; they had trodden on her foot roughly—they had wounded her; her little satin slipper had come off. Poor Ella stooped and tried to pull at the slipper, but other couples came surging up and she was alone and frightened and obliged to shuffle a little way out of the crowd before she could get it on. The poor little frightened thing thought she never should get through the crowd. She made the best of her way to the cloak-room; it seemed to her as if she had been hours getting there. At last she reached it, only to see, to her dismay, as she went in at one door, the other two going out of another a long way off. She called, but they did not hear her. "My cloak, my cloak, anything, please!" she cried in great agitation and anxiety, and a stupid, bewildered maid hastily threw a shabby old shawl over her shoulders—it belonged to some assistant in the place.

Little Ella, more and more frightened, pulled it up as she hurried along the blocked passage thronged with people. They all stared at her in surprise as she flew along. She heard the footmen calling: "Mrs. Wentworth's carriage stops the way!" and she hurried faster and faster down the passage and steps, and at last, just as she got to the doorway—O, horror! she saw the carriage gleaming off in the moonlight, while everything else looked black, dark and terrible.

"Stop, stop, please stop!" cried little Ella, rushing out into the street through the amazed footmen. "Stop! stop!" she cried, flying past Richardson himself, who could hardly believe his eyes. James only whipped his horses and Ella saw them disappearing into gloom in the distance in a sort of agony of despair. At that instant it seemed to her like a fairy chariot coming to her rescue when a cabman, who was slowly passing, stopped and cried: "Cab, mum?"

"Yes! Oh yes! To Bloor street," cried Ella, jumping in and shutting the door in delight and relief. She drove off just as the bewildered Richardson, who had followed her, reached the spot. He came up in time only to see the cab drive off, and to pick up something which was lying shining on the pavement. It was one of the diamond buckles, which had fallen from her shoe as she jumped in. This little diamond buckle might, perhaps, have led to her identification if young Richardson had not taken the precaution of ascertaining from old Mrs. Wentworth Ella's name and address.

He sent a servant next morning with a little parcel and a note to inquire whether one of the ladies had lost what was enclosed and whether Mr. Ashford would see him at one o'clock on business.

"Dear me, what a pretty little buckle," said Lisette, trying it on her large flat foot. "It looks very nice, don't it, Julia? I think I guess—don't you—what he is coming for. I shall say 'No.'"

"It's too small for you. It would do better for me," said Julia, contemplating her own long slipper embellished with the diamonds. "It is not ours. We must send it back, I suppose."

"A shoebuckle!" said Ella, coming in from the kitchen, where she had been superintending preserves in her little brown frock. "Let me see it. Oh, how glad I am. It is mine. Look here!" and she pulled the fellow out of her pocket. "Mrs. Wentworth gave them to me."

And so the prince arrived before luncheon and was closeted with Mr. Ashford, who gladly gave his consent to what he wanted. And when Mrs. Ashford began to explain things to him, as was her way, he did not listen to a single word she said. He was so absorbed wondering when Ella was coming into the room. He thought once he heard a little rustle on the stairs outside and he jumped up and rushed to the door. It was Ella, sure enough, in her shabby little gown. Then he knew where and when he had seen her before.

"Ella, why did you run away from me last night?" he said. "You see I have followed you after all."

They were so good, so happy, so devoted to one another, that even Lisette and Julia relented. Dear little couple—good luck go with them, happiness, content and plenty. There was something quite touching in their youth, tenderness and simplicity, and as they drove off in their carriage for the honeymoon, Mrs. Wentworth flung the very identical satin slipper after them which Ella should have lost at the ball.

CELIA COLE.

NAUGHTY NELLIE.

So sweet she is, so sweet and fair,
Such glow and glory grace her hair,
I often used to wish she were
A little more divine.

I sadly wished in her to see
A little less of giggling glee,
A little less of coquetry,
And pertness and design.

I wished that she had learnt at school,
Not how to win men and to rule
By making wise ones play the fool,
And foolish ones adore ;

But how to use the charms she had
In cheering hearts that else were sad,
And making one heart always glad
And blest forevermore.

I wished—but wishing is a trade
For boys and simple maidens made ;
And, if I tried it, I'm afraid
I could not set her free

From all the tricks and trumperies
That keep her nature in disguise,
And will not let her cast her eyes
On quiet folks like me.

AS REDMEN DIE.

Captive ! Is there a hell to him like this ?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss ?
He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois,
He—the bloodthirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hatred Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive, he disdains to touch.

Captive ! But *never* conquered, Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to *any* man a slave ;
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.
With scowling brow he stoically stands by,
Watching, with haughty and defiant eye,
His captors, as they council o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to intimidate.
Then fling they unto him the choice :

"Wilt thou
Walk o'er the bed of fire that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals
Until thou reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And with thy Mohawk death-song please our ear ?
Or wilt thou with the women rest thee here ?"
His eyes flash like the eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a god he stands.
"Prepare the fire !" he scornfully demands.

He knoweth not that soon this jeering band
Will bite the dust—will lick the Mohawk's hand ;
Will kneel and cower at the Mohawk's feet ;
Will shrink when Mohawk war-drums wildly beat.
His death will be avenged with hideous hate
By Iroquois swift to annihilate
His vile, detested captors that now flaunt
Their war-clubs in his face with sneer and taunt,
Nor thinking, soon that reeking, red and raw,
Their scalps will deck the belts of Iroquois.

The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass—and sings his fierce war-song—
Sings as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars
Where gentle Mohawk purls atween its shores,
Songs, that of exploits and of prowess tell ;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.
Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will *never* droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest sounds
His voice, that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—

Then, loyal to his race,
He bends to Death—but *never* to disgrace.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

DOUBTLESS.

Cholly—What sort of creditor is a "preferred creditor ?"
Chappie—One that doesn't press a fellow, I fancy.

INCORRIGIBLE.

Mr. Banks (insinuatingly)—Do you remember that rich Mr. Brown ?

Mrs. Banks—Yes.

Mr. Banks—Well, he has been driven into bankruptcy by the extravagance of his wife.

Mrs. Banks (complacently)—What a good time Mrs. Brown must have had.

USUAL.

Jack—Did you ever break a horse ?
Tom—No, but I have often had a horse break me.

A THOROUGH EXPLANATION.

Stern Parent—What are you about, sir ?
Cholly (taken by surprise)—About through proposing, sir

CRACKIN' WALNUTS.

We wuz sittin' by the chimley
Crackin' walnuts on a brick ;
Turned 'em up on end an' tapped 'em,
Tell yeh what, 'twas quite a trick !
She felt sure that she could do it ;
Brought the hammer down kerwhack,
Smashed the walnut all to flinders,
Hit her thumb a fearful crack.

Up she started, a'most cryin',
Mad as thunder cuz I laughed.
Tried to tell her I wuz sorry,
But she thought I only chaffed.
Caught her tremblin' hand and kissed it
Where the bruise wuz gettin' blue ;
Back to cherry lips she put it—
Wal, I up and kissed 'em too.

Yes, I've put in many a Christmas
Allus had a heap of fun,
But I never spent a jollier
As I know of, than that one.
We wuz married shortly after ;
Since then Christmas has a trick
Of mindin' me of how we sat there
Crackin' walnuts on a brick.

P. MCARTHUR.

FEEDING THE CALVES.

SHOVING OFF THE BOAT.

BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

DR. GRIMSBY'S SCHOOL PICNIC.

DR. GRIMSBY'S school was going to have a picnic. It had been "going to have" one for three years, but—the boys never knew exactly how—it had always fallen through. Perhaps the doctor recognized that patience has its limits, at all events the picnic was to come off this year, the expenses to be defrayed by a sum the boys had saved out of their monthly allowances. It was to be like all first things, a remarkable picnic. I think you will agree with me that it was.

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the school assembled in the road for the start. There stood the provision-wagon. For driver the doctor chose Tommy Smead, a quiet boy who was not likely to attempt any prank. Then the procession began. First the wagon, then the boys two and two, and lastly the doctor bringing up the rear. Scarcely ten steps had been taken when a series of whoops worthy of a band of Indians, rent the air. Dobbin, evidently unaccustomed to such demonstrations, stopped short, hesitated, and then was off like a shot. Away went poor Tommy, tugging for dear life at the reins, but Dobbin was stronger than he. For one moment the doctor hesitated in dismay, then he started in pursuit, shouting to Tommy to "Stop him!" as if Tommy was being run away with for the fun of it. At once the whole school was at his heels. The source of the war-whoops was quickly explained; from every bush by the roadside sprang a boy whooping loudly to prove his claim to the authorship of the noise that had commenced the fun. Amid such a babel of yells who could distinguish particular voices? Dr. Grimsby's boys recognized their chance. From twenty more throats went up twenty additional yells to the second, and now poor Dobbin came to the conclusion that the whole world had gone mad and was at his heels, and laying back his ears, he set himself to the task of getting away from them in a manner that would have brought him in first in any Derby he had entered. The doctor had long since given up the chase—not so the boys. A new feature was being added to the scene. To right and left, from back and front of the cart flew the boys' sixpences and shillings in the form of pies and cakes and chickens, until one would have thought a confectioner's shop had been turned loose upon the street. With shouts of delight the village urchins sprang upon the falling dainties. A pie here, a chicken there, a cake beyond; was there ever such a free distribution of food! The grave feature in the case was Tommy, but Tommy clung like a leech to the seat, his arms around it, and although his position was not quite as safe as it might have been, and the mode of transit was faster than he would have chosen, still the breath was not knocked quite out of his body and so things might have been worse. Mr. Emery's gate was passed like a flash. Mr. Emery himself was watching for them, for it was in his grounds the picnic was to be held. The Maples was a fine old place with sunny lawns and shady woods, and Mr. Emery was a fat jolly old gentleman, especially devoted to boys. He laughed now until his sides ached as he took in the situation at a glance, all but the fact of Tommy's position which he was too far from the road to see. He was at the gate and through it in a minute, and joining in the chase. Some five minutes later the runaway was stopped by a passing laborer, and about ten minutes afterwards Dr. Grimsby came up, white but indignant. The peril over, the doctor was inclined to vent his fright and loss of dignity on anyone to whom blame could possibly be attached. "It was the last picnic they should have!" he exclaimed; but the boys, thinking of their scattered dainties, wondered grimly where the picnic had come in.

Mr. Emery evidently agreed with them.

"Well, doctor, we'll have this one anyway," he said. "I know the things are gone, but I'll stand treat. Come, boys, let us drive back; there's plenty of room in the wagon now, and I guess Dobbin's had enough of running away for to-day. Come, doctor."

But the doctor refused.

"They might do what they liked with themselves for the day; he"—with disgust—"had had picnic enough."

There came a twinkle into Mr. Emery's eye that meant mischief.

"Very well, Grimsby," he said. "We'll take you as far as The Maples and drop you. You must be tired enough after the chase this animal has led you."

The doctor *was* tired. Had he not been he would not have consented to a drive in a cart. As it was, although his dignity rebelled, his weary limbs gained the day and he mounted to a place on the driver's seat beside his friend. Behind them the boys packed themselves into the body of the vehicle, like sardines in a box.

With the twinkle still in his eye, Mr. Emery gathered the reins in his hand and they set forth. Slowly enough, at first, until their driver suddenly brought the whip down smartly on Dobbin's flanks. The result startled even himself. To give the dignified doctor a rattling run through the public streets in an open cart, was one thing; to risk the lives of the boys in a runaway, was another. He drew the reins in sharply, with all his strength, but too late. Dobbin's temper was up. He laid back his ears after the manner of his species, and away he went once more. Away they all went, Dobbin, the cart, the boys, Mr. Emery and the doctor, down the road towards The Maples, but not to stop. In a twinkling the house lay far behind them, the school appeared and vanished in their rear, and now the village proper lay before them.

Perspiration, not caused by the heat, broke out upon the doctor's forehead. To be seen by the villagers in this ridiculous plight! Impossible! He rose impetuously in his seat. Mr. Emery, mistaking the movement for an intention to throw himself from the cart, laid a hasty hand upon him. The shock, at the rapid rate at which they were travelling, upset the doctor's balance. He fell back in his seat, clutching at the side and at Mr. Emery to save himself, and feeling himself still going, with a dexterous twist, managed to turn his face towards the seat and fell across it. Then a wonder happened. The doctor's hat fell off and bounded into the road; but with wonder that was almost affright, the boys beheld the doctor's hair following it. For a second, amazement held them dumb. They had heard of people's hair being raised on their heads, but they had never heard of it being raised from their heads; yet this was what was taking place before their eyes. Then the real state of affairs burst upon them. Even the danger they were in could not make them proof against this discovery. A shout of irrepressible laughter rose from twenty lusty throats—a shout that completely paralyzed Dobbin, and made him—alas, for the doctor—stop dead still upon the spot. Alas, for the doctor, for, not yet recovered from the impetus of his first shock, this second proved too much for his precarious position, balanced, as he was, like a see-saw (face downwards) on the back of the seat. The boys drew back their heads in all haste as the doctor, launched like a shot from a cannon, came shooting over the railing into their closely-packed laps. The shout which they had given utterance to was nothing compared with the babel of laughter that rose from the mob that now surrounded the cart. In that one moment's pause Dobbin had proved the truth of the maxim that "to hesitate is to be lost." A dozen hands were laid upon his bridle, and when, recovering himself, he would have gone on again, he found that "to will" was one thing, "to do," another.

The whole population now seemed to gather itself round the cart, and when the doctor, placed upon his feet by the laughter-stricken boys, descended dazedly from the vehicle, he found himself surrounded by almost every soul in the village whom he knew by sight, by name, or to speak to. Bald, bruised, bewildered—where was his cherished dignity? Alas! it was very far back upon the road, farther than his hat and wig—too far, the doctor felt, bitterly, ever to be recovered. Moved to pity by his plight, a friend among the crowd offered him a hat as a substitute for his double loss of head-gear, and the doctor, almost roughly seizing it, rammed it on his head, and elbowing his way out of the crowd, set off homewards at a pace that proved the intensity of his desire to reach that sanctuary and there hide his mortification and misery.

In five minutes from the stoppage, Mr. Emery and the boys stood among the crowd, laughing heartily at their own mishaps.

"Well, boys," exclaimed the old gentleman, "we don't seem to be a big success to-day, do we? I suppose I'm rather like the Britishers who don't know when they're beaten; but by George! I'll have that picnic yet. Come along boys! I guess we can foot it back to The Maples. We'll leave Dobbin out of the arrangements this time. Laird!"—to one of the local confectioners, who stood by—"if you've enough to make a meal for twenty hungry mortals, send it along to The Maples as soon as it can be got together. You can bring it in at the west gate, to The Flats; we'll meet you there."

In half an hour from that time the undaunted picnicers stood on The Flats, a broad, level stretch of turf traversed by a river. Mr. Emery's suggestion of a swim was responded to by so swift a disrobing that in one minute from the proposal, twenty gleaming forms broke the surface of the water and vanished below it as if drowned. When, however, in about fifteen minutes, Mr. Emery, in the water himself, called time, in order that they might be ready to receive the provisions, the twenty forms emerged from the river no less eagerly than they had entered. The hour for the mid-day meal had long passed, and appetites, always keen, were not dulled by exercise and waiting. The toilets for dinner were soon completed, but the dinner itself had not appeared. It was impossible to attempt any game on such empty stomachs. The boys gazed hungrily down the road by which the wagon was expected, and were so absorbed in their watch that when some drops of rain fell in their midst, they were astonished to find, on looking up, that the sky had become covered with black clouds.

It was evident they were in for a shower at least. The only near refuge was The Maples. Mr. Emery recognized this and ordered an adjournment thither, but with a quaking heart. The house was his, certainly, but that did not make him master there. The feminine head of his establishment was Mrs. Gordon, a widowed sister, and what Mrs. Gordon liked and thought best was done at The Maples. Now Mrs. Gordon would as soon have admitted twenty bears to her domain as twenty boys, and Mr. Emery was puzzled how to present himself before her with this number of the tribe at his heels. He did the best thing possible under the circumstances. He led them around to a side door and into the music-room, a carpetless apartment unencumbered with bric-a-brac or other breakable things. Here he left them whilst he went to inform his household tyrant of the fact of their presence and win her permission to their remaining, and to their spreading a cloth upon the floor when the provisions came.

Mrs. Gordon's wrath is unimportant to our tale, but it did not appear unimportant to Mr. Emery, as, impressed with a sense of his own wickedness, he returned, his spirits materially lowered, to the music-room. The rain by this time had increased to a down-pour. Meanwhile Laird's messenger must have reached The Flats. Surely he would guess they had sought refuge in the house and come on. Nevertheless Mr. Emery despatched a man servant to meet and guide him thither. An hour passed. The boys' appetites had become clamorous. As one remarked desperately to his neighbor, "he could eat his boots!" Mr. Emery's state of mind was unenviable. He dared not ask Mrs. Gordon for anything to stay their hunger, and yet he felt the boys must be expecting him to do so. Eagerly he gazed out of the window that commanded the road from The Flats, but when the servant appeared it was to say that although he had gone to the west gate he had seen nothing of the cart.

What was to be done? No one could go four miles in such rain for so small a cause. Small! The boys felt as if to get something to eat was the question of the universe now. At last Mr. Emery desperately departed to beard the lioness, yclept Mrs. Gordon. He approached her timidly and put the case pathetically but Mrs. Gordon was immovable. The best thing to do was to send them home in the wagonette, which could be covered! This was finally what Mr. Emery was obliged to do.

Wet, weary and weak from hunger the boys alighted at the school door and filed upstairs to bed. To seek anything from the doctor in his present state of mind was not to be thought of. They must bear their inward gnawings as they could until the morning. Bread and butter and boiled rice indeed! They seemed to the boys a feast for a king. Better, indeed, "a bird in the hand" than "two in the bush!" The desire for picnics had forever departed from Dr. Grimsby's school.

Laird's man was discovered late that night in a ditch, his leg broken. He had tried a short cut. The horse and the remains of the wagon were recovered some miles away.

The picnic had justified the boys' anticipations that it would be a remarkable one. They were content to retire upon their laurels and seek no further fame in the same direction. For years after, the precedent for every picnic held in the neighborhood was the one that emanated from Dr. Grimsby's school.

ESPÉRANCE.

CURT.

Binnick—What is your business?

Cynic—None of yours.

UNKIND.

Maud—What are you doing?

Chappie—Trying to think of something preposterous to say to amuse the company.

Maud—What can be more preposterous than your trying to think?

THE DEAR GIRLS

Maud—Your arms are like the Venus of Milo.

Ethel—But they are off.

Maud—Exactly. Away off.

VERY PROBABLE.

Cumso—There is a picture inscribed "Liberty," on each American five-dollar gold piece.

Banks—That is probably what inspired the poet's beautiful words:

"O, Liberty, with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour."

STILL ATTENDING LECTURES.

Senior—What has become of Classicus?

Sophomore—He has given up his lectures. He got married during the vacation.

Senior—Ah, then he has simply changed his course.

JENNY'S RED APRON.

"IT is too bad—too bad," moaned Jenny, grasping her knees tighter and laying her curly head upon them while the tears streamed down her face. "I can never have anything just as I want it. She half-way promised to bring me a white one, and then to fetch home that horrid red one. O! how can I bear it?" and she wept afresh.

Her little sister Maggie looked sadly at her, and putting her arms about her said over and over:

"Don't cry, Jenny, don't cry," but Jenny refused to be comforted.

The two little girls sat alone in their playhouse. It was a primitive affair, made of evergreen boughs which they had themselves brought from the forest yonder. They had contrived some shelves from boxes upon which stood a few bits of crockery, a broken plate or two, a cup and a bowl. One or two rickety old stools served for chairs and in the corner was huddled a small family of rag dolls.

Jenny and Maggie Dean were daughters of a poor farmer. They lived miles from any village or town in a little, weather-beaten frame house near a western railroad. It skirted the farm and was lost in the cut down in the dense, gloomy forest which stretched all about the farm and on both sides the track to Rocky Gulch, a fearful chasm, three miles away.

These little girls lived a quiet, uneventful life. Their only excitement consisted in watching the trains thunder by their door or when their parents went to the town of Millwood, ten miles away, to procure the necessities of life. They assisted their mother with the housework and often weeded the garden. Sometimes they were sent to pick berries in the field over the hill back of the house. They had a few well-thumbed books which Jenny loved to pore over, but no toys save the broken dishes and the rag dolls. Yet they were by no means unhappy or dissatisfied. They loved their home and they honored their dolls as much as if they had been made of wax or china, and they took great comfort in drinking water and eating caraway cookies from their broken dishes.

The trips Mr. and Mrs. Dean made to Millwood were great occasions and were talked of and planned about for days. The children were seldom permitted to go but remained at home to look after the house, feed the calves and pigs, and get the supper for their parents. Even this they enjoyed. It gave them a sense of great importance, and the cares and responsibilities of their position weighed heavily upon their young shoulders. Jenny would tie a towel over her curls, tuck up her short skirt as she had seen her mother do, and assume an air of great solicitude, extremely amusing. They would tidy up the

house, look after the animals and then, attended by Major, the big shepherd-dog, would romp and play until the lengthening afternoon shadows warned them it was time to put the kettle on.

When supper was ready the sisters would take their stand by the gate and earnestly watch for the first appearance of the team down the road. And what a joyful shout would go up when Fan and Tom put their noses around the bend of the road! The children and Major would rush down to meet the returning ones, and the first question always was, "Did you bring me anything, mother?" for Mrs. Dean generally contrived to save a few pennies from her scanty supply of money to bring some little present to the girls, an orange, a handkerchief, a bit of gay ribbon—simple enough trifles—but these gifts caused the hearts of the little maids to sing for joy.

It was on the day before one of these excursions that Mrs. Dean asked her daughters what they would like her to fetch them from town. Maggie at once asked for some lemon candy, of which sweet she was especially fond. Jenny's big gray eyes grew larger as they dwelt eagerly on her mother's face. "O mother," she faltered, "if you would only get me a ruffled white apron with bibs that come up on the shoulders—I should so love to have one."

Mrs. Dean smiled but shook her head rather dubiously and said, "Well, I'll see." This Jenny took as an equivalent for a promise and all day she pictured the dainty apron her mother would bring. In imagination she smoothed its ruffles and tied its long strings. Poor little girl! she had never worn any but blue and white checked gingham. When she spied her parents returning that night she could scarcely restrain herself. Her heart beat rapidly and her nervous little hands clasped and unclasped in eagerness. She could not bring herself to ask if her mother had brought the apron and when Mrs. Dean said:

"Jenny, the white aprons were too dear so I fetched you a nice red calico one," the child's heart was almost broken. She stared in a sort of daze at the gaudy calico her mother unfolded, then pressed her hands over her eyes, ran to the playhouse, cast herself upon the ground and wept.

Her childish grief was pitiable. Her heart had been set upon the white apron and she felt defrauded of her rights. But when her mother gently reminded her how poor they were and how she hoped she could one day grant her wish, Jenny bravely wiped away her tears and said she would wait patiently. But she never liked the fiery apron, though she wore it as a sort of penance. Mrs. Dean often saw her regard the obnoxious garment with so despairing a glance that the kind mother's eyes filled with tears, for she knew what her little daughter was suffering.

The spring wore away into summer and startling rumors crept out to the little farm of a great, an awful railroad strike through that section of the country. Mr. Dean came home from town one night very much excited. "Jest the worst goin's on I ever see," he announced, as he unharnessed Fan and Tom and allowed them to crop the grass around the back door. "Th' town's full of whisky and swearin' men makin' all sorts of threats agin th' railroad. I heerd one man say he was ready to help burn th' station, an' Seth Jones was tellin' me them strikers had gone so far as to hold pistols to th' ingeneers' heads an' make 'em leave their trains. I'm agoin' back termorrer to see what more I can hear."

Next evening he returned with more important news. Several of the "ringleaders," as he called them, had been seized by detectives. There had been a great fight over the capture and the children's eyes dilated with fear as Mr. Dean dwelt on the harrowing details. They heard the affair talked over for days and became quite familiar with all its points and were interested in the trial, and seconded their father's satisfaction when it was known that the principals had been sentenced to prison.

The autumn passed and Christmas drew near. The little girls planned their modest gifts to each other and their parents with all due solemnity and mystery. The day before Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Dean set out on one of their pilgrimages to Millwood, and Jenny was given to understand that possibly the ruffled white apron might be forthcoming on their return.

After the children had tidied the house, washed the dishes and fed all the animals, Jenny suggested that they should go down to the pine woods fringing the track and break off some boughs to put up here and there in the house and make the poor little home look like Christmas. This plan Maggie at once endorsed and the girls tied on their wraps and calling Major, set out for the gloomy pine woods.

For an hour or so they worked merrily breaking boughs and hunting some hardy vines and tiny red berries, and then, laden with their treasures, hurried towards home. As they came to the outskirts of the wood, they suddenly heard voices in the cut below the hill, through which the railroad lay, and a peculiar ringing sound as if some metallic instrument were hitting the rails.

With a cautioning motion Jenny stopped. Her hood had fallen back on her shoulders, and distinctly on the clear frosty air came these words to her ears:

"We've got just an hour before she's due. We can tear up the track and throw rocks enough down in that time to send 'em all to kingdom come."

"How about the farmer an' his folks?" came another voice.

"They're all away, you fool. Get to work now an' don't let no grass grow under your feet."

Dropping her vines and evergreens, Jenny crawled carefully on her hands and knees to the edge of the high bank overhanging the track, and peered over. Three stalwart, evil-faced men were prying at the rails with crowbars.

"Curse the railroads," said one man, "we'll teach 'em to send men to the penitentiary."

Silently, swiftly, Jenny crept back into the woods Maggie was crouched on the ground in an agony of terror while Major stood beside her growling ominously.

"Be quiet, sir—hush Maggie," said Jenny, and her little childish face grew suddenly old and very pale. "You heard what those wicked men said, Maggie?"

"Yes," sobbed the frightened child.

"Listen," whispered Jenny. "You and Major go to the house. Lock every door and go upstairs to the back chamber. Don't even look out the window. Stay there till I come. Go, Major, with Maggie, there's a good dog."

"Jenny, Jenny," clutching her sister's frock as she turns back through the woods, "where are you going—after father and mother?"

"No, darling, no," with quiet desperation. "I'm going to Rocky Gulch to stop the train."

Back through the woods she flies, coming out at the frozen brook behind the barns. Through the berry patch, across the stubble of the field where a little snow lies here and there in patches on the dark brown earth she runs, and at last comes down out on the track. Her feet are wet, for in crossing the brook the ice broke under her weight, her face and hands are scratched by her swift passage through the underbrush, but she pays no heed. Only one startled glance behind her to see there is no one following. She is safe! The curve hides her completely from the murderers at work up there in the woods. The shining track stretches before her like a huge serpent glistening in the sunlight. Away, away Jenny, you have work before you! In the hollow of your little brown hand you hold precious human lives.

Jenny can run like a young deer. Often has she tried a race with her father down the lane into the pastures and worsted him. Now she speeds on, leaping from tie to tie, occasionally giving a startled glance over her shoulder to see if she is pursued. The first half mile is quickly run, then Jenny begins to tire a bit. Still she knows she must press on. The train must be stopped before it crosses Rocky Gulch, for after that it will put on extra steam to make up for slackening speed while crossing the long trestle, and may whiz by her ere she can attract attention.

Now she stumbles and falls, but up again and on. Her head is aching, her heart thumping, there are strange red lights dancing before her eyes and a buzz-

ing sound fills her ears. On, on, stumbling, panting, gasping, sobbing she goes. The poor child's strength is fast failing her, her limbs are giving way. "O God," she prays, "help me to save the train."

Suddenly there strikes upon her ear a long, low, dull rumble. She knows that sound well. Often has she stood in the door of her little home and listened to it break on the distance. It is the Pacific Express coming—*coming*.

The child sets her teeth desperately, makes one wild plunge around the curve and, oh joy! she sees just ahead the long trestle leading over Rocky Gulch and far, far down the track she catches the gleam of the shining iron monster approaching.

"I can save them," she cries, "if I can only catch their attention. They will slow up to cross the ravine—but how—how can I make them see me. O if I only had something to wave—something red—ah!" she screamed with joy as her eyes fell on her turkey-red calico apron! Her trembling hands tear it from her neck and springing upon a rock at the side of the track, Jenny waves it with all the force her little exhausted frame can summon.

Louder, louder comes the roar of the train; faster, faster Jenny waves. The great engine sweeps upon the trestle, the engineer leans from his cab, he gives one quick glance ahead, then his powerful hand closes on the throttle. Up comes the monster, breathing heavily as it rushes by Jenny.

"Stop, stop!" she screams in agony. The engineer plainly sees the frightened, childish face as he goes by. A shudder seems to run through the long train. Slower, slower it moves and at last comes to a stand. Engineer, conductors, brakemen, passengers, leap from the train to see what has stopped the Pacific "flyer."

A little tattered, mud-stained girl, whose torn hands clutch a red apron, and whose blue eyes stare with horror, gasps out a startling story and then falls in an unconscious little heap.

"Great Heavens! that child," says a big, strong man—then something clicks in his throat like a clock that is about to strike, and he finishes his sentence by violently blowing his nose.

. . . . . .

When Mrs. Dean came into the kitchen that evening with a ruffled white apron carefully done up in tissue paper which was to go in Jenny's stocking, she saw her little daughter staring in a dazed fashion at the red calico apron, torn and soiled and filled to overflowing with silver and greenbacks, while Major and Maggie looked on with undisguised approval.

More astonished grew the family when, a few days later, came a letter from the officials of the road, saying that for the great service Miss Jenny Dean had done the railway, they wished to assume the responsibility of her education.

Jenny is a woman now, educated and self-supporting. She has a beautiful home filled with rare pictures and bric-a-brac. Draped over her mantel is a torn, faded bit of turkey-red calico which she often takes down and tenderly caresses, while the tears rush to her eyes as she remembers the far-away Christmas which her red calico apron brought. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Toward the end of September, 18—, it was announced among the artistic circles of Paris that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening, either retiring to the solitude of his apartment or joining in the games, music and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third. "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it, he fears that, were he to mix in our society, he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but, like Galho of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him; a cheerful, innocent country girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but——"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah, poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it is not his fault."

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear, on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long, sallow fingers, as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf:

"*Mem.*—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water, flavored with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas Eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of our Lord, a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney, laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December, four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucree*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in.'

Accordingly, a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and, having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong, brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a large wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed this discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well, be it so! We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room. Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared, that on New Year's Eve Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *elite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months, had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion; elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tiptoe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvellous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first, the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp and on the field of battle, and finally his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jeweled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued: "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Ambassador at Paris.

WHERE?

Cynic—I don't see how the sun can "shine on both the just and the unjust."

Bynnic—Why not?

Cynic—Where can it find the just?

TOO COLD.

Nagger—I tell you a race of people who have no flies on them.

Stagger—? ? ? ?

Nagger—The Esquimaux.

ROUGH.

Binnick—Is that college graduate much of a fellow?

Cynic—No. He is too much of a college graduate to be much of anything else.

CONNUBIAL SARCASM.

He—My head is splitting.

She—Good. Then I'll have a chance to see if there is really anything in it.

Lot's wife must have been in a great pickle when she was turned into a pillar of salt.

UNORTHODOX.

BY the hearth sat Liebchen fair,
Plaiting, neat, her flaxen hair,
Strand on strand, and at her knee
Jack and Jill, and Jennie (three
Sweet wee marvels, fair as day),
Watched her smile, and sigh, and say:

"In the fatherland so far,
It is very glad to-night,
Little hearts all awe-struck are,
Little eyes are wide and bright
Lest they fail to see the sight
Of the Christ-child and the Star!

"In this far Canadian land
Comes not such a thing!" she said,
Deftly winding strand on strand
Round her shapely, flaxen head.
"Tell us of the Christ-child dear!"
Plead the children, crowding near.

Hairpinned are the silken strands,
Liebchen sits with folded hands,
Speaks in tones of solemn joy,
While the ruddy firelight fair
Lights the glory of her hair,
Flushes face of girl and boy.

"In the German fatherland
Shines to-night a silver star,
And two snow-white angels stand
Where its holy light is shed,
Watching with a reverent awe
Round the blessed Christ-child's bed.

"And if little ones are good,
Say their prayers for every day,
Never strive in angry mood,
Never chide in fashion rude,
It shall happen—so they say—
That this blessing comes their way.

"Down the silver starlit way,
In the angels' outstretched hands,
Meekly wrapped in swaddling bands,
They shall see the Blessed come
From His glorious Heaven-home,
Sweetly smiling—so they say."

Six blue eyes were opened wide,
Three awed voices whispered soft,
While the stars of Christmas-tide
Twinkled mirthfully aloft
At the group before the fire—
At the fair Teutonic liar.

And though afterword be strong,
Scouting all fair Liebchen's lore,
Infant faith declares it wrong,
Infant hearts cling all the more
To the German fancy far
Of the Christ-child and the Star.

GRACE E. DENISON.

Pessimist—I don't think I could be happy even if I were an angel.

Cynic—Of course not. You'd feel out of place.

"A public office is a public trust."

"Perhaps. But most men consider it an excuse for a public bust."

GETTING INTO A BOX.

Mr. Cumso—Well, I guess you must spend all your pin money on pins after all.

Mrs. Cumso—Indeed!

Mr. Cumso—Yes, I stepped on at least a dozen when coming upstairs last night.

Mrs. Cumso—And yet you say you were in before one o'clock. How considerate of you to take off your boots.

THE PRIZE STORIES.

It is with much gratification we are able to announce that the prize offered for the best short story, suitable for this number, has been won by a Toronto lady, Miss Gertrude E. Bartlett, whose charming story, The Skylla of Quebec, appears on another page. Miss Bartlett's is a new name in Canadian letters, her first story, a bright sketch of holiday life, having appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT last summer. Judging from her first work, Miss Bartlett seems destined to make her mark in literature.

The prize for the best story for children has been awarded to Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper for her sketch, Jenny's Red Apron. Mrs. Tupper's work has appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT before, and is known to the public through the medium of many American papers and magazines. Of the many delightful productions of her gifted pen, few, if any, are more readable than her clever little story in this number.

The prize poem selected is from the pen of Mr. H. W. Charlesworth, another young writer, whose first productions saw the light in the pages of SATURDAY NIGHT. Mr. Charlesworth's bright descriptive poem, Wych-Hazel, will appeal to many. Readers will understand that the greater portion of the matter contained in this number was not submitted in competition.

THE AMBUSH.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

The picture, "A Song Without Words," is one of those clever little bits which hardly need description. The jolly little Dutch children, with their bright faces and quaint clothes, are having great fun at the expense of the geese, with the exception of the one on the end, who has come to grief. The geese in the foreground are admirably handled, and the whole scene is most life-like and true to nature. Mr. Lins is a German artist of distinction, and this picture, painted in 1887, is one of his most happy conceptions.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"The Fortune-Teller" is a scene most familiar to us all. The young people have been playing tennis, and the girl suggests that they have their fortunes told. The old crone, of whom the country people stand in some awe, is examining her palms with the greatest care, preparatory to disclosing the secrets of the future. Henry Bacon, the artist of this picture, has attained quite a reputation in pictures of this class. He is represented in this year's Salon, and his work is highly prized.

THE BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

"The Babylonian Marriage Market," by Edwin Long, represents a scene at which one can look again and again and each time find some new point of interest on which to dwell. The customers at this strange auction are nobles and rich merchants from all over what was then the civilized world. Persians, Greeks, Romans, Thessalonians, Egyptians, Jews, and even Ethiopians, have brought their treasures to the mighty city of Babylon in order to purchase one of these beautiful slaves. The auctioneer on the right of the picture, his clerk beneath him, with scales and tablet, the slave-dealer himself examining the jewels, and the assistant in the middle of the picture, who is praising the beauty of the slaves and urging the buyers to bid above one another, almost remind us of a picture auction of to-day. In the front of the picture sit the slaves themselves, awaiting their turn to be sold.

THE WHITE COW.

"The White Cow," by Julien Dupré, is a scene from the humble peasant life so dear to the heart of this painter. The young girl kneeling on the ground has already filled one pail with the sweet milk, while the cow stands patiently chewing her cud. In the background is the house overgrown with ivy, and in the doorway stands the mother, her figure cut out by the light from behind her. The whole scene is bathed in warm sunshine, which contrasts sharply with the deeper shadow beyond.

ADAMS' EXPRESS.

This picture is a bright, artistic fancy for the children. The idea of such a precious little parcel being packed in a basket and sent by express, marked, "Handle with care," is too awful to think about. Think of the dear baby being tossed about on the platform like a trunk! Why, the cosiest corner of the most comfortable Pullman is not too good for it.

LASTING AND BEAUTIFUL.

Attention is called to the type from which this handsome Christmas Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is printed. Even those who are not printers must recognize the fact that typographically it could not be excelled. The publishers have received letters from leading advertisers and printers in Great Britain and the United States saying that the Christmas Number of 1889 (printed from the same type) was the handsomest specimen of typography they had ever seen—no small compliment to the printers of this periodical, and very great praise for the type which was used then and has been in use since, and in this Number is as clear, bright and unbroken as it was a year ago. The type is from the greatest foundry in the world, that of Messrs. Miller & Richard of Edinburgh, Scotland, who are represented in Canada by Mr. R. L. Patterson, Jordan street, Toronto. So great has been the success of this firm and the popularity of their representative, and so enduring is their "hard Scotch metal," that nearly every paper in the Dominion is printed from their type. This has been going on for so many years that no greater testimonial can be offered to the excellence and artistic beauty of their type.

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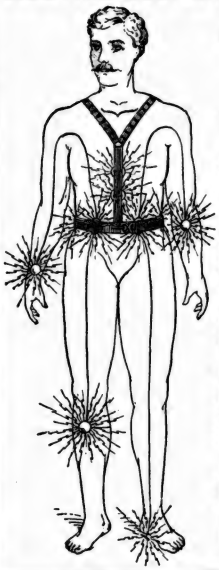

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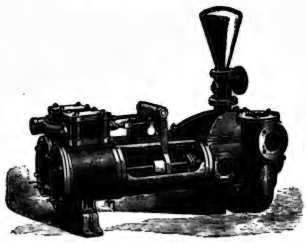

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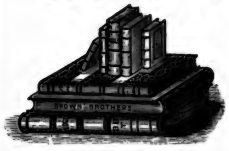

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Reserve Fund, - 1,400,000 Total Asse's, - 11,000 000

OFFICE—Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

President and Managing Director - - J. HERBERT MASON
Vice-President - - - EDWARD HOOPER.
S. NORDHEIMER, A. M. SMITH, JUDGE BOYD, HENRY CAWTHRA, RALPH K. BURGESS, WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM.

Assistant Manager - - - - ALFRED J. MASON.
Superintendent - - RUFUS S. HUDSON.
Secretary - - GEORGE H. SMITH

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Assets, - - - - 1,214,146.35

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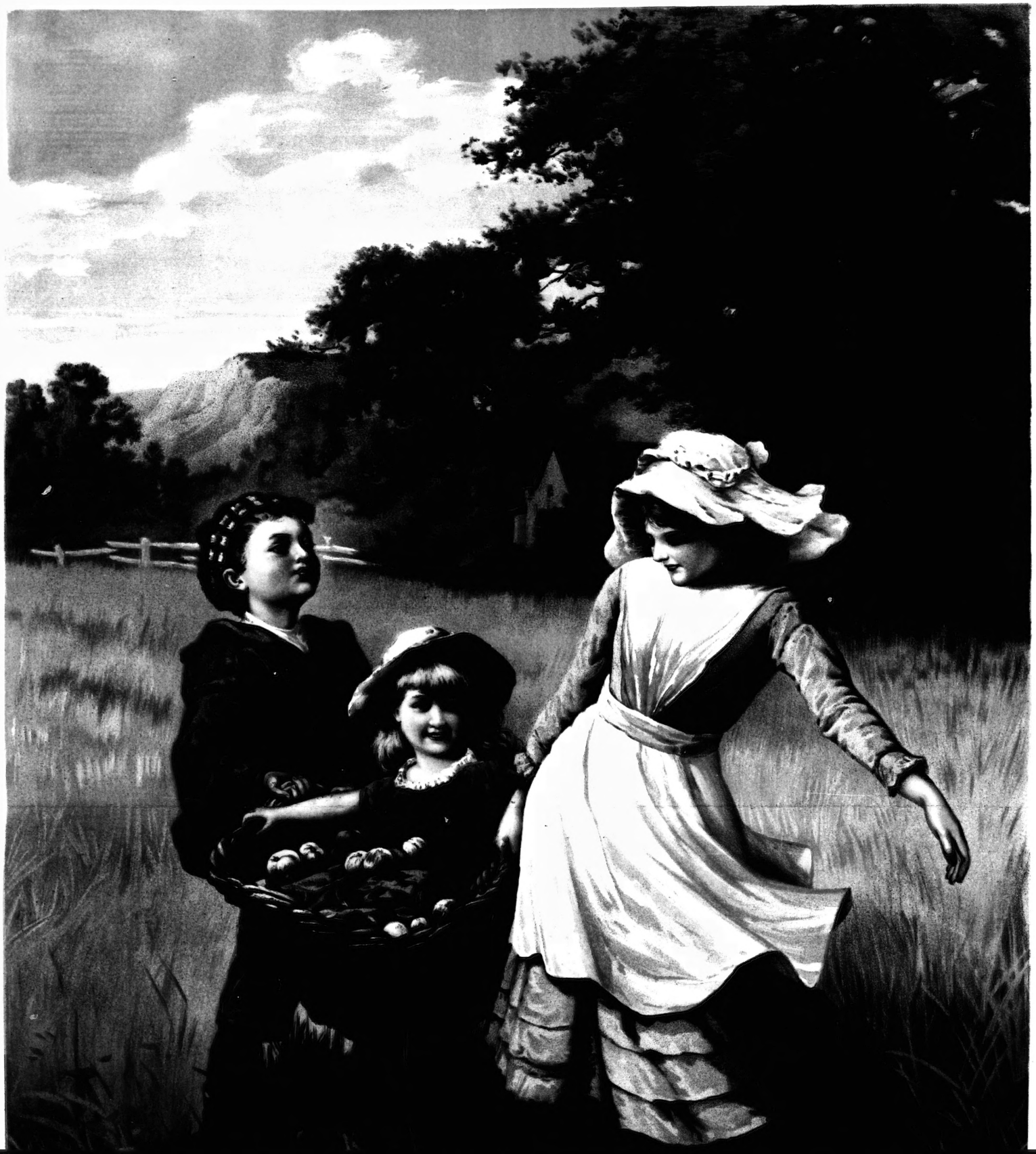
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